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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXIII

NO. 12

OCTOBER  
1911



Published at  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by  
W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,  
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

October, 1911

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### Crumbs of Comfort

Only the God in man is immortal.  
Suspicion is all stuck full of eyes.  
Time is an herb that cures all diseases.  
Sharp words do not become dull by use.  
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.  
Nothing violent can be permanently good.  
Men with small souls are the authors of great evils.  
War is the trade and the profession of barbarians.  
The sweetest harmony is the voices of those we love.  
Wine sharpens the wit and dulls the conscience.  
In the wicked there is not material for a great man.  
Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.  
The poet of man is life; stick to it till God removes you.  
Superstition is the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.  
The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.  
The besetting evil of our times is to spend more than we have.  
To care properly for a victory is more difficult than to win it.  
Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.  
All the reasoning of men is not worth one sentiment of women.  
There are some ultra-good people in whom virtue becomes a vice.  
Man takes care of this side of the grave; God takes care of the other.  
The sky is less grand as it bends over less world in population.  
The less men think, the more they talk.  
Women are different.  
He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.  
To a man laboring under calamity his own fire has less warmth in it.

# FOR LIFE AND LOVE

## A Hallowe'en Story

By Dora E. Nelson

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"O. H. I could be happy with either. Woe to her dear charmer away," warbled a sweet, girlish voice.

Mrs. Bryson glanced up with an anxious look on her usually placid face.

"Well, Ruth, you've got to choose one or the other—you know you can't have them both."

The girl, who was putting the finishing touches to the Hallowe'en decorations, stopped her flitting motions about the room and came over to where her aunt was sitting.

"I don't believe I'll ever marry anybody, auntie. I'll just go on being a kindergarten teacher the rest of my natural life," Ruth James said with mock seriousness as she dropped for a moment into a little low rocker at her aunt's side.

"Nonsense," said the elder woman, laying her hand for an instant on the girl's dark hair. "You are one of those girls who are born with a marriage ring on their hands. Nature created you for the express purpose of being a happy wife and mother. And of course you'll marry someone sooner or later. I hope you'll be rich and choose Frank Norton. He's your father's nearest owner of oil wells in the western section, and I hear that Frank is soon to have charge of the whole business. I think you are making a grave mistake in encouraging John Ford."

Ruth made no answer, but got up suddenly and began quite unnecessarily to rearrange the mantel decorations.

Mrs. Bryson continued: "Not that I've got anything against John personally. Really, he is a very good fellow, and all that. And it is too bad he had to give up his law practice just when he was beginning to make a success. But you know, Ruth, there has been consumption in the Ford family for four generations, and for you to marry John would be suicide."

Mrs. Bryson stopped for Ruth had gone out of the room.

Ruth was an orphan niece of Mrs. Bryson, and had made her home with that lady for several years. Mrs. Bryson was a woman of ample means, and the girl was treated as a daughter by the elder woman. Ruth had a warm, genial manner that won her hosts of friends, and the old colonial house was the scene of many a social gathering.

Ruth came back presently with her arms full of late chrysanthemums and began arranging them in tall vases. No further allusion was made to the subject they had been discussing, and a short time later the guests began to arrive.

It was a merry party that gathered around the open hearth fire, and later partook of the bountiful supper in the large dining-room. The feast ended, each guest was required to tell a ghost story, a prize being allotted to the person who told the creepiest one. In this contest Frank Norton won.

Ruth's heart ached a little as the evening wore on and the guest she had expected to see did not appear. Frank, however, was devoted, and kept as near to her as her constant moving about among her guests would allow.

The ghost stories having prepared the guests for startling sensations, they were treated to various surprises, the chief of these being the privilege of shaking hands with the ghost of the evening. A dark nook under the stairs was the lurking place of the ghost, and when a warm palm came into contact with a cold dead one (i. e. a kid glove stuffed with damp sawdust and laid on ice for several hours) a shriek invariably followed.

Then came the various devices resorted to in order to determine the future husband or wife. The crowning test came when each girl was required to go alone to a small spring that flowed from beneath the hill on which the Bryson house was situated, there to look into the waters and see reflected the face of the one destined to become the life companion. Lots were drawn, and Ruth was the first to be chosen. She left the house just as the clock was striking twelve—the witching hour.

"I shall not see any face," she said to herself,

"and that means that I shall never marry. Wonder why John didn't come to my party?"

For a long time Ruth peered into the lanky waters, then a startled look leaped into her eyes. The moon suddenly came out from behind a cloud, and there in the dark pool she plainly saw the reflection of two faces. She turned quickly and faced the two young men.

Frank Norton was the first to speak.

"Well, Ruth, you've played with us long enough. Which one of us are you going to choose?"

Ruth turned her gaze slowly from Frank, young, flushed, confident, to the man with the older, graver face, a man who spoke no word, but stood looking at her with the beseeching expression of some dumb animal, and a little choke came into her throat, and a mist floated before her eyes.

"I shall always want you for my friend, Frank, but—I love John. He is the man I choose."

"What! Frank Norton exclaimed incredulously. 'You take John Ford in preference to me?'

"Yes, I choose him because—I love him."

Frank Norton's face flushed a deeper color, and an oath was smothered on his lips.

"Then you've just been fooling with me. You shall both pay dearly for this." He brought his clenched right hand down in the palm of his left hand with a smash, and strode angrily away.

Ruth looked at the pale, silent man beside her. She wondered what he was thinking of her. She who had thrown herself at his head. A long silence followed. At last she spoke.

"Don't look at me like that, John. Why don't you say something?"

The next moment he had flung himself at her feet and was pouring out a flood of wild words.

"Ruth, my darling, I came here tonight to take one last glimpse of you, and then I was going away. I can't ask you to share my life—I can't ask you to be my wife. You know the terrible disease that has gotten hold of me—I must go to a milder climate and make a desperate fight for life and health. I can't even ask you to kiss me—and I love you—I love you."

"But you can't prevent me from kissing you," she broke in, and twining her arms around his neck she pressed her red lips passionately to his.

For a moment they clung to each other, then he arose and put her resolutely from him.

"No, Ruth, I must not. There is danger for you. But, dear one, you have made a new man of me. I am going away as I planned, but in two years I am coming back either in the full strength of restored manhood, or like the Athenian of old, on my shield. Will you wait for me that long?"

"Wait for you!" all the devotion of the woman's soul shone out as she lifted her face to his. "As long as life lasts, it need be."

This time he did not hesitate to kiss her. The first kiss was masterful in its passion, compelling a return, the second was heart-breaking, for it held farewell in its clinging tenderness. Then he left her.

A month later John Ford stopped at a California farmhouse and asked for employment as a common farm-hand. The old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, were glad to give him work, as they had just buried their only son.

John slept out of doors or in a tent even on nights when a dog would have been driven to seek shelter. It was pathetic to watch the struggle he made for life. The old lady saw the brave fight he was making, and, as she became more and more attached to the quiet young man who was always so willing to work, and who gave so little trouble to anyone, she aided him by preparing nourishing foods to tempt his feeble appetite. Slowly but surely the disease yielded, and the following spring found him much improved.

One day as John was on his way to the field he saw an automobile standing beside the road, and peeping through the bushes he saw two men

bustily employed in working a drill that was attached to the motor of the machine.

"Wild-cat oil speculators," was his inward comment. Just then one of the men looked up and John saw that it was Frank Norton. On his return to the farmhouse he found that Norton had stopped there and made the old couple an offer for the farm, giving as his excuse for wanting to buy it, that he had taken a fancy to it and wanted it for a summer home.

John told the old couple of what he had seen, and Norton's offer was refused.

There were among John's Eastern friends some men of wealth, and, with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, John proceeded to form a company to develop the property. This proved in every way a success, and within a few months a well was drilled and oil was found in abundance. John had the entire management of the business, and was given a large block of the stock. The autumn found the well in good working condition, and a pipeline was laid to the nearest shipping-station. As the business began to pay well, the Nortons awoke to the fact that they had a dangerous competitor in the field. In the clash that followed, John's legal training stood him in good stead. Then came a cutting of prices which threatened to ruin both companies.

The pipe line did not work as satisfactorily as John expected it would, and several leaks occurred which proved costly for the company. It so chanced that one evening John was walking alone, making an inspection when the buzzing of a motor attracted his attention, and he saw a man tampering with the pipe-line.

"This accounts for the leakage," he muttered. The next moment he was confronting the man. He was astonished to see it was Frank Norton. He resolved on a bold stroke. Advancing, he held out his hand.

"Hello, Norton!" he said, pleasantly, totally ignoring the work that Norton was engaged in doing.

Frank Norton started. It was only by the voice that he recognized the lawyer.

"John Ford!"

John threw back his head and laughed.

"Say, Norton," he said, "don't you think we've been fighting long enough? Suppose we drop our differences, and pool our interests for the future?"

Frank Norton had been caught in a disgraceful act, and John's magnanimity in ignoring this touched his better nature. For a fraction he hesitated, then he grasped the offered hand.

It was again Hallowe'en night, and again the Bryson home had been the scene of a merry gathering. Now the last guest had departed and Ruth stood alone in the shadow of the pillared porch. Her face was as fair and sweet as on that night two years before, but her eyes had the wistful look of one who has waited long. Suddenly she started as a step sounded on the gravel walk. The next moment a strong, bearded man had taken both her hands in a warm clasp.

"Ruth, dear, don't you know me?"

"My love," she whispered with her face against his breast.

### This Is Our Answer

to those who have written asking us to run another Grand Prize Contest this year.

Yes; and it will be better than ever before, with new prizes added and some of the prizes bigger. Read the full page announcement in this paper and enter now for November prizes.

### Current Events

**INSPECTION OF SHEEP.**—Inspection of sheep by the Federal government has been carried on in 105 Kentucky counties. Of the 650,000 head inspected, 41,500 were infected.

**LATEST BURGLAR EQUIPMENT.**—New York burglars now wear kid gloves so as to leave no fingerprints for the police to photograph. Many criminals have been apprehended by finger-print evidence.

**WOMAN TO ASCEND MCKINLEY.**—It is reported that Miss Dora Keen of Philadelphia, who has won some fame as a mountain climber, is equipping an expedition to attempt the ascent of Mount McKinley.

**A MONKEY ROBBER.**—A trained monkey stole the clothes of a smart-set young man at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York the other night and went out in them. It was some time before the public observed the counterfeit!

**NATURE CURES SPEECHLESSNESS.**—After being speechless two years, as a result of a long illness, Miss Jessie Fishel of New Orleans instantly recovered, when frightened by a vivid flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder.

**YOUNG AMERICA TO GET FULL JUSTICE.**—Young America is now going to get justice, it seems. Mrs. Seabright of Winchester, Va., was fined five dollars in court for spanking her little boy because he cried for more ice-cream.

**REMARKABLE SKILL.**—Rose Pitonoff, the sixteen-year-old Dorchester, Mass., girl who has performed such swimming feats, has added to her laurels by swimming from New York to Coney Island, a distance of eighteen miles. She was in the water over eight hours.

**MORE GOOD LUCK.**—A negro, recently, found on a lake shore near Shreveport, La., what is said to be the largest pearl ever found in this country. He sold it for \$250, and afterwards it was resold for \$1,500. An Indiana pearl-hunter found two very large pearls in a single shell.

**A DANGEROUS VOCATION.**—Two daring aviators, William R. Badger of Pittsburgh, and St. Croix Johnstone of Chicago, lost their lives at the international aviation meet at Chicago. Badger was killed by falling on the land and Johnstone was drowned by falling into Lake Michigan.

**WANTS \$55,000 FOR TAKING A DRINK OF WHISKY.**—H. J. Hobart of Kansas City, a Presbyterian Sunday school teacher, has brought suit against the Missouri Pacific Railroad because four railroad hands taught him and forced him with drawn revolvers to take a drink of whiskey.

**BURNED AN EXPENSIVE YACHT ON PURPOSE.**—Rather than pay the five hundred dollar yearly tax now imposed by the Federal government on foreign-built vessels, Lindsey Loring of Boston burned up his beautiful English racing cutter, Eoline. This cutter cost Mr. Loring over \$12,000.

**HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT TRUE.**—Gov. Mann of Virginia, issued a proclamation asking the people to pray for rain to break the drought, and within fifteen minutes after the paper was signed, general rains were recorded. So it appears, that the people ought to pray, and that their prayers are heard.

**GOOD LUCK.**—F. J. Ehle left his auto standing under an aged elm tree near Fort Plain, N. Y., and the next thing he knew it was burning up. The tree also was burned so it had to be cut down. Imbedded in its roots was found a regulation iron treasure-chest such as you read about, with enough gold and silver in it to more than pay for the burned auto.

**ON THE MOVING PICTURE SCREEN.**—Moving picture men were taking a mimic rescue scene on Staten Island, where a man was to dive out into the water to save a girl, but the man got entangled in some weeds, and never came up, so that a real tragedy was recorded. The man's last act was taken by the moving picture men, and perhaps will be shown on the screen.

**THE SAME OLD STORY.**—George Schenck, while tearing down an old Colonial homestead at Great Neck, L. I., found a little package done up in old brown paper, and upon opening it found that it contained five gold coins. They were English sovereigns and half-sovereigns dating from 1755 to 1776, or back to the days of the Revolution. The numismatic value of these coins is very high, which causes the owner to rejoice the more!

## "IN WOLF'S CLOTHING"

### A Stunning New Serial Story

by Charles Garvice, the celebrated English author of popular romance whose splendid stories have won him fame and fortune, has cost us a lot of money for the serial right. It is sensational, thrilling, but highly moral and elevating, telling of a noble purpose and a heroic sacrifice for love's sake. It is one of his very best stories and you will enjoy reading it in COMFORT as it appears in large monthly installments beginning next month and running through the winter and spring. Remember, the first part comes out in November, so be sure you

## Do Not Miss it Next Month

### In Anniversary COMFORT

the big, special November number which will celebrate COMFORT'S 24th birthday. Among the many special features which November COMFORT will contain are the following: a beautiful Song with Music, Poems, Charades and Word Puzzles, Thanksgiving Story and other delightful short stories, and an interesting and instructive article by Mr. Gannett on the

### Great Battle Just Fought

in Maine to save the temperance amendment of the state constitution. A hotly contested campaign between the friends and enemies of Maine's famous and time-honored prohibitory law ended on September 11 in a state election which was so close that both sides claim the victory and the result is still in doubt. November COMFORT will tell you whether the temperance folks or the liquor forces captured Maine and how it was done.

## You Will Miss All This

### If You Find a Renewal Blank

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So if you find the buff renewal blank wrapped inside this paper you will know for sure that this is positively the last copy of COMFORT that you will ever receive until you renew or subscribe anew.

Fill it out now and send it today with 30 cents for a 2 year renewal, if you don't want to miss November COMFORT. We can't supply back numbers and if your name is not on our list when we mail November COMFORT you will not receive a copy.

# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 3 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Pansy and Leaf Mat

**O**NE ball of green and one lavender silk finish crochet cotton were used in making this mat. Make star and leaves of the green and the pansies and filling in around star of lavender. Begin with the green.

For star center.—Ch. ten, join to form a ring.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 23 d. c. in ring, join to ch.

3 and sl. st. into space between ch. 3, 1 d. c.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same place, 2 d. c. between each d. c. of previous row, join.

There should be 48 d. c. counting the ch. 3 as one.

3rd round.—Ch. 3, 7 d. c. in top of next 7 d. c. (lavender), \* ch. 5 (green), 8 d. c. in next 8 d. c., repeat from star all around, ch. 5, join to ch. 3.

There should be seven groups of d. c. for star, making 7 point star.

4th round.—Ch. 3 (green), in d. c. in next 6 st. (count chain 1 d. c.) (lavender), ch. 5, 1 s. c. under last ch. 5 (green), 7 d. c. Repeat around, joining last ch. 5 to ch. 3. The remaining rows are made in the same way, there being one more ch. 5 and one less d. c. in the points until there are but 2 d. c. in each point, using green for d. c. and lavender for ch.

Last row.—(Lavender) ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5 and proceed as in previous row. Join last ch. 5 to 3rd st. of ch. 5.

Pansy (lavender).—Ch. 10, join to form ring.

1st round.—Ch. 4, 1 tr. c. under ring, \* ch. 7, 2 tr. c. under ring. Repeat from \* until there are three more groups of 2 tr. c., ch. 7, join to top of ch. 4.

2nd round.—1 d. c. between ch. 4 and tr. c. 3 tr. and 3 d. tr. (this is made by throwing thread over hook three times), 6 long d. tr. (throwing thread over four times), 2 d. tr., 1 tr. under ch. 7, 1 tr. between tr. c. of last row, 1 tr. and 2 d. tr., 6 long d. tr., 3 d. tr., 3 tr. under ch. 7, 1 d. c. between tr. c. of last row, 1 d. c., 11 tr., 1 d. c. under ch. 7, 1 d. c. between tr., 1 d. c., 11 tr., 1 d. c. under ch. 7, 1 s. c. in d. c. at beginning of row.

3rd round.—Ch. 3 with 1 s. c. in top of every stitch of two upper petals; the pansies are joined to center chain of centerpiece and to leaves with needle and thread. When pansies and leaves are joined to center, crochet around pansies in lavender with chain and picket; around leaves with green the same.

For leaf, use green.—Ch. 10 for center of leaf, ch. 3, turn.

1st round.—Skip 1 stitch, 1 s. c. in each ch. 10 sts., ch. 3, turn.

2nd round.—Sk. 1 st., 1 s. c. in each of 10 sts. of previous row, 3 s. c. in top st. for widening, 11 s. c. down other side of center, ch. 3 and turn.

3rd round.—11 s. c. in previous row of 11 s. c., 3 s. c. in top st., 10 s. c. down other side, ch. 3, sk. 1 st., turn and go around other side in same manner until there are 6 ridges on wrong and 5 1-2 on right side of leaf.

MRS. LIDA M. DEARBORN.

## A Comfort Jacket

A very comfortable and pretty sleeveless jacket, which can be easily slipped on and is especially nice to wear under a coat, can be made as follows, of any two shades of wool.

One skein of black Sunlight wool, five skeins of Chinchilla Sunlight wool, one medium-sized bone crochet hook, two yards of black satin ribbon one inch in width.

Make a chain of forty stitches with Chinchilla



A COMFORT JACKET.

wool. Put yarn over hook, then, counting back, insert your crochet hook in fourth stitch, draw yarn through and thread over hook, then draw through two stitches, thread over through two more stitches, and make four of these lines in same stitch. Then skip three stitches, and in the fourth make another group. Continue thus to the end of the chain, making a cluster

in every fourth stitch. This will give nine of these clusters. Now thread over needle, skip a stitch, insert in the next, thread over hook, draw through two stitches then thread over and through the remaining two stitches.

For your next row turn your work, make a chain of four stitches, then join in between the first and second clusters, and again make a chain of four, joining between the next clusters. Continue thus between each cluster. Now make one with thread over the same as before, but join into the end of the row. Crochet a chain of three stitches, then thread over needle and make a cluster of four in the first opening over the other cluster of last row. Continue thus till the end of this row, being sure, after the last cluster is made, to put thread over needle and make one more stitch, joining to the end of the last row. Turn work and make another row like the preceding ones. When you have four rows of the clusters made (counting the clusters, and not the chain row between) you begin the next row by putting two clusters into the first opening, and two into the last opening of the row. Then proceed as before until you have four rows of the clusters, then widen again by making two clusters in each end opening.

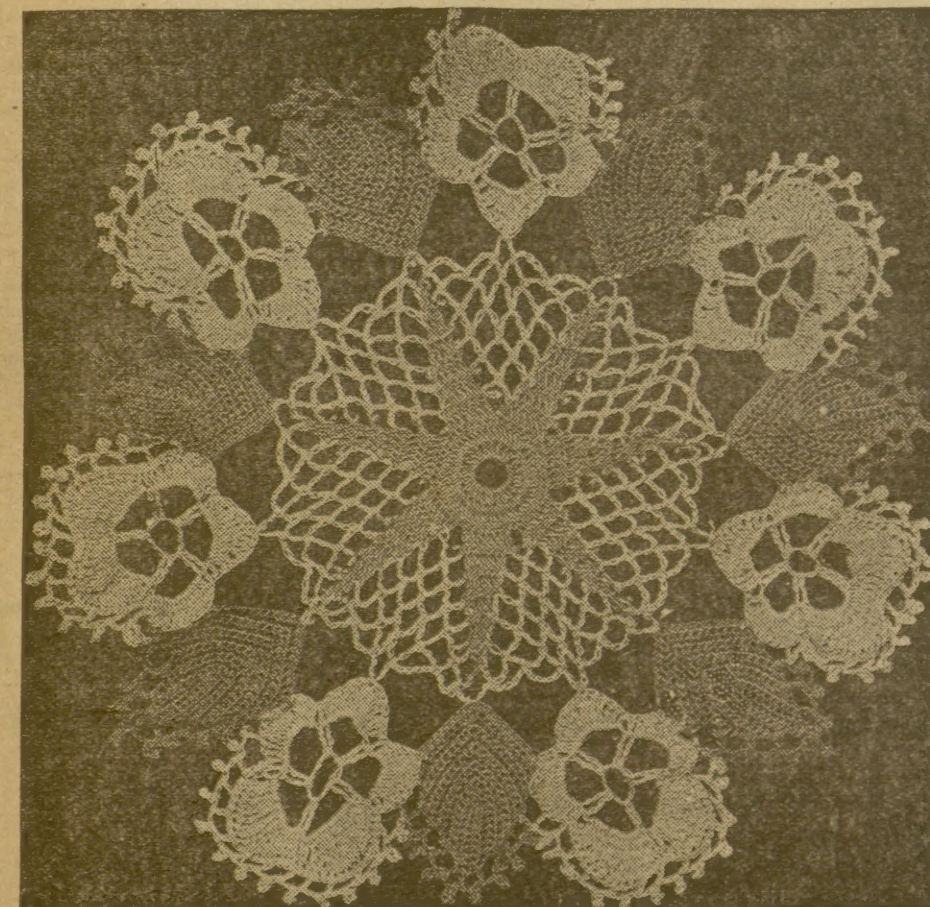
Proceed in this way until you have sixteen



TWO COLOR DESIGN.

clusters, and not the chain row between) you begin the next row by putting two clusters into the first opening, and two into the last opening of the row. Then proceed as before until you have four rows of the clusters, then widen again by making two clusters in each end opening.

Proceed in this way until you have sixteen



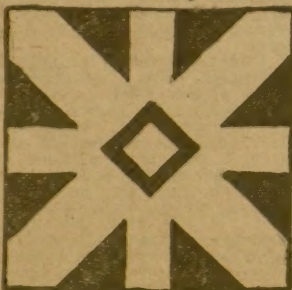
PANSY AND LEAF MAT. Sent in by Mrs. Lida M. Dearborn.

clusters. Then make six more rows of the sixteen clusters, always with the chain row between each row of clusters, same as in the beginning. Now turn and make five clusters (with the chain row between). Do this back and forth until you have made twenty rows of these five clusters, then fasten thread. This makes the center of one front. Join yarn on opposite side and crochet just the same five clusters for twenty rows, fasten and break off thread. Next take black wool and make a row of four chain fastenings in between the clusters. Go all around the jacket in this way, then fasten and break wool, being sure to draw in the end so as to make a firm, neat finish.

Now fasten in the Chinchilla wool and make a row of clusters all around the garment, crocheting them into the space made by the preceding chain. Be sure to fasten firmly and neatly when you reach the first cluster of this row. Then join the black wool for another chain row. Do this until you have three rows of clusters. Now for the last row join your black wool and give a little touch of black to the edge of the preceding row of clusters, by crocheting a single crochet in every stitch. Draw through stitch, then through the two stitches you will have on hook and thus in every stitch, rather loosely. If you desire a wider border, add another row of chain in black and clusters in Chinchilla.

Divide your ribbon in two lengths. With these lace up the garment under the arms to the first row of border and finish with a neat bow of the ribbon.

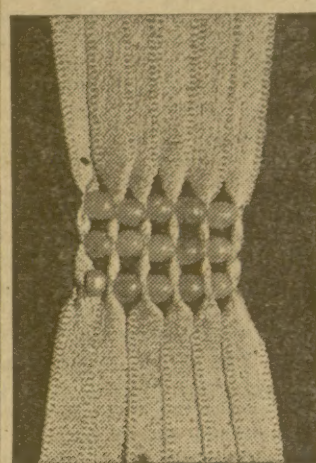
These jackets are very pretty made of white, with pink, lavender or some delicate color for the chain rows. HARRIET BERRY MANNING.



TWO COLOR DESIGN.

## Ribbon and Bead Tie

One of the newest and daintiest of things for neck wear, is the little ties made from baby ribbon and two sizes of beads. A lovely one can be made from light blue ribbon, with the large beads of pearl and the seed beads in the tassels to match the ribbon in color. Cut six strips of ribbon, each forty inches in length. Two and a quarter inches from one end weave beads between the ribbon as here shown.



BEADED RIBBON TIE.

quarter inches of ribbon loose.

Ravel out the ends of the ribbon then thread all through one pearl bead.

Thread a bead needle with silk the color of the ribbon and sew through the ribbon and down through the bead. Then thread on one and a half inches of seed beads, a pearl bead, the same number of seed beads and then back through the first pearl bead and up to the ribbon.

Repeat five times, making a tassel of six strands. Finish the other end in the same way.

MRS. H. L. MILLER.

## German Two Thread Lace

Use No. 80 Cotton, No. 10 steel needle, make a long chain with one thread. Then join second thread in one and one half inches from the end. Make 1 d. c. in third st. counting towards the end, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in same st., \* skip 2 and make 2 d. c., separated by ch. 3 in the next st. Re-



GERMAN TWO THREAD LACE.

4 tr. c. under ch. 3, repeat from \* 6 times, sl. st. into first chain at end of this row, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—4 tr. c. between second and third tr. c. of last row, then 2 d. c. separated by ch. 3 between each group of 4 tr. c. of previous row, ch. 4, catch in fan, turn.

4th row.—Like the second. Continue making alternate rows to match until the 13th is finish.

14th row.—Make 1 s. c. between first 6 groups of 4 tr. c. then continue to end of row in usual way.

15th row.—Make only 6 groups of 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c. Continue forming joints in this way until lace is the desired length.

MRS. HELEN COMBES.

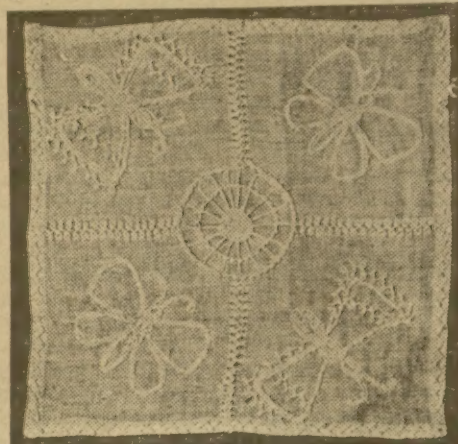
## Two Color Designs

These patterns are most effective if carried out in only two colors. A number of the newer sofa pillow tops are made of similar designs in

this way, linens which have been previously shrunk being used. Credit for both of these patterns is due Miss Viola Kruschke, one of our younger contributors.

## Scrim Sofa Pillow

Divide a piece of cream scrim into four equal parts, drawing threads from an inch wide space to mark the divisions. Through the center of this space from side to side, knot groups of five and five threads together. In the center of the scrim draw a five-inch circle, run threads of



SCRIM SOFA PILLOW.

gold silk from side to side, then from the center darn closely until an inch in diameter space is covered, an inch outside of this outline a circle and then a second circle as shown.

In each corner work a butterfly in black silk or of different colors as preferred.

## A Fluffy Wool Shawl

Some people have a hobby of making shawls of various sorts for Christmas gifts, and it is pretty work. As it takes considerable time to complete one, the sooner it is begun, the better.

To make this shawl you will need one and one half pounds of White Sunlight Shetland wool, one pair No. 8 wooden knitting needles.

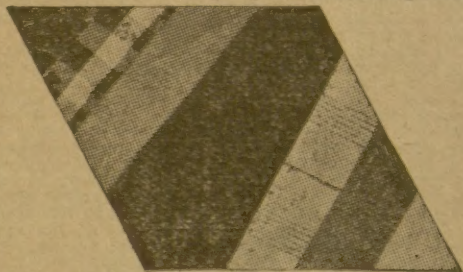
Wind your wool double. Cast on eighty-four stitches, loosely. Knit plain knitting back and forth, taking off the first stitch of every row without knitting, which will give a firm edge. Knit two yards long, fasten firmly, drawing the end through edge for quite a distance to prevent its working out and giving the work a ragged look. Now cut your remaining wool into lengths of nine inches. Take four of these, arranging them evenly together. Draw them a short distance through the first stitch at end of shawl, catching them just in the center with your crochet hook. This gives a loop. Then take the ends of these pieces and pull through this loop drawing tight, which will tie in this first strand of your fringe. Continue this all the way across both ends of shawl, tying four threads in each stitch to form a fringe.

Another exceedingly pretty way to make this shawl is to combine two colors, lavender or blue or pink and white. Beginning with lavender knit five rows, then five of white, four of lavender, four of white, three of lavender, three of white, two of lavender, two of white, one of lavender, then white for the body of the shawl, making the other end to match. As your shawl is to be two yards long you can easily tell when to begin your colors for the last end by measuring the width of the first border. Make your fringe of both colors, one strand of white, the next one of lavender, etc.

A charming little throw for the head is made in the same way, only make it narrow and of single wool, instead of double as for the shawl. Cast on only fifty-five loose stitches, making the border the same as above, but knitting the scarf only one and one half yards long before putting on the fringe. All this work should be knit quite loosely as it hangs much better on the figure. HARRIET BERRY MANNING.

## Silk Quilt

Small bits of silk, satin and ribbon can be utilized to make many useful and pretty things, first sewing enough pieces together to allow of cutting diamond-shaped pieces measuring three



SQUARE FOR SILK QUILT.

inches across from end to end, the longest way. Join these together with pieces of velvet of the same size and shape. Silk quilts, borders for table covers, portieres and sofa pillows may all be made in this way and are very pretty.

# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**ENS of thousands of country girls, members of COMFORT's reading family, are turning their eyes longingly towards the big cities. They want to get out into the world and seek their fortunes, and the world always means to them, the city with its bright lights, clanging cars, miles of busy streets "paved with gold" and filled with hurrying, scurrying, gaily dressed humanity, all of course on pleasure bent.

The country girl is of the opinion that all work is done on the farm, and that city folks have nothing to do but go to theaters and moving picture shows, and eat expensive dinners in palatial restaurants. The country girl sees only the bright side of city life. Of course she knows there is a dark side to the fairy realm of her dreams, the far-off metropolis, but with the optimism of youth, she is confident, should she bid the old folks adieu, and start off to seek her fortune in the dream city of her imagination, she will immediately secure a position that will bring her a salary, which will enable her to live in some swell boarding house, where she will meet a certain prince charming, a dashing, handsome fellow, so different from the honest country boys of whom she has tired, a prince charming, who of course will take her to the theaters, restaurants and picture shows, with a moonlight automobile ride to follow, and the inevitable diamond engagement ring as a fitting climax to her romantic air castle building.

As long as the country girl does not try to realize her dreams, but stays securely under the family roof tree, no harm is done, but when she ventures forth, alone and unprotected to seek her fortune in one of our big cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston as the case may be, she is making a hazardous venture and taking risks, the end of which no one can foresee, she least of all.

It is COMFORT's duty, and the duty of all publications which have the interests of the country girl at heart, to let our rural sisters know exactly what the city offers them in the way of a living. The Committee on Women's Work of the Russell Sage Foundation, has been making some investigations, and the result of these investigations are truly startling and should be taken to heart by those who contemplate seeking their fortunes in the cities.

Miss Mary Van Kleek, secretary of the before mentioned committee, in a statement to a reporter of a New York newspaper, said: "According to the census forty-seven per cent. of the women working in factories in New York earn less than six dollars per week. This is the wage in a busy week in the year, without allowance for irregularity of employment. The proportion of working girls who board varies in different trades from fifteen per cent. in dressmaking to seven per cent. in box making, and we don't know how many are the main support of their families, or how many live in households supported entirely by women. For example in the book-binding trade the census shows only eight per cent. boarding, but we have found in thirty per cent. of the families of bindery girls, women were the only wage earners."

"Out of every ten women in the population of New York City, one works in a factory. The five most important trades numerically speaking are these:

	Weekly Wage.
Fancy and paper boxes	\$5.65
Men's clothing	6.47
Tobacco	7.36
Millinery and lace goods	7.63
Women's clothing	7.68

"Irregular employment, due mainly to slack season, modifies these figures. A recent investigation showed that only one of every five girls lost no time in the year, or, in other words, received the nominal wage of fifty-two weeks in the year. Forty-seven per cent. or nearly half, lost time varying from one to four months. For the six-dollar-a-week girl this would mean a reduction in her wages, varying from fifty cents to two dollars a week."

"The benefits of a forty-eight hour week are by no means universal in women's trades. Of ten thousand women in two trades, book-binding and artificial flower-making, one organized, and one not organized, only thirty-one per cent. work only forty-eight hours or less, while fifty per cent. work fifty-two to sixty hours a week."

The New York State law does not effectually prevent the lengthening of these hours in rush seasons. Our readers must remember that the lengthening of hours does not mean the increasing of pay, for as a rule overtime is seldom paid for unless the women workers are organized and can force payment.

What makes it so hard for a woman to earn a decent living in New York is the competition of her sister in the tenements. There are twelve thousand licensed tenements in New York, huge six-story barracks in which exist hundreds of impoverished families, who are forever hanging on the hunger line. The women in these tenements, though they have families to look after, are forced by poverty and the small wages earned by their husbands, to compete in the labor market with those lone girls or women who have to battle for subsistence unaided. The owners of sweat shops are of course only too glad to give their work out to the women of the tenements, and make these poor wretches bid against each other to get it. The sweat shop owners are in pocket by having work done outside their factories, as it saves space and every square foot of factory space costs money in New York. The women are thus forced into an economic struggle, forced by conditions over which they have no control, to drag one another down, and make life harder for each other. Of the many thousands of women who are employed in the factories of Greater New York, it is estimated by experts who have studied the situation, that less than one-fifth earn living wages. Only one woman in five earns more than nine dollars a week, and less than half earn six dollars. Four fifths of all the women who work in the factories of our great metropolis, are not able to save a single cent for that inevitable rainy day when sickness comes or there is no work to be had.

That women are forced to work, and cannot rely on the male members of the family for support, is proved by the fact that a third of the women who work in factories in New York, are members of families where women are the only wage earners. The women who work in the tenements in order to keep body and soul together, must work from twelve to fifteen hours a day and often longer. There is no law that can restrict the working hours of a woman in her own home, but there should be a law to prevent the merciless sweat shop owner from forcing these poor wretches to bid against each other for the work they do. To give out work at such a price that a woman must work all day and nearly all night to make sufficient out of it to keep life in her body is a crime against the race.

Miss Van Kleek in speaking of the relation of women's pay to the cost of living, said: "I asked a dressmaker, earning six dollars a week, how much she could buy with her wages."

She kept account for three weeks, and brought me the record. She paid three dollars for board in a philanthropic boarding house, and sixty cents a week carfare. Her expenses in three weeks were:

Board	\$9.00
Carfare to and from work	1.80
Extra carfare	.40
Clothes	5.80
Recreation	.85
	17.85
Balance	.15
Three weeks' wages	\$18.00

This woman you will notice after three weeks' work, had saved the stupendous sum of fifteen cents. The tragedy of the woman worker in our great cities is, that after she has toiled until every bone in her body aches, she can only earn sufficient to keep breath in her body, and there is nothing left from her scanty wages for periods of idleness, sickness and other emergencies. For her to save is impossible. Five dollars is the average weekly wage of the working girls of New York City, and this includes those who work in the big stores. It is computed that no woman can live in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, under conditions that will permit her to maintain her health, decency and self respect, and give her a slight margin for sickness and other emergencies, under twelve dollars a week. There is thus the tremendous margin of seven dollars between the five dollars the working girl actually gets and the twelve she absolutely needs.

The country girl who is expected to work in an office, will find conditions but little better than that which obtains in store and factory. Business colleges have turned out stenographers and bookkeepers by the thousands. The offices of the big typewriter companies are crowded daily with hundreds of applicants looking for employment. Capable stenographers can be secured for from seven to eight dollars a week, and beginners who are anxious to get a start in the business world, can be hired for a dollar or two less.

The country girl will now see that the bright lights of a great city, when used for the purpose of revealing conditions as they actually exist, show a state of things heart sickening and deplorable. The theaters and restaurants ablaze with light, the magnificent stores, filled with pretty things, her soul craves, are not for her. Not even ten cents for a moving picture show can she spare from her scanty wage. Men there are plenty who will speak to her, but they are not the honest youths she knew of yore on the farm, or in the little village far away, but human wolves in sheep's clothing, looking for whom they may devour.

Though her heart is breaking for companionship and affection, and she is more lonely than Crusoe marooned on his desolate isle, she cannot escape from the hardships and monotony of her lot, without taking risks too terrible to contemplate. Pleasure, companionship, luxury, amusement, theaters, restaurants and moonlight joy rides can as a rule only be obtained by sacrificing everything that she holds dear in life. There is no romance about starvation wages, and starvation wages is all that the country girl will get in the big cities. Girls, stop! look! listen!!! Forewarned is forearmed. You have been warned. Heed the advice here given and stay at home.

Comfort's Editor.

## SECRET OF THE GREAT CABAL

### Mysterious Madame of the White Shoulders

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

**F**OR a year I had passed it on an average of twice every day. I had given it the casual notice one naturally accords a house of somewhat unusual appearance in a great city where the inevitable brown stone holds dominant sway in the endless rows of streets, and where even an irregularity in the bellpull is conspicuous.

The air of complete desertion and solitude which hung about the place in a street where everything else was teeming with energy and life had often called forth a wandering speculation to my mind. I wondered how long it had stood idle; what state of former magnificence, now falling to decay, was hidden behind those green shutters; whether it would ever again throw them open to the air and sunny cheerfulness which its neighbors enjoyed.

I was at that time a junior member of a private firm of detectives, with headquarters in Fifth street, and with, on my own part a vast amount of conceit concerning the importance of my chosen profession. I had, as it then seemed to me, a natural bent toward the foxy game of getting in my nose and then making the body follow; while a fondness for adventure and a leaning toward anything in the way of the mysterious gave me the notion that I was particularly adapted to the work. I was, besides, a young man of strong athletic habit, energetic and determined to make my mark in the world, my fortune, which usually is put forward first, being already sufficiently assured.

I lived in a bachelor apartment in East Thirty-sixth Street. It had been my home for three years, and it was, therefore, with a good deal of annoyance and chagrin that I received from my landlord, at the end of that time, the intelligence that no leases were to be renewed, as the old building was about to give place to a new business block.

I had, therefore, to look about for a new place in which to set up my Penates, and in this quest my late landlord was able to render me good service. He recommended to me a house which stood directly facing my friend of the Green Blinds. Upon investigation, I found the place to be admirably suited to my needs, and a week later found me as comfortably installed in my new quarters as a young bachelor could hope to be. In order, however, to escape from the actual moving of my effects from the old place to the new, I had left everything to the mercies of the van men, and elected to spend the eventful day in playing tennis at the C-Club, up the river. From this place I returned at night, accompanied by a severe and obstinate attack of la grippe. In the ten days' confinement to my new home which followed, I frequently amused myself in speculating about my vis-a-vis. It was, to tell the truth, an ordinary house enough, brownstone, like its neighbors, with the usual four stories, the heavy outside shutters, always

so tightly closed, being its most distinctive feature. The entrance was boarded over on a line with the vestibule, while even the area region presented no sign of occupancy.

The entire blankness which the front thus presented to my view had the effect of annoying my weakened sensibilities to such a degree that the thing became a positive fascination to me. I could scarcely keep my eyes or even my mind off it. For hours at a time, prevented as I was by an illness from any more serious diversion, I sat in my window, gazing across the hot street. Sometimes I smoked, often I did nothing, until the lazy action of the light or the soothing monotony of the street sounds lured me finally to sleep.

It was when in this semi-somnolent condition, one afternoon at the end of my convalescence, that I was startled by a very unusual manifestation. My half-closed eyes had been lazily scanning the green blinds for some moments, when, suddenly, one of the blinds on the third-story middle window opened to its full width, disclosing to my view the head and shoulders of a man. For an instant I saw him plainly. A strange figure, small—judging his height from that of the window—a dried, attenuated face, with sharp eyes glancing this way and that, a white shirt or bed-gown, seemingly his main attire, while a cotton night-cap ludicrously framed his face. After a hurried scrutiny of the street, his eyes fastened themselves upon me; a thin, nervous hand went with a half-hesitating movement two or three times across his forehead, and then the blinds closed with a snap, leaving the space blank and impenetrable as before. Being half inclined to doubt the evidence of my own senses and to think that I had been dreaming, for some minutes I allowed myself to watch conspicuously for a repetition of this strange occurrence. Nothing more, however, appeared.

On the third day, with my breakfast, a letter was brought to me. It was unaddressed, and the maid told me that a messenger boy had just left it, with the instruction that it was to be left to the gentleman in the third-floor front. Upon opening it I found a sheet of thick white note paper upon which was pasted, in words carefully cut from a newspaper, the following communication:

"Ring the area bell as the clock strikes nine and wait in the shadow of the steps. Be prompt, be sure, be silent. Three and — make —" I read it over several times, but at first could make nothing of it. The chief, in some instances where a case needed to be carried on with extreme secrecy and caution, had been known to address missives of a similar nature to his juniors, but to my knowledge, we had no such cases on hand. Besides, I had talked with him for an hour only the evening before, and nothing which implied the necessity for such a letter had been touched upon. I decided, therefore, enforcing my

conclusions with a number of evidences, which need not here be recorded, that the affair was entirely outside the office. The last phrase of the letter puzzled me most of all, until my eyes once more wandered in the direction of the house opposite; a light suddenly broke upon me.

Three and — make — The numbers which filled the blank spaces I cannot, for obvious reasons, make public; but I saw that the first two, placed consecutively, would represent the number of the street, and that added, the sum would equal the number itself of the House with Green Blinds. Taking it in connection with the demonstration I had witnessed a few days before, and which I now was even more strongly inclined to think had been meant as a signal to myself, this seemed a very probable solution of the letter. In this idea I was not long to be left in doubt. With the paper in hand, I went to the open window and looked across. My eyes having been much weakened by my recent illness, I had acquired the habit of passing my hand before them to protect them from too crude a light; and in the act of doing this, I now stood and waited. It was not for long. A moment later the blind opened as before. The same figure appeared again, again looked up and down the street, and finally, across, performing the same pantomime with the nervous hands, and was gone.

I returned to my breakfast and disposed of it absently. Here, I reflected, was the nucleus, perhaps, of that affair to which every junior in the profession looks forward with impatience as the pivot upon which his own success or failure may hang. A mystery or an adventure of some sort, I was sure, awaited me in that strange house across the street. It had in it that element of risk or uncertainty, and of possible danger, which rendered it only the more attractive. It had, also, the charm of being my own individual "find." I did not hesitate as to whether the mandate I had received should be obeyed. To be prompt, sure and silent was my immediate determination. The first thing to do, however, was to discover, without seeming to do so, as much about the affair as possible. To accomplish anything of the sort, however, I found extremely difficult. The directory told me nothing of importance about the house, and I could find no real-estate agent who knew anything concerning the place or could tell me more than that the owner was now living abroad, and the place had been recently leased by a lady who was intending to occupy it during the coming winter. Next, after some difficulty, succeeded in tracing the messenger boy who had delivered the note at my door. From him I learned it had been given him by a man in the Hotel B—, with only the instructions to take it to the number and leave it for the occupant of the third-floor front. The man he described as tall, handsome and well-

dressed, wearing a closely-cut black imperial and using a single eye-glass. At the Hotel B— they remembered such a personage being seen in the corridor, but said he had not been a guest of the hotel and had not registered, so they could give me no information concerning him. With this scanty success in finding a clue to what might be awaiting me, I returned to my own house to rest for the remainder of the day, being still easily tired, and thinking to husband my strength for what might be before me. I tried even not to trouble myself with theories as to what use I or my services might presently be put, but endeavored for the time being to make my mind, as much as possible, a blank, that it might be the more ready when activity should be required. Toward eight o'clock I prepared myself as well as I could for any emergency which might befall, by placing a small revolver in each pocket of my trousers, where they might be quickly available without exciting suspicion, and by taking an innocent-looking but really formidable blackthorn stick in my hand. Thus equipped, I let myself out into the street and walked slowly in the direction of the avenue.

It was just in the edge of the dark and the arc lights were beginning their nightly flicker. A great number of idle strollers were thronging the streets, so that my aimless wanderings back and forth were not likely to attract attention. For reasons of quite ordinary precaution, I wished to approach my projected destination from one of the avenues instead of directly and with visible purpose from my own quarters, for I had no means of being sure that the place was not already marked by other men of my own trade. I kept close account of the time, and my repeater told two minutes before nine when I slipped as unostentatiously as possible into the shadow of the area, and waited. As a neighboring clock began its deep-toned message I put out my hand and pulled the handle of the bell. Crowding back immediately against the steps, I was surprised to feel that the iron gate readily yielded to the slightest pressure of my body against it, and finding no impediment to my progress I pushed it open and stepped inside. Waiting here again for a moment for a response to my ring, but hearing no stir in the house I groped the inner door. This also yielded to my touch. I pushed it wide open with my stick and it swung back without obstruction until it struck the wall. For a moment, before the inky blackness of the void which now confronted me, I hesitated. Then, fixing my hat firmly upon my head and getting a good grip, with both hands held out in front of me, upon my stick, I began to move cautiously forward.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### MADAME OF THE WHITE SHOULDERS.

There was not a glimmer of light in front of me, but, as I advanced into the passage-way, I was distinctly conscious that I was not alone (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



## Comfort Sisters Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to the "Comfort Sisters' Corner." Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**W**HERE are the blue-prints which were sent on their mission of good cheer to the shut-ins by Mrs. J. P. Butler, West Pittston, Pa., mailed March 9th? Won't the sister who has them please send to the next on the list, for there are twenty waiting? There are others who would like to start an endless-chain-trip of blue prints if Mrs. Butler's venture proves a success.—Ed.

Mrs. Scott's reference to the nobility of a good Christian life brings to mind how often I have wished that we might have some letters in which the qualities that constitute a Christian life are delineated. In other words, what does it mean to be a Christian?

Won't some of the sisters write on this subject so that we may have the letters for our Christmas COMFORT?—Ed.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
I have been a reader of COMFORT for twenty years, and I think it is getting better every year, especially the Sisters' Corner. So many good remedies and recipes we could not obtain elsewhere.

Now I see Mrs. M. Elkins of Point, Texas, wants some information about Bourbon-Red turkeys, and as we have that breed, I must say I would not ask for any better kind of turkeys. They are very domestic. We have four at present with little poults, that laid, sit and hatched in a straw stack right by the barn, not far from the house. They do not get quite so large as the Bronze, but are just the size the market demands. They mature early and dress up attractively for market, there being no black feathers about them. In color they are a dark bay with white wings and tail. They make good mothers and we have found them to be excellent layers.

I admire Edith Whittle's prayer. Come again! Also Lila Bessie's letter. All have something I like to read. With much love for all the sisters and our editor, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. A. R. Lehman, Lashley, Pa.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
Sitting alone reflecting over the past, brings to my memory the dear old COMFORT, and I want to say a few words about how we should guard the tongue. How often do we in conversation discuss good friends whom we would not harm for at times to think all is but the one we speak this to will be a little jealous hearted and add more to it, and by the time it has gone around two or three times it becomes a great "bugaboo," and some poor innocent person is made to suffer for it. St. James said: "The tongue cannot be tamed." When we give our neighbor in a fault, instead of giving him encouraging words, we go around over the country talking about him. How many poor girls have been dragged down to disgrace by the misuse of some unkind tongue. Oh, the tears and sorrow the tongue can cause!

Kind readers, guard your tongue.  
Mrs. MOLLIE MUMFORD, Harwood, R. E. 1, Box 11, Texas.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
May I come in? I am a new subscriber to COMFORT, and like the paper very much, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I have a beautiful home in the Rocky mountains, 7,450 feet above sea level, but my home is very desolate now for my husband died suddenly four months ago. It is indeed like a heart is aching so sorely and for the best what my heart is aching so sorely and I am "Long for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." But I know God will not give his children a burden too hard to bear, and I feel with the dawn of each morn that He will give me strength to live through the coming day.

Miss Alice Stedman, Mooselield, Neb. Yes, Colorado is a fine climate for catarrh, asthma, bronchitis and rheumatism, also lung trouble. I came here for my health. With best wishes to you all,  
Mrs. Geo. A. Steed, Gresham, Colo.

**DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:**  
I don't see very many letters from S. Dak., and hope I am not the only one fortunate enough to get good old COMFORT.

Things are pretty discouraging in our country this summer. It is so very dry and what little did grow has either been haled out or rusted and finished by grasshoppers.

I live on a large dairy farm. I have three children, the oldest nearly five and the baby is nineteen months old.

do enjoy reading the "homey" letters telling about the babies, how each one takes care of them, how each sister does her work, about her flowers, sewing, or fancy work. I am a great home body and love to read anything pertaining to the home.

I wish some of the sisters would write to me; young, old and middle-aged.

I hope COMFORT will continue to prosper as it is certainly a fine paper.  
Mrs. Geo. W. Wilson, Big Stone, R. E. 2, S. Dak.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**  
Will you admit an Alabama sister into your corner for a few minutes as I have been a silent reader for a long time?

First, let me tell the sisters about my success in securing subscriptions for COMFORT. I ordered a few sample copies which I gave to my neighbors and mailed to my friends and in a few days I had enough subscribers to get me a lovely set of dishes. I think sending COMFORT to a friend is a very nice Christmas or birthday present.

I am a farmer's wife and have one of the best Johns, and three sweet children, Fannie, Rankin and Homer. Husband and I are members of the church of Christ and we are trying to train our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Eph. Chapter 6, Verse 4.

I think kind words are more effective in teaching children to obey if we begin with them while they are small. I always try to be firm with my children as it is such an injury to a child to tell it a falsehood in any way.

Here are a few hints I hope will help someone:  
When canning fruit in glass, wrap the jars well all over, especially the bottoms, with paper and they will never break.

In making jelly use half as much sugar as juice and it will "jell" much quicker. Never cover jelly with lids until cold and set in a dry place to prevent mold.

Here is a good way to use old pieces: Wash clean and iron, and when you get enough use for padding in quilts, but do not use as thick layers as for cotton batting. Be sure and cut off all the buttons and hard seams. These make soft quilts if quilted in wide lines.

I am staying too long but let me give one word to poor sisters who want to give presents. Always try to get them by getting subscriptions for COMFORT and you will be well paid for your work.

May God bless all the editors of COMFORT as I believe each one is trying to give comfort in words to all.  
Your sister in Christ,  
Mrs. FLORENCE SWICEGOOD (nee JOHNSON), So. Pittsburg, Marion Co., R. R. 1, Box 45, Tenn.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

I have a request which I would like to make; I wish to ask the sisters in all the different parts of Colorado if they would please write me telling me all about their climate, crops, prices of land, distance from the nearest railroad town, school, church, etc. I am troubled with nasal catarrh and think perhaps a change of climate would benefit me. Would also be glad to hear from any of the other sisters that care to write.

Thanking the sisters for any information which they may give me, I am, sincerely yours,  
Mrs. CHAS. DREHER, Giltner, R. E. 2, Box 75, Nebr.

**DEAR OLD COMFORT:**

I had hoped my July squib would be sufficient, but it only stimulated inquiry.

Dear sisters, I cannot answer your letters personally, am too old to write much so please re-read my July letter and then read this; then come and see for yourselves; shall be so glad to see you once to face. Improved farms sell for twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre, cash or partial payments. Very little government land near here—only 40s or 80s at that; very poor land, too.

Apples, apricots, berries of eight varieties, cherries, grapes, pears, peaches, plums, persimmons of eight varieties, beans, beets, cabbage, collards, cucumbers, celery, kale, lettuce, mustard, onions, pears, potatoes (Irish or sweet), tomatoes, turnips, asparagus, rhubarb, corn, alfalfa, barley, clovers, grasses (hemp), Kaffir, millets, oats, rye, sorghum, wheats, thirteen varieties of grains.

Adventist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Christian, Holiness, Methodist and Presbyterian.

Good schools and plentiful. No saloons in county. No swamp, but rocky, hilly, timbered land; rocky, level, timbered land; level, timbered land; very level prairie land. Clear, cold, freestone water, no alkali nor "gip."

Very respectfully,  
Mrs. FLAVIUS J. HENDERSON, Gentry, Ark.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

Can anyone tell me what kills my ducks?

They will be nearly feathered out and seem fat and healthy at the time I begin to lose them.

Mrs. ELMER RHOADES, Merrillan, Wis.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**

When I saw your editorial asking about goat's milk I thought it my duty to write you my experience.

My baby boy, born a year ago last May, was sick from the day he was born until at last when he was six weeks old I weaned him and tried modified cow's milk. For a short time he gained on that and seemed to get along very nicely, but in a few weeks his bowels became very loose again and he gradually grew worse. We tried two doctors but neither of them helped any.

One night we were up all night with him and when daylight came we were shocked to see how our baby looked. His eyes were so sunken and his little face and neck so wrinkled and all his flesh seemed to have left him during the night. When the doctor came he said our baby had passed into the last stage of cholera-infantum called the shock, and he could give us no hope, but we worked day and night and brought him out of it. He lived for several days on a few teaspoonfuls of barley water and giving enemas of salt water to keep him alive.

A neighbor, whose baby was one day younger than ours, offered to nurse him as she was large and strong and had plenty of nourishment, so baby and I moved over with her for four weeks—but he did not seem to gain at all.

My husband's sister had reared a baby on goat's milk so we decided to get a goat. My husband rode forty or fifty miles looking for goats and at last we got a common little nannie, just fresh with her first little kid. We bought the nannie without the kid for three dollars and fed her sweet dry.

In September baby only weighed two or three pounds and New Year's he weighed fifteen pounds and was a real good baby.

When I put him back on the cow's milk it bloated him so badly he would cry every evening for two or three hours until the doctor said to put three grains of milk and soda into an eight ounce bottle of milk and it has agreed with him since.

He will be fifteen months old the twentieth of this month and he weighs twenty-five pounds and is not a fat baby either.

As we live on a farm we just let the goat run loose and she rustled for herself, eating corn, oats and corn fodder and we gave her no care at all, but she gave enough milk, together with the barley water, until she began to go dry.

This is a long letter but I thought it might help some other young mother. I am quite twenty-five, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. Have two girls, aged five and three and my baby boy.

With best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT readers,  
Yours sincerely,

Mrs. BEN J. MANSFIELD, Center, Knox Co., Nebr.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

I will try and write a few lines to our dear old COMFORT.

I am very lonely this afternoon as my husband left this morning cow hunting. The cattle roam wild over the woods here.

I am very sad at times for our oldest child, Thelma, one year and ten months, went to that beautiful home beyond, last November and it seems as if my heart would break at times. She was a dear little girl.

I have a sweet baby of one year old to brighten our home and also a good, kind husband who is ever ready to help me as I am not very strong.

I would like to adopt an orphan girl between the age of ten and fourteen years. Must be of a respectable family. Will give one a good home.

My heart goes out to all the shut-ins. If all the millionaires had a heart like Uncle Charlie I am sure the shut-ins would have better homes and perhaps some would get well.

Will close with love to all,  
Mrs. JOHN ROULESSON, Bassenger, Osceola Co., Fla.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**

I have read COMFORT for several years, but this is my first letter.

I saw several letters in the August number about goats. We have had Angora goats for three years. We do not use their milk, but keep them to clear brush land. The Angora is a high spirited animal. For pets they are very tame and affectionate, but somewhat timid. For brush clearing the fence should be about forty inches high, made of good woven wire, hogtied, with upright wires twelve inches apart. A closer weave is liable to hold them fast. Angora goats should always have access to a good rain-proof shelter near a dwelling house where they should be kept nights. They should be sheared in spring after the weather becomes warm, and their mohair sells for about twenty-five cents to one dollar a pound, according to length of fiber and quality. The rough feed required for one cow would be sufficient for about ten or twelve goats. Angora goat meat is very healthy, palatable and nutritious.

I love the Sisters' Corner and do get much comfort out of it.  
Wishing one and all success,  
Mrs. MARTHA KNOWLES, Edmond, R. E. 1, Okla.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:**

If you only knew how much good it does me to read COMFORT! I wish I could know you all. We have been here in South California twenty-one years in beds that are very tame and affectionate, but somewhat timid. For brush clearing the fence should be about forty inches high, made of good woven wire, hogtied, with upright wires twelve inches apart. A closer weave is liable to hold them fast. Angora goats should always have access to a good rain-proof shelter near a dwelling house where they should be kept nights. They should be sheared in spring after the weather becomes warm, and their mohair sells for about twenty-five cents to one dollar a pound, according to length of fiber and quality. The rough feed required for one cow would be sufficient for about ten or twelve goats. Angora goat meat is very healthy, palatable and nutritious.

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Mrs. MARTHA KNOWLES, Edmond, R. E. 1, Okla.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**

I think it a splendid idea to "pass on" any knowledge we may have to others.

"If you've had a kindness shown, pass it on."  
I am sure we all find many helpful things in the

**A Nation of "Rapid Fire" Eaters**

The people of the United States are known all over the world as a Nation of dyspeptics. We don't take time to eat properly or to eat proper food. Everyone would live longer—be healthier, feel better, do better work, and do it with greater ease if more time were taken in eating and more UNEEDA BISCUIT eaten. UNEEDA BISCUIT are the most nutritious of all foods made from flour. UNEEDA BISCUIT are always fresh, clean, crisp and good. UNEEDA BISCUIT are muscle makers and brain builders. In short, the National Soda Crackers are

**Uneeda Biscuit**

Never sold in bulk

**5c**

In the moisture-proof package

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

Sisters' Corner, so when I found a letter asking for information regarding Indian Runner ducks I felt it my duty to answer, since I have recently been making a study of them, as we are expecting to move to a ranch and raise chickens, ducks, turkeys, etc.

First I want to say that May E. Hawthorne of Montana is quite right in advising young girls about making chance acquaintances on trains or in fact anywhere, as I have heard of many girls getting into very serious trouble through "too friendly" strangers.

Regarding the Indian Runner duck will say that in color they are white and fawn and are smaller than the Pekin, the ducks weighing four to five pounds and the drakes five to six pounds when fully matured. They grow rapidly and are easy to raise and are not troubled with lice.

They begin laying when about five or six months old, sometimes before, and it is their fine laying qualities that have made them famous, also, the eggs are claimed to be superior for eating purposes than most duck eggs and bring a higher price in the markets. Duck eggs are much used by confectioners as they give a gloss to the icings. Hotels and restaurants pay extra prices for the ducklings.

They can be raised without a stream of water, but you will find that the eggs are not as fertile as where they can have all the water they want to "puddle" in.

They do not eat as much feed as other ducks. They are great foragers and if they have a free range will take most of the care of themselves. Do not feed whole grain. It should be ground or at least cooked. The little ducklings can be fed bread soaked in milk or water with a little sand sprinkled over it or rolled oats floating in milk with sand until they are two weeks old. After that they can be fed a mixture of bran, shorts, barley meal and rice meal. Alfalfa meal, corn meal, fine cut oats, meat scraps and grit, cooked or chopped vegetables and clover cut very fine. They are fond of lettuce. This is what we use: Half and half Alfalfa meal and bran, some corn meal and steel cut oats, meat scraps, charcoal and grit, but for the most part Alfalfa meal and bran. Mix well and moisten with water only as much as they will eat in half an hour. Have drinking water near by, as they like to take a bite, then a drink and soon walk away for a little rest and then come back for a little more, but if the food is left for very long it will sour in warm weather.

Keep only one drake for every eight ducks. The ducks are kept about six years before they are considered too old for profitable laying. The drakes can be kept seven years. A house fifteen by twenty feet will be large enough for about forty ducks to stay in at night or cold days. (Here in our part of California they could be out every day). There should be a yard attached, as they like to wander around during the night, the fence need to be only three feet high as they cannot fly over.

They need no roosts, just plenty of straw or leaves on the floor and should be kept in until after nine o'clock in the morning, as they are through laying by that time. Turn the straw often and remove it when soiled badly. It makes an especially fine dressing for the garden.

A duck of house, laying ducks should be fed four times a day. The ducks lay their eggs on the ground. They do not get their feathers until between six and ten weeks old. Have shade for them cannot stand the hot sun. They are subject to rheumatism if allowed to sleep in a damp place. I think I have given a good idea of their habits and management, but if I have failed to make the subject clear will be glad to answer any question.

We have a nice home here in Fruitvale, but want to exchange for a ranch, as both Mr. B. and I are lovers of nature, he being an artist. Two of Mr. Brown's stories were printed in COMFORT.

Trusting my letter will be of help to some COMFORT sister, and with all good and hearty well wishes for COMFORT and its many friends, I remain,

Sincerely,  
Mrs. GEORGE L. BROWN, 3905 Nevil St., Fruitvale, Cal.

Mrs. Brown. It is very kind of you to "pass on" your knowledge of the Indian Runner ducks, which covers many important points. Thank you!

I have greatly enjoyed Mr. Brown's stories and to find a COMFORT sister in Mrs. Brown will but serve to increase our interest.

"Catching the Counterfeiters" is a wide-awake story full of exciting venture.—Ed.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:**  
I have often wanted to chat a while and the inquiry about Indian Runner ducks has made me venturesome.

I am a new breeder but have raised quite a band of them this summer and will tell you my experience if Mrs. Wilkinson thinks it worthy of space in our valuable corner.

The Indian Runner ducks' origin was India, therefore getting their name. They run and have a more

upright carriage than the heavier breeds of ducks. I believe the standard weight of ducks is four pounds; drakes four and one half pounds and their superiority over other breeds of ducks is their laying qualities.

laying an egg every day when kept in small flocks and fed properly, and laying every month in the year except February. I cannot imagine any conditions under which they would not thrive, they are so easy to raise. I hatched with hens and brooded with hens and here is where I want to warn any new breeders so they may not make the mistake I did. I had read that these ducks never have lice nor any disease except rheumatism, so I gave no attention to protecting them from lice until I lost a few from one brood and I began to search for cause and behold, lice from the mother was just devouring them. I lost no more, but in the next broods I just put a little lard on the heads and greased the hen good and all did well. I fed for the first two weeks and sometimes longer, Graham bread (made with sour milk) and it is better when a little stale, soaked in water or milk a few minutes, squeezed dry or to crumbly state, and fed on a pile of fine gravel. They must have sand or gravel with their food, and I prefer this way of feeding to mixing the sand in their mash as many do. Always have water before them, deep enough to immerse their legs in, also, I always keep a box of oyster shells and charcoal while they are small. Mine would be feathering in six weeks' time; after the third week I gradually changed their food to a mixture of bran, shorts, rolled oats and meat scraps, feeding them all they wanted three times a day; before that age three weeks I fed about five times a day and sometimes six as I think it best to feed often and not quite all they would eat at a time, for they are very greedy and will not fail to notify you when they are hungry or want water. The fawn and white are very pretty when properly marked. They should have a cap and check marking of fawn with white neck and the white extending to the eye. Part of the body fawn and part white, correct markings being the beauty of them and their upright carriage. Their bills are green when grown. A flock of them is a pretty sight. I also have White Indian Runners, and of course they are very pretty; pure white. The Runners are often termed the "Leghorn" of the duck family, their eggs do not have a strong flavor but are much superior to hens' eggs and are much used by hospitals on account of their exceptionally good flavor. There are some ducks that lay green-and-brown tinted eggs but they are fast becoming undesirable as everyone wants the kind that lay pure white eggs, as the tinted eggs are a drug on the market. They are great foragers and when on range will find practically all their food. However grain is not considered extra good food for them, but soft foods are what they thrive on, raise Buff Orpington chickens also, but ducks are so easy to raise that my pretty chickens will have to take a back seat hereafter. I like the ducks as they don't droop around and make such a mournful sound. They will get on their backs and can't get up and sometimes die that way, but I never lost any that way after looking after the lice on them. They don't have lice when grown and the only disease they are subject to is rheumatism. They should have straw on the floor of their house to sit on to prevent rheumatism. They lay on the ground and often cover their eggs with the straw.

May this information be helpful to someone is my wish.

I am so glad to see so many people opening their hearts and homes to the orphans. Oh, that those who have homes and no little ones of their own could remember the Golden Rule. Oh, wouldn't we if we were a child like someone to take an interest in us, and "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

I have only been married three years, but my husband was allowed no peace until he consented to give a child a chance. We took a boy from the State Home who is twelve years old and we just wouldn't like to get along without him. He is kind and of very good disposition. I now want a little girl so much, as one child gets lonely. We live on a ranch, nine miles from Pendleton, in this glorious West. I am a native of Illinois and expect to go to Chicago this month on a visit, but Oregon is home and I love it. I have no relatives in the West and would love to hear from the sisters, as I enjoy letters. I am much interested in making home happy and the best place in the world, and the proper training of children; also am an enthusiastic poultry woman who believes in keeping pure-bred stock and the kind that pays.

I teach our little boy to save his money and invest it instead of spending it carelessly and he enters into it heartily and is profiting thereby. From an investment of one dollar he will make about twenty dollars this summer. Who says poultry doesn't pay? And the training is worth so much. To teach the children to be useful and let them know the value of money are things I think worth while. Mrs. can be impressed on children by dealing with them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

# RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, leaves his son, Walter, the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, about his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quaint desk and is lost to sight. With a sigh of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position. He goes to the city, meeting a young girl, who, through his assistance, escapes injury. He applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. After three months of close application Walter asks for evening office work. Making rapid strides, Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence on the banks of the Schuylkill. He requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. Walter gives Mr. Gordon valuable information regarding the plans and as he leaves encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby to a party. He is surprised to meet Walter and is rude to him.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart with his sweet way of saying things. Ruby Gordon makes the man feel at ease and arranges for Mr. Whitfield to meet him. Standing near the library door Ruby hears Edmund Carpenter, in an angry voice, expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there. The conversation reveals his relationship. Edmund ignores it and Ruby learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education. Owen Ruggles invites Ruby to visit at his home. Ruby Gordon, in company with her brother, pays a visit to Owen Ruggles and his wife. That night Walter Richardson arrives and Ruby learns from Walter's lips that Mr. Ralph Carpenter was Mr. Ruggles' half brother, also the story of his young life. A delightful week follows. Ruby and her brother return to the city. Mr. Gordon cordially invites him to his home, and Walter availing himself of the invitation calls. His pleasure is interrupted by Edmund, who is attentive to Ruby. He is displeased to meet Walter and warns him if he falls in his intention it will be the sorriest day he ever knew. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand homecoming and at Ruby's solicitation they send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Edmund Carpenter begs to open the ball with Ruby. She detects his rage as he reads Walter's name at the head of the list. Ruby dances an old-fashioned dance with Mr. Ruggles. Robert Gordon follows with Mrs. Ruggles. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an enlarged likeness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Reverses come to Robert Gordon and he loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. His wife is crushed. Ruby is brave and comforts her brother. The house and all that is in it is to be sold. Ruby with the help of a servant puts the new house in order. She secures a position as a teacher. The home is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter calls. He finds Ruby mending. He makes a proposal of marriage. It cannot be; she does not love him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Walter takes all care from Ruby who is heart-broken. Mrs. Gordon is left a comparatively rich woman. Mr. Gordon in his prosperity takes out insurance policies for thousands of dollars. Ruby prefers to remain in the little home, but Mrs. Gordon insists upon a handsome suite of rooms in a fashionable street. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter, who is a constant visitor. Coming home from school one day, she finds the house empty and her sister away; she drops her books and upon the table and throwing herself upon the sofa gives way to tears. There is a knock. Ruby thinking it is a servant says, "Come in." Looking up she finds Edmund Carpenter. He renews his offer of marriage and with Ruby's firm refusal he reminds her it will be a dangerous thing for any other man to win her. Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue goes with her. Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He seeks the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and she finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter's and her sister's duplicity. It is Edmund Carpenter's home. Ruby will leave as soon as possible. She is to tell her sister of the engagement, and Walter is to bring the visible seal to their compact. Walter, leaving, she goes up-stairs. Mrs. Gordon calls and Ruby confronts her sister-in-law with her duplicity and she realises she is outwitted. Ruby refuses to stay and will go to Redville with Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Edmund Carpenter calls the next morning and Mrs. Gordon relates all that occurs the previous evening. He learns Walter plans and playing the spy determines to ruin Walter's and Ruby's happiness forever. Walter calls. A heavy shower comes up and Ruby persuades Walter to stay over night. She asks Mrs. Coxon for a room. Edmund overhears Mrs. Coxon and realises her willingness to help Walter. They are unconscious that Edmund Carpenter hears all this. The next morning Walter rises early to take the train for Chester. As he arrives there he sees a fine-looking woman getting off the Southern Express—she appears to be looking for someone. The woman meets with a serious accident, and Walter gets a carriage, assisting the man with the baggage, noting the trunks were marked Mrs. M. E. Howland. He goes with the driver, and helps her to the house, and she requests to know to whom she is indebted. When she hears the name her face becomes ghastly white and she exacts a promise he will see her again. Madame Howland, as she is known, lives alone. She has been twice married, and years ago loses an idolized son. Walter calls every morning and at the end of a week he is invited to enter—madam desires to see him. He reminds her of someone she used to know. A servant enters. She gives a frightened look at Walter. An officer is there to arrest him. He demands the charge. Mrs. Howland begs an explanation. Mrs. Robert Gordon, living in Edmund Carpenter's house in Philadelphia, lost money and valuable jewels one week ago. This young man passed the night there, leaving early in the morning. If he proves his innocence he will be released. Walter admits being there, having gone to see Ruby Gordon, to whom he is betrothed. Mrs. Howland becomes responsible for his bail. Walter recalls the morning he leaves Edmund Carpenter's home he finds his coat lying on the floor. The Monday following Mrs. Gordon asks Ruby if she has been to her jewel box. Her solitary diamond earrings and one hundred dollars are gone. The servants are questioned and the coachman examined. Mrs. Gordon writes to Mr. Carpenter and asks him to suggest some way to recover the property. Mr. Conant arrives and believes the young man innocent. Mrs. Gordon under the plea of her eyes feeling badly requests Ruby to read the evening paper. There she learns of Walter's arrest. She believes him innocent as she is.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### MR. RUGGLES APPEARS.

It will readily be surmised that Edmund Carpenter had caused the arrest of Walter. When first apprised of the fact of Mrs. Gordon's loss, he had taken active measures for the apprehension of the guilty party, and appeared very much disturbed that she should have been robbed in his house. Still he was not supposed to know that Walter had slept in the house on that night, consequently his name was not mentioned in connection with the affair, until after he received Mrs. Gordon's note, stating her discovery and the suspicion which it had aroused, when he immediately assumed that all was explained—that he must have committed the deed—and he immediately caused a warrant for his arrest to be issued.

Early Tuesday morning, Ruby, in spite of her

sister's commands and even threats, went into the city to consult with Mr. Conant regarding her lover's trouble, and with the intention of going to comfort him, if possible. She had not a doubt of his honesty, and, as some of her remarks to Mrs. Gordon betrayed, believed that suspicion had been thrown upon him with the hope that it would serve to break her engagement with him.

She was in a very unhappy frame of mind, for it seemed as if everything conspired against her, and she did not know whom to trust. She had not yet heard anything from Mr. Ruggles, and she now began to fear that her letter to him had been intercepted to prevent her going to Redville.

She relinquished all thought of going now, for she was resolved that she would not leave Walter while he was in such trouble—she would stay where she could see him occasionally and cheer him as much as she might.

Mr. Conant received her very kindly. "Do not worry, my dear Miss Gordon," he said, almost tenderly, as he looked into her pale, anxious face, "for it will come out all right. We know that Mr. Richardson is above doing any such contemptible deed, and I believe it is only a matter of personal spite that has caused his arrest."

"But circumstantial evidence, you know, sometimes convicts a person," said Ruby, still looking distressed.

"True; but hardly in such a case as this, unless the stolen property is found in his possession, or it can be proved beyond a doubt that he took it, no sentence can be passed upon him."

"But the stigma will remain, unless the real

culprit, as he took both her hands in his, bowing his face upon them, while hot tears sprang to his eyes; for it was intensely humiliating to his proud spirit to have her see him there with the stigma of a felon resting upon him.

"I have not heard from Mr. Ruggles," she explained. He looked up, surprised; then he grew stern. "There is something wrong in that!" he said. "I have begun to think so, too," Ruby answered, adding, "but I am glad now that I have been detained, and I should not go under any circumstances while you are in trouble."

"You believe me innocent, dear, or you would not be here?" Walter questioned, in a low tone. "I know you are innocent, Walter. Nothing save your own confession would make me believe you guilty," she answered, with unwavering trust.

"But it calls me almost beyond endurance that you should see me in such a place as this," the young man said, with a note of bitterness in his voice.

"Of course it is very trying to you to be here, but the place cannot harm you so long as you are innocent," Ruby said, looking up into his face, with a cheering smile.

"Bless you, my darling!" he returned, bending over her and drawing her to him for an instant. "I certainly ought to take courage when I have such faithful adherents as you and Mr. Conant have proved yourselves to be."

"You must not lose courage, Walter. Mr. Conant says you cannot be convicted unless the stolen property is found in your possession, or someone can prove that you took it."

"That is true; but I am afraid that there is

dantly able to carry out his own nefarious plots alone," Walter answered.

"How could he have done it?" "Easily enough; he has keys to the different doors, and could easily have entered the house and have taken anything he wished, and no one would ever think of suspecting him; while the storm favored his movements."

"Have you told Mr. Conant this?" Ruby asked, looking greatly troubled.

"Yes, and the lawyer, also, whom he brought with him, but they still claim that the missing property must be found, or my agency proved before I can be convicted. As soon as we had talked this over I thought it was possible that the missing articles might have been put into some of my pockets, for I remembered that I had found my coat lying upon the floor of my room, when I was sure that I had hung it upon the back of a chair. But Mr. Conant went to Chester last evening and brought away everything belonging to me, and we could find nothing, though we searched my clothing thoroughly."

"When will the trial take place?" Ruby inquired, with a shiver of dread.

"I have not been examined yet, and my lawyer will plead for time to work up my defense, unless conclusive proof should be forthcoming at the examination."

"But you surely will not have to remain here all that time!" cried Ruby, in dismay.

"No; Mr. Conant will arrange for my liberty; he will give bonds for me."

Walter then related his adventure in connection with Madame Howland, and mentioned his subsequent visits to her, her apparent interest in him, and her offer to give bonds to any amount for him to secure his release.

At the end of an hour Mr. Conant returned, and informed Walter that he was to go before the court for examination at two o'clock, and then Ruby arose to leave, promising to see him again at the earliest opportunity.

She, however, did not go directly home. She repaired to Mr. Conant's office, where she wrote a long letter to Mr. Ruggles, telling him of Walter's trouble and of her previous letter to him asking permission to go to Redville to spend the summer. She stated, though, that she had changed her mind, and would remain where she was until after Walter's affair was settled, when she should be glad to come to them if they would have her.

This letter she posted with her own hands, and was confident that she would soon get a reply to it.

Then she went home, and set herself to watch her sister, and Edmund Carpenter, whenever he should present himself there, hoping that she might get some clue to the plot which she believed had been laid to ruin her lover.

Walter's examination came off as appointed, but as the evidence against him was not deemed sufficient to warrant conviction without further investigation, his case was deferred for a few weeks, and he was held in bonds for his appearance. Mr. Conant became his bondsman, and the young man was immediately released from custody.

It was his wish to return at once to his work in Chester, and Mr. Conant, knowing that he could not trust his business well to anyone else, decided that this would be best, and the next morning found him once more among his workmen, and attending to his duties as faithfully as if there were no trouble or anxiety upon his mind.

Mr. Ruggles answered Ruby's letter in person two days after it was written.

He came just at dusk, and found his young friend sitting alone upon the veranda, musing sadly upon her troubles and her need of the strong help and tender care of her brother.

Mrs. Gordon was up-stairs in her own room. She kept out of Ruby's way as much as possible, for she felt very uncomfortable in her presence, knowing how deeply she had wronged and was still wronging her; for she continued to play the invalid, since she feared, now that Walter was released, that Ruby would again insist upon going to Redville.

She espied Mr. Ruggles' dumpy, awkward figure coming up the avenue, and she was sure that Ruby must have written a second time secretly—she had taken care, that her first letter should never reach him—and he had now come to her at her request.

Ruby sprang up to meet him with a glad cry, and clung to his hand as if realizing that at last she had found a true friend and in him lay all power to protect her.

"Oh, Mr. Ruggles! how good of you! I was looking for a letter, but I did not think that you would come," she cried, with almost a sob of relief.

"Bless you, Miss Ruby! did you think I'd let the grass grow under my feet when you were in trouble? And if there's anything that money or good can do for you and that fine young chap of yours, why, I and my purse are both at your service," he answered, heartily.

Tears sprang to the young girl's eyes. It was such a relief to have someone to rely upon in the midst of her perplexities that for a moment she was overcome. But she rallied and looked up at him with a smile, as she repeated: "It is very good of you, and I appreciate your kindness more than I can tell you." Then she added, in a lower tone: "If you are not too tired, will you come and walk with me a little while? I want very much to talk with you alone, without the fear of being overheard, and—I should not feel safe anywhere about this house."

He gave her a keen glance, and nodded his head once or twice as if he understood that something was very wrong. He had felt so from the moment of receiving her letter, and he had dropped everything at once, though he was very busy, to come to her.

"Tired! not a bit; and if I was, I'd be willing to travel miles to see that anxious look go out of your face," he said, kindly; adding: "Come, I know the lay of the land about here, for I used to come here often in brother Ralph's day—though I must confess that I was kind of nonplused when I found out that you were summing here—and I'll take you where there'll be no danger of anybody hearing what you've got to tell me."

He arose and led the way around back of the house into a little lane leading down to the river, and then told Ruby to open all her heart to him and keep nothing back.

And the young girl did as he requested; she began with Edmund Carpenter's fondness for her, telling of his proposals of marriage to her, his jealousy of Walter, of his threats regarding him, and finally of the trickery that had been employed by him and her sister to get her to come to Forestvale to spend the summer.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### RUBY GAINS A CLUE.

"Hum! I've imagined that Edmund meant to marry you from the first," Mr. Ruggles remarked, reflectively, as Ruby concluded her recital; "but I'd about as soon think of chaining you to a wild beast, for he'd break your heart in less than a year with his tyranny and selfishness."

Mr. Ruggles invited Ruby to go with him to Redville, but she declined, thinking it best to remain near Walter, and decided to seek a boarding-house in the city.

They conversed somewhat longer and then turned their steps back to the house. It was quite dark when they reached the mansion, and Ruby invited Mr. Ruggles to come in and rest a while before returning to the city.

He seemed very willing to do so, but upon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

## Joys of the Harvest-Home

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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The hustle and the bustle on the farm at last is o'er,  
There's time to chat with neighbors in the little country store,  
And every face is wreathed in smiles and every heart is gay,  
And a cheery word's on every lip to help you on your way.  
There's a rustling now of greenbacks, there's a jingling too of coin,  
There's a chorus of rejoicing in which everyone doth join,  
And Bossy bellows loudly, Rover barks to swell the din,  
For the harvest days are over and the crops are gathered in.

The ploughing and the sowing, and the reaping all are done,  
The anxious months are over now, and toil's reward is won,  
The rain, the drought, the insect pest, that caused so much alarm,  
Well, kindly Nature fixed it so they didn't do much harm.  
So the farmer thanks the Lord that he's an agriculturalist,  
And smiles, and gives his chewing "plug" an extra loving twist,  
And then with sweet contentment, tugs the lone hairs on his chin,  
To prove once more that harvest's o'er, and crops are gathered in.

The barn is full to bursting, and the corn crib's brimming o'er,  
There are stacks of grain and fodder, mounting up to half a score,  
There's wheat, there's oats, there's barley, and likewise, too, there's rye,  
And the dandiest kind of pumpkins for the slickest kind of pie.  
There's stock that's sleek and shiny, horse and mule and hog and sheep,  
And in the pastures cattle fat, are lowering loud and deep,  
There's poultry in the barnyard, and red apples in the bin,  
Which makes it clear that harvest's here and crops are gathered in.

The homestead's gay with visitors, Sue Jones and Mandy Pratt,  
Dropped in to have a talk about a coat and winter hat.  
The coffee pot works overtime, preserves and nuts abound,  
And the kind of pie that mother makes is cir-cl-ing around,  
The team hauls a piano in, while joy pervades the scene,  
Mandy gets her willow plume, and Ma her sewing machine,  
And Dad's an automobile bought, he's speeding her like sin,  
To let folks know 'tis harvest time, and crops are gathered in.

The moon is in its glory now, and 'neath its radiant glow,  
Eyes look into love-lit eyes, and words are whispered low,  
For when imperial autumn comes, and summer fair departs,  
Cupid joins the harvesters, and gathers in the hearts.  
So underneath the harvest moon, in meadow, field and lane,  
Lovers meet to pledge their vows, and plight troths o'er again,  
For there's no time quite so sublime, if you a maid would win,  
As when the harvest moon's aglow, and crops are gathered in.

So when the harvest moon shines out, up yonder in the skies,  
And all the world is hushed and still, before you close your eyes,  
Just count your blessings o'er before the drowsy god you woo,  
And note how loving, good and kind Someone has been to you.  
For health and strength and love of friends, and all you eat and wear,  
You've got to thank the One who made this earth so wondrous fair,  
So bend the knee in thankfulness, both you and all your kin,  
And thank God for the harvest and the crops you've gathered in.

culprit can be found, for suspicion will still rest upon him," returned Ruby, dejectedly.

"There may be a doubt in the minds of some," Mr. Conant replied; "but no one who has ever known Walter will for a moment believe him guilty of so despicable a crime."

"Can I go to see him?" Ruby asked, though she flushed scarlet as she made the request.

"Bless you, my dear young lady! of course you may; and your presence will do our much-tried young friend a world of good, too. He feels the blow keenly, but if he finds that you still have faith in him, it will cheer him wonderfully."

Mr. Conant said he would accompany her, and they would go at once; and a half-hour later found them in Walter's presence.

When Mr. Conant appeared at the door of his room his face lighted with pleasure, but when that gentleman stepped one side and Ruby went forward, his pale face grew crimson with mingled emotions, and he cried out, in a voice in which both pain and pleasure were mingled: "Ruby! you here!"

"Yes, Walter," she said, going to his side, as Mr. Conant slipped out of the room unobserved and closed the door. "Did you think I would remain away when you are in such trouble?"

"But I thought you were in Redville," he fal-

tered, as he took both her hands in his, bowing his face upon them, while hot tears sprang to his eyes; for it was intensely humiliating to his proud spirit to have her see him there with the stigma of a felon resting upon him.

"I have not heard from Mr. Ruggles," she explained. He looked up, surprised; then he grew stern.

"There is something wrong in that!" he said. "I have begun to think so, too," Ruby answered, adding, "but I am glad now that I have been detained, and I should not go under any circumstances while you are in trouble."

"You believe me innocent, dear, or you would not be here?" Walter questioned, in a low tone. "I know you are innocent, Walter. Nothing save your own confession would make me believe you guilty," she answered, with unwavering trust.

"But it calls me almost beyond endurance that you should see me in such a place as this," the young man said, with a note of bitterness in his voice.

"Of course it is very trying to you to be here, but the place cannot harm you so long as you are innocent," Ruby said, looking up into his face, with a cheering smile.

"Bless you, my darling!" he returned, bending over her and drawing her to him for an instant.

"I certainly ought to take courage when I have such faithful adherents as you and Mr. Conant have proved yourselves to be."

"You must not lose courage, Walter. Mr. Conant says you cannot be convicted unless the stolen property is found in your possession, or someone can prove that you took it."

"That is true; but I am afraid that there is

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

honorably and teaching them to deal with their playmates as they would want them to do unto them. Boys will not always be boys; they will soon be men and a mother's training if properly given sinks deep. Our boy never knew a real home until he came to us. Just think, ten years of life to know nothing good; he never had been to Sunday school or church. Ought not we who have homes to do something for these homeless ones?

I love to help the poor shut-ins and aid in the good work Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett are doing but it seems such a little I can do. Best wishes to all, Mrs. Geo. Bain, Box 563, Pendleton, Oregon.

Mrs. Bain. Your experience with the Indian Runner ducks spells "success," and I heartily hope that the old adage "Nothing succeeds like success," will prove true in all that you undertake. In taking this little homeless boy to rear you have done a noble act which I believe will bring its own reward. Thanks for the picture of ducks.—Ed.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I see in COMFORT today that some of you would like to hear about the Indian Runner duck, and as I have them I will tell you all I can.

First they are rightly named for they can run and also climb pretty high on a board. We have the fawn and white and the brown and white. There is no difference in the size or in the laying as I can see. They are great foragers and will nearly get their own living, but they will stand confinement too, as we kept ours penned all through the mating season. They lay all winter, and in the summer except July and August. Their eggs are large; some white and some tinted green. I think there is more money in them than in chickens and they are not as much bother. They feather very young, and the old ones will only weigh about five pounds. They are claimed to be non-sitters, but we had two that sat. They do not have lice or mites, will stand quite a lot of cold, and will always come home at night if they are fed a little. They should be shut up at night when laying, for they will lay anywhere. Give plenty of good clean bedding or they will have rheumatism.

You can feed most anything that other fowl will eat, but bran is best when laying. They are not much for playing in the water for we live within twenty rods of a creek and large pond and they never go there unless we take them.

I remain one of COMFORT's readers, Mrs. Elmer Rhoades, Power House, Merrillan, Wis.

Mrs. Rhoades. Thanks for your contribution to the fund of information regarding Indian Runner Ducks. I think that women have a certain "knack" in handling poultry—unknown to man, and I am hoping that these splendid letters about duck raising will prove valuable to our sisters.—Ed.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wish to give all the sisters the benefit of my diarrhea remedy. Any form of diarrhea that, by excessive action demands a speedy correction, the most efficacious remedy that can be employed in all ages and conditions of children is the tincture of kino, of which from ten to thirty drops mixed with a little sugar and water in a spoon are to be given every two or three hours till the undue action has been checked.

Often the change of diet to rice, milk, eggs or the substitution of animal or vegetable food, vice versa will correct an unpleasant and almost chronic state of diarrhea. This is an old and tried remedy.

I want to adopt a little boy between the ages of four and nine, one without parents who needs a good home.

I have a little adopted girl seven years of age and love her dearly.

Can any sister help me? I would be glad and thankful to receive help in securing the above described boy.

God bless COMFORT, the dear old paper of my childhood, and all its writers and readers, Mrs. Early R. Fulmer, Elgin, R. R. 1, Box 135, Texas.

Mrs. Fulmer. I want to add just a word in regard to your bowel remedy. Kino is a vegetable astringent, being the dried red juice or gum of a tropical plant. It should never be measured carelessly, as too sudden a checking of diarrhea has many times proved fatal. Ten drops is a good start; increasing after three doses if necessary.

I do hope that one of the many orphan boys will find his way to your home.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS: I will send the following reply to Mrs. Setser, and others, who have made inquiry about Indian Runner Ducks.

Indian Runner Ducks are a comparatively new breed in America—they came from India, which is the home of these greatest of egg-producing ducks.

June hatched Indian Runners will lay by December 1st and lay all the year round (nearly every day), except in July and August, when they rest, and moult. When fed for it, they can be cultivated up to an enormous egg-producing capacity. As many as two hundred and twenty-five to forty-five eggs a year from a single Indian Runner duck.

Their eggs sell readily in the market; they hatch well, and produce thirty or thirty-five ducklings, which grow quickly into mature specimens.

These can be readily fattened when young, to four or five pounds when only three months of age, and make a very desirable light-weight roast. They will also produce a fair quantity of feathers, but hold their greatest popularity as egg producers. The ducks must not be picked during their laying season. (If they are picked they stop laying.)

They are very hardy and vigorous, and are "dry land" fowls, and do not need running water, lake or pond to thrive and do well. All that is necessary is a sufficient amount of clean drinking water. Although they enjoy an occasional swim to keep them clean, they can do very well with a small pan of clean water, that is deep enough to allow their heads to be immersed. This is necessary, for they must keep their heads clean to thrive well.

The young ducklings are very easily raised and hatched either under hens or in incubators. Give no food to young ducklings until they are thirty-six hours old. Give them plenty of pure, clean water to drink, but not deep enough in their pans to swim in, until they are two weeks old.

Feed ducklings at least five times each day, until they are a month old. Feed them clabber cheese, corn meal or commercial chick food, in pans, or in troughs, and cover the food with an inch or two of water.

Keep a dish of crushed oyster shell where the young ducks can help themselves whenever they need it. Be sure to keep the young ducks out of rain-storms as they chill easily until they are feathered.

Ducklings seldom die after they are two weeks old. They will eat grass and any kind of green weeds, and are especially fond of lettuce. Sometimes ducklings that are raised by a hen are troubled with lice on their heads and necks, and should be greased with sweet cream just as soon as the lice are discovered. Cream will not hurt the ducklings, and is sure death to all lice on them.

Wishing success to all, and especially Mrs. Wilkinson. Sincerely yours,

MISS NELLIE L. DOW, Herrick, R. R. 3, Ill.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

I look forward to the coming of COMFORT with great pleasure and the first look for is the dear Sisters' Corner. Then I take page after page and study and drink in every word. It has been almost a year since my little letter appeared and I have made several real good friends.

As I have been very sick the past year and the heat has been so trying, I have had a hard struggle here in these long hot days. I have just longed to have a little chat with our dear readers of COMFORT. How those letters have helped me, coming into my sick room these many years! And now I am going to ask dear, good Mrs. Wilkinson to put my letter on her pages as soon as she can, for a nice big mail party this fall would bring cheer and sunshine into my life of more than nineteen years of suffering. I wish each sister could come into my room and say a cheery word and tell me all about their work and I could show them my little knitting and crocheting that I do toward my medicine. Keeping employed is a help. I have been benefited by the remedies from our Sisters' Corner. My prayers are ever for its success. God bless the good work of dear Mrs. Wilkinson and spare her and all connected with our dear paper. I shall be very glad to hear from all the good sisters. Your shut-in friend, Miss Anna W. Reif, 1340 Alisquith St., Baltimore, Maryland.

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

BAKED HASH.—Two cupfuls each of potato, chopped beef and stock. Melt one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan, add stock and when heated, the meat and potato well-mixed. Season to taste and stir occasionally until well heated. Turn into greased baking dish and bake in hot oven thirty minutes.

LAMB CROQUETTES.—Two cupfuls of finely-chopped cooked lamb, one cupful of boiled rice, one tablespoonful each of chopped parsley and lemon juice and butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of cream, salt and pepper to taste. Scald the milk or cream, rub the butter and flour until smooth, add scalded milk and stir until it thickens. Mix the meat, rice, parsley and seasoning well together, mix with thickened milk and when cool form into cone-shaped croquettes, roll with egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS.—Put a steak into the frying pan with a little suet, salt and pepper and cover tightly before setting over fire. When steak is about half done add sliced onions.

MISS ANNA BLASKIEWITZ, St. Louis, Mo.

ONION PICKLE.—Use small onions or the large field ones cut in thick slices. Soak in strong salt and water for a day and a half, drain and rinse in cold water. Boil five minutes in clear water. Pack in jars, sprinkling white mustard seed between the layers, then pour over the onions the following mixture boiling hot: To one quart of vinegar allow one and one half pounds of sugar and one tablespoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, the spices tied in a bag. Seal hot.

PICCALILLI.—Chop fine one peck of green tomatoes, eight large onions and mix well with one cup of salt. Let stand over night in an earthen dish, in the morning drain and measure and add an equal amount of fresh cabbage chopped fine. Mix well and add one and one half quarts of strong vinegar, one quart of water, one half cup of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls each of ground white pepper, cinnamon and ginger, one tablespoonful of cloves, one half teaspoonful of red pepper, and boil all until tender, stirring often to prevent burning. Seal in glass jars. If preferred, add one cupful of sugar before boiling.

Mrs. Emma Dreher, Giltner, R. R. 2, Box 73, Nebr.

COLD JELLY.—Squeeze juice from berries and strain through cloth. Add an equal amount of granulated sugar and stir until dissolved. Set in sun to jelly.

COLD JAM.—Wash and drain berries, mash very fine and measure an equal amount of granulated sugar. In a pan put first a layer of fruit and then one of sugar until all are used, and then mix until smooth and all lumps have disappeared. Put in jelly glasses. It will seal itself. Keep where it is dry and cool.

Mrs. Loss Oman, Saint Johns, Oregon.

CORN AND SALMON LOAF.—(ORIGINAL).—Mash together one can of corn and one of salmon, add two well-beaten eggs, one half cupful of cracker crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter and salt, and pepper to taste. Mix and pour over one cup of rich sweet milk. Bake in a moderate oven one half hour. It will rise light in the dish.

FROZEN PEACHES.—One cup each of sugar and water, boiled to a syrup. Pare, cut in halves and remove stones from peaches; drop into boiling syrup and cook five minutes. Cool and pack in freezer, but do not turn. Let stand three or four hours. Serve in large glass bowl with whipped cream poured over top.

Mrs. L. C. Ames, Roulette, Pa.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One gallon of ripe tomatoes, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of black pepper, two of mustard, one of cloves and six onions sliced fine. Boil all together until quite thick; strain through a wire sieve, bottle and cork tight. Keep in cool place.

BEETS FOR WINTER USE.—Boil beets till tender, peel and slice, put into kettle with vinegar to cover, add a little salt, let come to boil and seal hot the same as fruit.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pick cucumbers and scald in salted water, then scald in strong alum water in a porcelain-lined kettle. Put into hot vinegar with spices to taste and seal.

STUFFED SQUASH.—Use one or more crooked-neck squashes. Cut off a piece of stem end and remove seed and pulp. For filling, to every cupful of bread crumbs, allow one tablespoonful of chopped onion, two of sweet pepper chopped, scant half teaspoonful of salt, two dashes of cayenne, one heaping tablespoonful of chopped boiled ham and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and if not moist enough add a little water. Fill the squash with mixture, pin on tops and steam tender. Cut in slices and serve with savory sauce.

Mrs. Annie Bryant (nee Davis), Murdock, Quay Co., N. Mexico.

FIG MARMALADE.—To four pounds of white peeled figs, add three pounds of sugar, the juice of eight sour oranges and four lemons with the peel of one lemon sliced. Boil slowly one and three quarters hours.

EGG TOAST.—Six or eight slices of dry bread cut half an inch thick and dipped rapidly in cold water, that has a pinch of salt in it. Prepare a batter with half a pint of milk, two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour, two or three eggs, one level teaspoonful of salt; beat well, dip the bread into this batter and fry upon a buttered griddle until a light brown.

STALE BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Add one and one half cups of milk and one tablespoonful of salad oil to one and one half cups of fine stale bread crumbs, letting it stand until the crumbs are soft. Add two beaten eggs, one half cup of flour, sifted with a level teaspoonful of salt, and two of baking powder, one teaspoonful of molasses; if the batter is too thick enough add more flour. Beat well. Bake on a buttered griddle.

POTATO SALAD, No. 1.—Take one cupful of cream and milk, one level teaspoonful of sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of sharp vinegar, a pinch of mustard and a dash of black pepper. Mix well, then pour the mixture over sliced potatoes that have been boiled. Add some fine sliced onions with the potatoes.

POTATO SALAD, No. 2.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four teaspoonfuls of sharp vinegar, one teaspoon level full of sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mustard, and a dash of black pepper. Beat well, pour into this mixture a cupful of hot water, boil it until it thickens. Stir continually, then pour it over sliced potatoes that have been boiled. Mix some fine sliced onions with the potatoes.

MISS N. HAINES, Woodland, Cal.

SALTED CORN.—Cut corn from cob, and to nine cupfuls of corn take one cupful of fine table salt. To pack, sprinkle salt between layers, making sure that there is a layer of salt at top and bottom. Use a stone jar. Cover and set in cellar. To prepare for table, soak corn in cold water two hours or more and cook in usual way.

SALTED BEANS.—Prepare same as corn.

Mrs. L. E. CUTLER, Thorofare, N. J.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.—Take three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one half cupful butter (or lard). Beat butter and sugar well, then add an egg at a time, beating well, then add four cupfuls flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with flour. Lastly add a pint of huckleberries that have been floured, and stir up lightly and bake. To be eaten with cream and sugar or with dessert as wished.

Mrs. A. R. LEHMAN, Lashley, Pa.

SPICED ELDERBERRIES.—Eight quarts of berries free from stems, five pounds of brown sugar, and one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Cook as any other berry and can. Good for pies or dessert.

BOSTON CREAM PIE.—Cream together one half cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter; add two well-beaten eggs and beat well, and one tablespoonful of corn starch. Add two cupfuls of hot milk and cook until it thickens stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla. Bake crust and fill. Frost with meringue made from white of one egg beaten stiff, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread and brown.

EFFIE A. NORMAN, Battle Creek, R. R. 1, Box 17-A, Mich.

THREE EGG CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, and two large tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat together till cream color, add one cupful of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder; beat again now into the mixture, add one small cupful of milk, flavor with a little lemon juice or vanilla. Beat again. Bake in a current if may be added. Wash and drain. Put into a little flour and place in the oven to dry; when dry add to the mixture and beat thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes.

Mrs. Mary Coleman, Putnam, Conn.

GRAPE JUICE.—Six pounds of grapes washed and mashed; add three cupfuls of cold water and cook ten minutes; strain. To every quart of juice add one pint of sugar, and boil ten minutes. Bottle and seal hot.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

## \$2,500 in Prizes

## To Learn the Effects of Oatmeal

Every year we spend large sums of money to gather facts about oatmeal. We visit thousands of homes which breed the wan and anemic, and thousands which breed the red-cheeked and the strong.

We canvass physicians, food experts and scientists. We talk with those who teach the underfed. All to show others, in some indelible way, how vital is the need for oats.

Now, in the same cause, we ask letters from people who have seen the effects of oats. We seek actual examples of what has been done, largely through oatmeal diet. No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when impressive and valuable, will be carried to millions of people.

To garner these facts we offer these prizes. We shall pay them for letters which our judges regard as most helpful to people in general.

For the 5 best letters,	\$100 each	\$500.00
For the 10 next best,	50 each	500.00
For the 20 next best,	25 each	500.00
For the 50 next best,	10 each	500.00
For the 100 next best,	5 each	500.00
185 separate prizes, totaling \$2,500.00		

The contest will close December 1, 1911. Soon after that date the names of the winners will be sent to every contestant. And the 185 people whose letters win prizes will each be sent our check.

## Facts Now Known

Oats contain more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, the endurance food. Woodsmen, for instance, who are fed scientifically, are now largely fed on oats.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. Brain workers and students need an abundance of it. Nine-tenths of all college professors regularly eat oatmeal. And seven-eighths of the homes among the highly intelligent supply it to growing children.

Lecithin is the main component of the nerves and nervous system.

So for body, brain and nerves—all three—no other cereal can compare with oats.

## The Energy Food

As energy food oatmeal is pre-eminent. To "feel one's oats" always signifies vigor. With people as with horses, oats give vim and vitality. An extract of oats is now employed as a tonic.

Two world-famous scientists seem to have proved that oatmeal wards off age, by feeding the thyroid gland. Experiments on animals seem to prove that care of this gland can vastly lessen one's apparent age.

The love of oatmeal, which is almost universal, also shows the need for oats. It is the call of Nature for the elements required.

## Facts Now Wanted

We now want facts and incidents which illustrate these effects. We want examples showing how children thrive on oats. We want reports on how oatmeal has multiplied vitality. We want letters from people whom oatmeal has kept young. From food experts and scientists we ask new facts about oats. We shall award the prizes for the facts and reports most valuable to others.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

## Quaker Oats

The worth of oatmeal depends on the quality of oats. Its taste depends on the mode of preparation. The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains. When these choice grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. Yet it costs but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size  
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CHICAGO

## DAVID HARUM

## A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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## CHAPTER XLIV. (CONTINUED.)

"I BEN aware fer some time that the' was a movement on foot in your direction," he said. "You know I told ye that I'd ben intr'usted in the oil bus'nis once on a time; an' I hain't never quite lost my int'r'ist, though it hain't ben a very active one lately, an' some fellers down ther have kep' me posted some. The' s ben oil found near where you're located, an' the prospectin' points your way. The hull thing has ben kep' as close as possible, an' the holes has ben plugged, but the oil is there somewhere. Now it's like this: If you lease on shares an' they strike the oil on your prop'ty, mebbe it'll bring you more money; but they might strike, an' agin they mightn't. Sometimes you git a payin' well an' a dry hole only a few hundred feet apart. Nevertheless they want to drill your prop'ty. I know who the parties is. These fellers that wrote this letter are simply actin' for 'em."

The speaker was interrupted by another fit of coughing, which left the sufferer very red in the face, and elicited from him the word which is always greeted with laughter in a theater.

"Say," said David, after a moment, in which he looked anxiously at his companion, "I don't like that cough o' yours."

"I don't thoroughly enjoy it myself," was the rejoinder.

"Seems to be kind o' growin' on ye, don't it?"

"I don't know," said John.

"I was talkin' with Doc Hayes about ye," said David, "an' he allowed you'd ought to have your shoes o'f an' run loose a spell."

John smiled a little, but did not reply.

"Spoke to you about it, didn't he?" continued David.

"Yes."

"An' you told him you couldn't git away?"

"Yes."

"Didn't tell him you wouldn't go if you could, did ye?"

"I only told him I couldn't go," said John.

David sat for a moment thoughtfully tapping the desk with his eyeglasses, and then said with his characteristic chuckle:

"I had a letter f'm Chet Timson yest'd'y."

John looked up at him, failing to see the connection.

"Yes," said David. "He's out fer a job, an' the way he writes I guess the dander's putty well out o' him. I reckon the' hain't ben nothin' much but in his mangle fer quite a spell."

remarked Mr. Harum.

"H'm!" said John, raising his brows, conscious of a humane but very faint interest in Mr. Timson's affairs. Mr. Harum got out a cigar, and lighting it, gave a puff or two, and continued with what struck the younger man as a perfectly irrelevant question. It really seemed to him as if his senior were making conversation.

"How's Peleg doin' these days?" was the query.

"Very well," was the reply.

"C'd do 'most anythin' 's nec'ssary, can't he?"

A brief interruption followed upon the entrance of a man, who, after saying good morning, laid a note on David's desk, asking for the money on it. Mr. Harum handed it back, indicating John with a motion of his thumb.

The latter took it, looked at the face and back, marked his initials on it with a pencil, and the man went out to the counter.

"If you was fixed so't you could git away fer a spell," said David a moment or two after the customer's departure, "where would you like to go?"

"I have not thought about it," said John rather listlessly.

"Wa'al, s'pose you think about it a little now, if you hain't got no pressin' engagement. Bus'nis don't seem to be very rushin' this mornin'."

"Why?" said John.

"Because," said David impressively, "you're goin' somewhere right off, quick 's you c'n git ready, an' you may 's well be makin' up your mind where."

John looked up in surprise. "I don't want to go away," he said, "and if I did, how could I leave the office?"

"No," responded Mr. Harum, "you don't want to make a move of any kind that you don't actually have to, an' that's the reason fer makin' one. F'm what the doc said, an' f'm what I c'n see, you got to git out o' this dum'd climate," waving his hand toward the window, against which the sleet was beating, "fer a spell; an' as fur 's the office goes, Chet Timson 'd be tickled to death to come on an' help out while you're away, an' I guess 'mongst us we c'n mosey along some gait. I ain't quite to the bone-yard yet myself," he added with a grin.

The younger man sat for a moment or two with brows contracted, and pulling thoughtfully at his mustache.

"There is that matter," he said, pointing to the letter on the desk.

"Wa'al," said David, "the' ain't no tearin' hurry 'bout that; an' anyway, I was goin' to make you a suggestion to put the matter into my hands to some extent."

"Will you take it?" said John quickly. "That is exactly what I should wish in any case."

"If you want I should," replied Mr. Harum.

"Would you want to give full power attorney, or jest have me say 't I was instructed to act for ye?"

"I think a better way would be to put the property in your name altogether," said John.

"Don't you think so?"

"Wa'al," said David thoughtfully, after a moment, "I hadn't thought of that, but mebbe I could handle the matter better if you was to do that. I know the parties, an' if the' was any bluffin' to be done either side, mebbe it would be better if they thought I was playin' my own hand."

At that point Peleg appeared and asked Mr. Lenox a question which took the latter to the teller's counter. David sat for some time drumming on his desk with the fingers of both hands. A succession of violent coughs came from the front room. His mouth and brows contracted in a wince, and rising, he put on his coat and hat and went slowly out of the bank.

## CHAPTER XLV.

The *Vaterland* was advertised to sail at one o'clock, and it wanted but fifteen or twenty minutes of the hour. After assuring himself that his belongings were all together in his state-room, John made his way to the upper deck and, leaning against the rail, watched the bustle of embarkation, somewhat interested in the people standing about, among whom it was difficult in instances to distinguish the passengers from those who were present to say farewell. Near him at the moment were two people, apparently man and wife, of middle age and rather distinguished appearance, to whom presently approached, with some evidence of hurry and with outstretched hand, a very well dressed and pleasant looking man.

"Ah, here you are, Mrs. Ruggles," John heard him say as he shook hands.

Then followed some commonplaces of good wishes and farewells, and in reply to a question which John did not catch, he heard the lady addressed as Mrs. Ruggles say, "Oh, didn't you see her? We left her on the lower deck a few minutes ago. Ah, here she comes."

The man turned and advanced a step to meet the person in question. John's eyes involuntarily followed the movement, and as he saw her approach his heart contracted sharply; it was Mary Blake. He turned away quickly, and as the collar of his turtleneck was about his face, for the air of the January day was very keen, he thought that she had not recognized him. A moment

later he went aft around the deck-house, and going forward to the smoking-room, seated himself therein, and took the passenger list out of his pocket. He had already scanned it rather cursorily, having but the smallest expectation of coming upon a familiar name, yet feeling sure that had hers been there, it could not have escaped him. Nevertheless, he now ran his eye over the columns with eager scrutiny, and the hands which held the paper shook a little.

There was no name in the least like Blake. It occurred to him that by some chance or error hers might have been omitted, when his eye caught the following:

William Ruggles.....New York.

Mrs. Ruggles....." "

Mrs. Edward Ruggles....." "

It was plain to him then. She was obviously traveling with the people whom she had just joined on deck, and it was equally plain that she was Mrs. Edward Ruggles.

When he looked up the ship was out in the river.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

John had been late in applying for his passage, and in consequence, the ship being very full, had had to take what berth he could get, which happened to be in the second cabin. The occupants of these quarters, however, were not rated as second-class passengers. The *Vaterland* took none such on her outward voyages, and all were on the same footing as to the fare and the freedom of the ship. The captain and the orchestra appeared at dinner in the second saloon on alternate nights, and the only disadvantage in the location was that it was very far aft, unless it could be considered a drawback that the furnishings were of plain wood and plush instead of carving, gilding, and stamped leather. In fact, as the voyage proceeded, our friend decided that the after-deck was pleasanter than the one amidships, and the cozy second-class smoking-room more agreeable than the large and gorgeous one forward.

Consequently for a while he rarely went across the bridge which spanned the opening between the two decks. It may be

that he had a certain amount of reluctance to encounter Mrs. Edward Ruggles.

The roof of the second cabin deck-house was, when there was not too much wind, a favorite place to him. It was not much frequented, as most of those who spent their time on deck apparently preferred a place nearer amidships. He was sitting there on the morning of the fifth day out, looking idly over the sea, with an occasional glance at the people who were walking on the promenade-deck below, or leaning on the rail which bounded it. He turned at a slight sound behind him, and rose with his hat in his hand. The flush in his face, as he took the hand which was offered him, reflected the color in the face of the owner, but the grayish brown eyes, which he remembered so well, looked into his a little curiously, perhaps, but frankly and kindly. She was the first to speak.

"How do you do, Mr. Lenox?" she said.

"How do you do, Mrs. Ruggles?" said John, throwing up his hand as, at the moment of his reply, a puff of wind blew the cape of his mackintosh over his head. They both laughed a little (this was their greeting after nearly six years), and sat down.

"What a nice place!" she said, looking about her.

"Yes," said John; "I sit here a good deal when it isn't too windy."

"I have been wondering why I did not get a sight of you," she said. "I saw your name in the passenger list. Have you been ill?"

"I'm in the second cabin," he said, smiling. She looked at him a little incredulously, and he explained.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I saw your name, but as you did not appear in the dining-saloon, I thought you must either be ill or that you did not sail. Did you know that I was on board?" she asked.

It was rather an embarrassing question.

"I have been intending," he replied rather lamely, "to make myself known to you—that is, to—well, make my presence on board known to you. I got just a glimpse of you before we sailed, when you came up to speak to a man who had been saying good by to Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. I heard him speak their name, and looking over the passenger list I identified you as Mrs. Edward Ruggles."

"Ah," she said, looking away for an instant. "I did not know that you had seen me, and I wondered how you came to address me as Mrs. Ruggles just now."

"That was how," said John; and then, after a moment, "It seems rather odd, doesn't it, that we should be renewing an acquaintance on an ocean steamer as we did once before, so many years ago? And that the first bit of intelligence that I have had of you in all the years since I saw you last should come to me through the passenger list?"

"Did you ever try to get any?" she asked. "I have always thought it very strange that we should never have heard anything about you."

"I went to the house once, some weeks after you had gone," said John, "but the man in charge

was out, and the maid could tell me nothing."

"A note I wrote you at the time of your father's death," she said, "we found in my small nephew's overcoat pocket after we had been some time in California; but I wrote a second one before we left New York, telling you of our intended departure, and where we were going."

"I never received it," he said. Neither spoke for a while, and then:

"Tell me of your sister and brother-in-law," he said.

"My sister is at present living in Cambridge, where Jack is at college," was the reply; "but poor Julius died two years ago."

"Ah," said John, "I am grieved to hear of Mr. Carling's death. I liked him very much."

"He liked you very much," she said, "and often spoke of you."

There was another period of silence, so long, indeed, as to be somewhat embarrassing. None of the thoughts which followed each other in John's mind was of the sort which he felt like broaching. He realized that the situation was becoming awkward, and that consciousness added to the confusion of his ideas. But if his companion shared his embarrassment, neither her face nor her manner betrayed it as at last she said, turning and looking frankly at him:

"You seem very little changed. Tell me about yourself. Tell me something of your life in the last six years."

During the rest of the voyage they were together for a part of every day, sometimes with the company of Mrs. William Ruggles, but more often without it, as her husband claimed much of her attention and rarely came on deck; and John, from time to time, gave his companion pretty

much the whole history of his later career. But with regard to her own life, and, as he noticed, especially the two years since the death of her brother-in-law, she was distinctly reticent. She never spoke of her marriage or her husband, and after one or two faintly tentative allusions, John forbore to touch upon those subjects, and was driven to conclude that her experience had not been a happy one. Indeed, in their intercourse there were times when she appeared distraught and even moody; but on the whole she seemed to him to be just as he had known and loved her years ago; and all the feeling that he had had for her then broke forth afresh in spite of himself—in spite of the fact that, as he told himself, it was more hopeless than ever; absolutely so, indeed.

It was the last night of their voyage together. The Rugglesses were to leave the ship the next morning at Algiers, where they intended to remain for some time.

"Would you mind going to the after-deck?" he asked. "These people walking about fidget me," he added rather irritably.

She rose, and they made their way aft. John drew a couple of chairs near to the rail. "I don't care to sit down for the present," she said, and they stood looking out at sea for a while in silence.

"Do you remember," said John at last, "a night six years ago when we stood together, at the end of the voyage, leaning over the rail like this?"

"Yes," she said.

"Does this remind you of it?" he asked.

"I was thinking of it," she said.

"Do you remember the last night I was at your house?" he asked, looking straight out over the moonlit water.

"Yes," she said again.

"Did you know that night what was in my heart to say to you?"

There was no answer.

"May I tell you now?" he asked, giving a side glance at her profile, which in the moonlight showed very white.

"Do you think you ought?" she answered in a low voice, "or that I ought to listen to you?"

"I know," he exclaimed. "You think that as a married woman you should not listen, and that knowing you to be one I should not speak. If it were to ask anything of you I would not. It is for the first and last time. Tomorrow we part again, and for all time, I suppose. I have carried the words that were on my lips that night all these years in my heart. I know I can have no response—I expect none; but it cannot harm you if I tell you that I loved you then, and have."

She put up her hand in protest.

"You must not go on, Mr. Lenox," she said, turning to him, "and I must leave you."

"Are you very angry with me?" he asked humbly.

She turned her face to the sea again and gave a sad little laugh.

"Not so much as I ought to be," she answered; "but you yourself have given the reason why you should not say such things, and why I should not listen, and why I ought to say good night."

"Ah, yes," he said, bitterly; "of course you are right, and this is to be the end." She turned and looked at him for a moment. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

## The Apple Peeling Bee

By Elizabeth Gale

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A SINGING kettle on a shining stove in a well-scrubbed kitchen issues its own invitation to come and be merry, but sometimes a hostess adds to the kettle's song her greeting and bids her friends and neighbors to the homely room for a good time. Not so long ago Mrs. Brown, a farmer's wife in a thriving country district, asked her friends to her kitchen to an apple-peeling bee. "And please," she said to the women, "bring with you two kitchen aprons." But the men were just asked to bring their wives or sweethearts.

The day before the party the young people of the house went out and gathered a lot of bitter-sweet, wild clematis and branches of boxwood. With these the bare walls of the long low kitchen were decorated. A cluster of the boxwood branches was tacked at each corner of the room and at the tops of the door and window frames, and from these hung the trailing clematis and bitter-sweet vines. Long ropes were made of the boxwood leaves by tying the twigs together with strong twine, and here and there among the green a bunch of bitter-sweet berries was fastened. These ropes were hung from one cluster of boxwood to another, loosely so that they formed graceful festoons. This was all the decorating that was done.

The rest of the preparations were very simple. The chairs were placed in groups of two and for each pair of chairs was a pan of apples, two paring knives and a dish for the peeled fruit.

When the guests arrived the women gave the two aprons they had brought to their hostess who wrapped them up carefully and laid them on the kitchen table. Then, when everyone had come, each man chose one of the bundles and had for his partner at the apple-pan the girl who had brought the aprons. And now the peeling began. The hostess gave directions, telling some to slice their apples for drying while others were to halve or quarter theirs and take out the cores and fix them for canning. From time to time as the peeling progressed the guests were supplied with more apples and those already peeled were taken away to make room for them.

But the first effort that everyone made was to peel an apple in one long unbroken strip of skin. This skin was swung three times around the head and then over the left shoulder onto the floor. For the unmarried this was supposed to form the initials of the wife or husband to be, but for the married it told how many thousand dollars they would eventually be worth. One married man raised shouts of laughter by repeatedly throwing a skin so that it formed a series of perfect naughts, while a gay young bachelor was very much chagrined when his apple skin fell in the unmistakable form of a question mark.

The apple seeds, too, helped in the fun of the evening. A wish was made and a seed placed on each eyelid. Someone in the room would name the seeds *yes* and *no*; if *yes* stayed on longest the wish would, of course, be realized, but if *no* was the one to stick it meant a disappointment. It was found most satisfactory for those who named the seeds not to tell for whom they were named until one of them had fallen off. This prevented any favoritism, for an undesirable apple-seed lover, you know, can often be dispatched with a vigorous wink of the eye.

When the apple peeling was done the kitchen table was spread and all gathered about for crullers, cake and coffee. All of the standard neighborhood jokes were told and some new ones added to the list and then the furniture was pushed back against the wall and a game of "Spin the Platter" was begun. A tin platter was brought out for this and the guests were numbered. Number One began the game by standing in the middle of the room and starting the plate spinning on the floor. A strong twist will set it twirling for some seconds and as the plate begins to spin Number One calls out another number and the person to whom it has been given is to catch it before it falls. If anyone fails to do this they must pay a forfeit.

The game was a long and merry one and everyone at Mrs. Brown's party had a delightful time, but others in giving a kitchen party might vary it some. "Sir Roger De Coverly," or "The Virginia Reel," as most of us call it now, might take the place of "Spinning the Platter," and other decorations may be used. Cedar or any green branches will do instead of the boxwood which does not grow so abundantly everywhere, or a woman proved, flags and ears of corn make a very pretty decoration. She looped the flags up with ears of yellow field corn. The corn was fastened by the husks which were left on but turned back from the ear.

Another old-fashioned game that may be played at a kitchen party and which, always insures a lively time is "The Burning Handkerchief." The players sit in a circle, with the exception of one who is chosen to be IT. He stands in the center and begins the game by throwing the handkerchief to one of the others. The one to whom the handkerchief is thrown passes it on as quickly as possible to a neighbor as the object of the game is for the person who is IT to catch someone with the handkerchief in their possession. When this is accomplished the player who is caught is then IT and takes the place in the middle, beginning all over again by throwing the handkerchief to someone seated in the circle. Every one is kept moving and laughing and the "Burning Handkerchief," like many another of the good old games, will be found just the thing for a merry informal time.



EACH MAN HAD FOR HIS PARTNER THE GIRL WHO HAD BROUGHT THE APRONS.—The Apple Peeling Bee.



THE QUESTION MARK.



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I SUPPOSE you've all realized that it's getting kind of chilly, and already the ice-burgs are sprouting in these Arctic regions. In common with all those who wish to avoid pneumonia, we have adjourned to the interior of the wood stove for the winter. Even in the wood stove it is quite chilly, so if you will all move up onto my lap, and snuggle down close I shall be much obliged, because it will give us all a chance to keep warm.

I suppose you all want to know what I thought of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court? Well, I was highly entertained. I never for a moment thought that the Standard Oil or any other of our beloved monopolies would ever get any very severe jolts from that direction. The Standard Oil will dissolve in the front parlor, and will reorganize and resume business in the back parlor. This is about the same way that they "close up" the saloons in New York on Sundays. They lock the front door, and let you in at a door in the rear. Great joke isn't it? You may imagine how terribly the dissolution of the Standard Oil affected that corporation, when I tell you that the day after the decision, the stock of that company went up several points. In other words the decision helped John D.'s monopoly instead of injuring it. This is what the Supreme Court said of the oil octopus:

"Its entire career is marked with constant proofs of wrong inflicted upon the public, and is strewn with the wrecks of crushing out, without regard to law, the individual rights of others."

The Supreme Court in its decision, put into the Sherman Anti-Trust Law a new word, which has now become famous. The law says: "There shall be no restraint of trade." The Supreme Court says: "There shall be no unreasonable restraint of trade." The trusts have been trying for years to get Congress to put that little word, "unreasonable" into this law, and have failed. The Supreme Court has been obliging enough to insert it on its own initiative and of its own volition. One New York newspaper says: "This decision has rendered the Sherman Anti-Trust Law punk and putty." Anyway it has extracted its teeth and amputated its claws, and the Sherman Law is the only protection the people have against these ruthless pirates of privilege.

By the Constitution of the United States the power to make the laws of the Union is given to Congress, while it is the duty of the courts, when cases come before them, to apply the laws and declare their meaning; but the Supreme Court has encountered severe public criticism for having exceeded its constitutional authority, as it is claimed by assuming to exercise the law-making power in this case; and this criticism begins in the Court itself. Judge Harlan, one of the oldest and ablest members of the U. S. Supreme Court, refused to give his consent to this decision and expressed his protest in an elaborate and strong opinion in which he says:

"The rule of reason does not justify the perversion of the plain words of a statute in order to defeat the will of Congress. This decision makes Congress say what it did not say, and what it plainly did not intend to say, and what since the passage of the Sherman act, it has explicitly refused to say."

Fortunately, criticism is also heard from members of Congress who realize that it has now become the imperative duty of Congress to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Law at once and in such manner as to make it the strong and effective bulwark of liberty which it was originally designed to be.

Yes, I have had many a smile over this Standard Oil decision. The court says: "These cases have to be tried in the light of reason." I presume that will be Standard Oil light. Now if a burglar happens to get into your house, and you catch him in the parlor walking off with the best part of your earthly possessions, and you say: "Mr. Burglar, I am going to have you arrested, and if you show fight I'm going to blow off the roof of your head," then will the burglar say: "My dear sir, let us consider this case in the light of reason. It is true I have taken all the money in the house, all the silver, the cook stove and the grand piano. It is true that

trusts have violated the law, that is why they are to be dissolved. People who violate the law, if they are poor are regarded as criminals, and are hiked off to jail on the double quick, no mercy is shown them. The rich violators of the law are also in my opinion criminals. The Anti-Trust Law is a criminal statute, and the only way to make people respect and fear the law is to punish those who violate it. It is just as I said in these columns a year or two ago. Rob a whole nation of millions of dollars, and give back to those you have robbed a few millions for colleges, libraries and so-called charitable projects, and you will be honored as a great man, and a public benefactor, and crowds will break their necks to get a peep at you whenever you are visible in public for a few moments. On the other hand, be a poor man and get out of work for six months, spend every dollar you have and go steal a loaf for your starving family, and the policeman who arrests you, will hammer you over the head with his club, and the judge who sentences you will call you an undesirable citizen and a black-hearted villain, and you will be hiked off to the pen for



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steep hundred years more or less. Representative Henry T. Rainey says: "If prison stripes were placed on the backs of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Company's officers, do you imagine the unlawful trade combinations would continue?" No, you bet they wouldn't. When rich criminals receive the same punishment that is meted out to the poor ones, the masses of the people will have more respect for their courts and more faith in their government. Rich trust criminals should be under lock and key, where they can no longer exploit a nation, or defy its laws.

In the spring of the year I wrote to a number of wheel-chair applicants whose names have been on our list for two years, telling them in all probability I would be able to send them a chair in the early summer. Many alas, I have had to disappoint, and several of the disappointed ones feel they have a personal grievance against me for not keeping my promise. We have three classes of people who apply to us for wheel chairs. First and most numerous is the thoughtless class, who have an idea those wheel chairs grow on bushes, and that all that is necessary is to send us a postal demanding one, or half a dozen as the case may be, to be sent to them immediately. This class I ignore. The second class is comprised of those who have brains enough to realize that twenty-five dollar wheel chairs do not grow on bushes, but have to be paid for and that someone has to make an effort to earn these chairs. These sensible people also realize that it is useless to make an application unless they send references and supply proof that their physical condition is such that a wheel chair is absolutely necessary for their comfort, and their financial condition such that they cannot secure the chair without assistance. The people of this class realize that someone must earn these chairs, but unfortunately make no effort to earn them themselves. This is a great pity because no one can so readily secure subscriptions for a wheel chair as those who are actually in need of one. There is not a wheel-chair applicant on our waiting list who could not, if he or she tried, secure at least fifty subscriptions towards his or her chair, and many could obtain a hundred or more if they cared to make an effort. People in this class however, prefer to lie back and wait for others to make the effort they should make themselves and the result is they have to wait years for their chairs, and many of them alas, have died while waiting! The third class consists of those who realize that God helps those who help themselves, and that it is better to work for a chair than to wait for one. These people, though bedridden secure sample copies of COMFORT from us, give them to their friends and get them to go around the country side and explain that if two hundred people will subscribe for the COMFORT magazine, Mrs. Jones, or Mr. Smith, as the case may be whose pitiful condition they are all well aware of, can immediately get a wheel chair. People are quickly interested, and readily hand out the price for a year's subscription, and soon the chair is on the way to the invalid who had enough sense to enlist the services of his or her friends, to inaugurate a wheel-chair campaign amongst sympathetic neighbors, only too glad to be of help to a fellow human. Those who earn, or partly earn their chairs will always be favored when the time comes for our monthly distribution. Those who are on the waiting list, must continue to wait, as long as their more aggressive brothers and sisters force their way ahead of them. You, who are on the waiting list, take my advice, wake up and be aggressive. Enlist the help of your friends and neighbors, and your period of weary waiting will be over, and a chair will be promptly yours.

The fall is here and we are on the threshold of winter. The best companion for an evening around the fireside is Uncle Charlie's Poems. This superb 160-page volume of irresistible fun, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, autographed and illustrated, can be obtained for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents. It is only twelve weeks to Christmas, start your clubbing now, and half your gift giving worries will be solved.

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MRS. LIBBIE RANGLER, CONTINENTAL, OHIO, IN HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

I have robbed you, but I have not robbed you unreasonably, I have left you the folding bed, the paper on the walls, and a couple of chronos of your mother-in-law and grandmother still beam at you sweetly from over the mantelpiece in the parlor. Under the circumstances then, my dear friend, as I have not robbed you unreasonably, put up your gun and allow me to hike with the goods, for what is legal sauce for the Trust goose, should also be sauce for the burglar gander."

The Chief Justice roasted the Tobacco Trust as he did the Standard Oil, to a turn. These

## Mince Pie!



—the greatest of all desserts—beef, apples, raisins, currants, cider and spices—baked between two crisp, flaky, brown crusts! A dessert that has more enthusiastic worshippers than all other desserts put together.

And yet, in many homes, the most infrequent dessert of all because those homes have never tried mince pie made with

## NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

Think of there being at your own grocer's a paraffine-lined, dust-proof package of Mince Meat so good that any housewife would gladly claim it as her own—made of the choicest beef, apples, raisins and spices, in a sunlit, kitchen-clean factory—a package costing but 10 cents and big enough to make two large family-

size pies and people going without mince pies because of the labor and cost of making them!

Are you a member of such a family? If so, stop at the grocer's this morning—ask for None Such, leave a dime and hurry home for dinner.



MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK  
Member of Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Write your names, ages and addresses on separate slips of paper or they will not be put on the correspondence list.  
Now for the letters.

CABEL, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:  
I am twenty-six years of age, have brown hair, and brown eyes, height six foot, weight, one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

I have been a devoted reader of COMFORT for several years, and think it just the best paper published, owing to the great work being conducted through its pages for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate. Although I find every page of the good old paper interesting, with its lots of good hints and valuable information, still I always turn to the cousins' page first, for I greatly enjoy reading the many letters, and Uncle's witty and educational comments. I am indeed proud to be a member of such a noble and unselfish League. Honestly, I would love to shake hands with you all.

To the cousins who do not possess a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, I say secure the book at once, for surely gales of laughter and waves of inspiration find their habitation within its covers. And, too, the book helps to strengthen the ties of affection that bind us all together, and makes you feel that you cannot do too much in helping the great work along, which our dearly loved Uncle was the founder of.

Uncle, my belief is with you upon many subjects that you approach. I hope you will permit me to chat a while. I say this would be far different, with more happiness and comfort for the poor and unfortunate ones, if the rich, and so-called "aristocratic" would give to suffering humanity just a portion of the vast sums spent in living a life within society's circle. As a Christian nation, and a Christian people, too many are living for self alone. Christ was the type of unselfishness we should copy. He lived and died for us. We cannot die for others, but we can live for others. And, cousins, we have for example, dear Uncle Charlie, who is so unfortunate, yet always happy, doing all in his power to make others happy. Even though life seems but a struggle, and dark clouds gather over us, we can make life worth while, if we only look on the sunny side, and think with our great poet, who wrote:

"Oh, well for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And in the hereafter angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Now, dear cousins, let us all try to be happy, ever endeavoring to cheer and brighten the life of some sad and unfortunate one.

Will bring my letter to a close, with much love to Uncle and all the cousins, I am, your loving niece and cousin.

MRS. JESSIE V. YEAGER, (No. 27,542.)

Thank you, Mrs. Yeager for all the lovely things you have said about myself and the work that is being done in COMFORT. There is a remark in your letter that I find in hundreds of other letters, which always makes cold chills run down my back when I read it. You say: "This world would be far different for the poor and unfortunate, if the rich would give to suffering humanity a portion of the vast sums they spend in upholding their social positions." Your opinion is an opinion that is shared by thousands of other people the country over, but I think I can quickly convince you those ideas are not worthy of anyone born in the land of George Washington and under the stars and stripes. Things have come to a pretty pass in this country, when the whole nation debases its manhood and womanhood by groveling at the feet of its millionaires and whining for charity. If the town needs a new library, the church a new organ, the Sunday school a couple of shingles on its roof, the local hospital a new coat of paint, or a new slab in the deadhouse: if Mrs. Jones wants to send little Willie to Paris to have his voice manicured, so he can be a grand "opry" singer, or Mrs. Smith has a song she wants published, and has not the dough to send to a fake publisher, to get two hundred copies with her picture on the title page, or if Josiah Jones needs a derrick with which to raise the mort-

gage on his farm, the whole bunch go hot footed for pen and ink and write begging letters to millionaires, and whine for money, money, money. Millionaires, and especially billionaires has wrought harm to the American people in more ways than one, but in nothing so much as it has robbed them of some of that sturdy independence of character, that was the grandest and noblest thing they possessed. If this magnificent country of inexhaustible riches were a sterile desert, inhabited by a few sore-eyed mendicants, unable to raise a living from its worthless soil, then I could understand their pleading for help to anyone who had help to give. I cannot, however, for the life of me understand why so many millions of our people have got it into their heads, that the only way poverty and suffering can be relieved, institutions built, hospitals founded, individuals aided, is by groveling and whining at the feet of men of millions, for financial help. As long as our people have such ideas, God help them, and God help the nation. When millions of people have to beg for charity, either because they are too poor to help themselves, or because the habit of begging has become chronic with them, then I say it is time the whole nation sat up and began to think a bunch of serious thoughts. First of all, why not inquire why there is any poverty in this land of riches. Suffering of course we are bound to have until we allow no individuals to marry, unless they can show a clean bill of health. Poverty, wretchedness and misery exist today because people believe such things have always been, and always must be. People think that God ordained that a few should have all the good things of the earth, and the rest of the bunch should root in the swill barrel, and fight for a crust, as dogs fight for a bone. Your preacher will tell you that: "The poor ye had always with you," and always must have. Your preacher studies his Bible, but he does not study political economy, or economics or sociology, or he would not make such foolish statements. Christ said: "The poor ye have always with you," and so the church rather delights in poverty, as it gives it an opportunity once in a while, and only once in a very great while, to patronizingly bestow a dole on some unfortunate. Christ did not, and would not, however, condemn the world to poverty for all eternity. He loved humanity too much for that. Christ said: "The poor ye have always with you," and I have no doubt he referred only to the poverty existing at the time he was on earth, for at that time when might was right, and the Saviour's teachings had not had time to take root, poverty abounded. He did not say: "The poor ye will have always with you," but that is the way Christ's words are interpreted by those, who for their own base and sordid ends, seek to justify the present horrible condition of things. Poverty should only exist, and is only excusable in a land where there is a large population and an unproductive soil. Poverty is not excusable in a land with a small population and a soil that is immensely productive. The ninety millions of people at present living in these United States could be comfortably supported and taken care of by the state of Texas alone. There are forty millions of people in Great Britain, whose acreage is but a little larger than New York state. If all the nation worked and there were no drones in the human hive, neither the idle rich nor the worthless tramp, with the present marvellous machinery that man's genius has invented, it is estimated that we could in six months, working six or eight hours a day, manufacture enough clothes, shoes, furniture, and other household and general necessities, to last us for the balance of the year. The rest of the year we could devote to social intercourse, and mental, physical and spiritual improvement. Mind I am only telling you what we could do if we had sense enough to do it. God has been wonderfully good to us. Think of the bountiful harvests we get nearly every year, harvests that run up into the billions in value.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# The Story of a Conundrum

By B. Ludwig

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Of course, at the time, being only ten years of age, I did not realize that Billy Brewster's original conundrum was to play an important part in my life.

It was really only by chance that I was permitted to hear it, for had my brothers known of my whereabouts, I certainly would have been sent away.

I was the only girl in the family, and the four boys, though doubtless fond of me in their way, strongly objected to my being present when any of the "fellers" came, which was frequently.

How well I remember that rainy Saturday afternoon! Billy Brewster was there, and the weather being too inclement for out-of-door sports, the boys had sought refuge in the woodshed. I could hear their merry voices, and longed to join them, but dare not.

Finally when I could resist my desires no longer, I crept up to the door and peeped in. They were telling conundrums. In my childhood nothing appealed to me quite so strongly as "riddles," and my longing to enter was intensified a thousand fold.

Just then the opposite door of the woodshed was opened, and Tom, my eldest brother, came in. While all eyes were turned upon him, I quietly slipped in and sat down on a low box behind some barrels. I was just in time, for at that moment Billy began to propound his original conundrum, which I here give verbatim:

"As I went up hiltum-stiltum, I looked out fittum-faltum; there I saw a rick-rack running away with a fittie-um-pipe into the prickle-um-shears."

"It's Latin!" exclaimed Joe in awestruck tones. "Betchu can't guess it!" broke in Harry.

"Cause he maked it up his own self!" chirped little Ned.

These remarks were addressed to Tom, who, like myself, had not been in time for the preliminary explanations.

"Huh! You don't call that a riddle! It ain't got no question!" Tom's tone was contemptuous.

"It ain't, ain't it? Well it's got an answer all right and you can't guess it, neither!" Billy was deeply incensed at the criticism.

"Tell us what it is!" begged Harry, hopping around on one foot in the throes of expectancy.

"Ah, gwan!" chorused the others, as Billy shook his head.

"What's the use a tellin' you fellers anything? Why I betchu not a bloomin' one of you can say the riddle, even."

"I can," said Joe valiantly. "Let's hear you, then!" challenged Billy.

One after another the boys tried it, and one after another they failed; and each in turn was mercilessly grilled by the derisive Billy.

Meantime, I sat quietly on my box, though thrills of childish excitement were chasing each other up and down my neck. Billy's conundrum had made a strong impression on me, and I felt confident that I could repeat it correctly. My desire to hear the answer to this wonderful riddle, finally overcame my fear of being sent away by my brothers.

"I know it!" I piped timidly, coming out from my concealment.

"Ah, shut up, Bess! Girls don't know nothin'. What are you hangin' round here for, anyhow?" This from the lordly Tom, who was two years my senior.

Billy, however, not being my brother, was disposed to be more tolerant.

"Ah, let the kid alone, can't you?" he growled. "She can't do no worse than you, nohow. Go ahead, Sissy, let's hear what you know."

So with my eyes fixed on my champion's face, and my fingers nervously twisting at my apron, I began, in mortal fear, lest after all, I should make a mistake and disgrace myself.

My memory, however, played me no tricks, and I succeeded in repeating Billy's riddle word for word. "Latin" and all just as he had propounded it.

As I look back now, after twenty-five years have elapsed, it seems to me that that was the proudest moment of my life.

"Gosh! that there kid's smarter than the whole bloomin' bunch of you put together!" exclaimed Billy.

My four brothers were visibly crestfallen, for Billy's opinion carried much weight with them.

"Will you tell us the answer now, Billy?" I asked eagerly.

"Sure I will," replied Billy complacently. In truth, now that his anger was somewhat mollified, I think he was about as eager to tell as we were to hear.

The answer proved to be merely a liberal translation of the "Latin." Billy delivered it with much impressiveness.

"As I went upstairs, I looked out the window; there I saw a fox running away with a goose into the briar bushes."

"Gee whiz! Ain't that a corker?" "Wish I knew some Latin!" "Whew-w-w!" whistled Joe.

"Jiminy Crickets!" chirped little Ned. The admiration of my four brothers burst forth with a spontaneity which appeased Billy's wrath completely.

"I'll make up another one some day," he announced condescendingly. But I do not remember that he ever did.

I remained silent during that chorus of approval; but to this day Billy's original conundrum (which boasted of an "answer" but had no question) has not been erased from my memory.

From that time Billy Brewster was my champion. Even the lordly Tom dare not bully me when he was near, for Billy was the older and larger for his age.

I grew up tall and scrawny and awkward—a veritable ugly duckling. My poor mother was in despair, for in her youth, she had been a beauty and a belle. According to her statement, my only redeeming feature at this period of my existence, was a pair of fine eyes, and these she declared were wasted on me, as I did not know how to use them.

When I was fifteen years of age, it was decided to send me to a Young Ladies' Seminary. My mother said I needed to be thrown more into the society of girls. Accordingly they sent me to a distant boarding school, where I remained for three years.

Those years made a wonderful change in me. As I developed into womanhood, my angles all turned into curves, and my face and neck filled out into unexpected and pleasing lines. When I finally returned home, my mother went into raptures over me and called me her beautiful swan.

My education too, in my mother's estimation at least, had proven to be an unqualified success. Not that my erudition was so deep as from it. But I had learned how to carry myself gracefully. I knew how to use my eyes with telling effect. And most important of all, I had been made to understand that a girl is a power unto herself, and not a mere hanger-on at the outskirts of a group of boys.

In justice, let it be said, that this marvelous wisdom had been transmitted to me from the older girls, and not from those eminently proper maiden ladies who conducted the seminary.

My mother gave me a coming-out party, and in three months' time I was acknowledged the belle of the county. All the youthful swains for miles around were sighing at my feet. And I, thanks to my "education" and the instincts I had inherited from my mother, knew perfectly well how to keep them there.

Billy Brewster promptly fell head over heels in love with me, which, considering that he had been fond of me as a child, was after all not strange.

As for me, I acknowledge it with shame, I played

with Billy as a cat plays with a mouse, and with a little compunction I led him on, with one hand and held him off with the other. I played off my other admirers against him, singly, in groups, or all together, as the occasion seemed to demand. In a very short time indeed, poor Billy was in a state of distraction.

Yet, as I look back upon that time, I cannot blame myself so much. I was so young—barely eighteen—and so inexperienced. I did not realize that Billy's feeling for me was in any way different from that of my score of other admirers, none of whom, so far as I know, ever experienced any harm from my girlish coquetry.

So it came to pass, that one night (after I had refused him for the seventh time, and permitted him to infer that I was engaged to Percy Lamont) Billy packed his grip and took the midnight train and no one knew where he went.

I missed his devotion to be sure, but just at that time there were so many others, and I was so light-hearted and gay, that after all, Billy's going made very little impression on me.

As the years went by, however, I often thought of Billy Brewster, and wondered what had become of him. Each succeeding year I realized more and more what I had made him suffer in that bygone time.

It was about seven years after Billy's disappearance that I accepted an invitation to visit a school friend who lived in Michigan. Owing to some mistake in regard to the trains, I arrived an hour earlier than my friends expected me. Consequently I had a long lonely wait in the dreary little station.

The time had almost passed, when a fair-haired little boy came into the room. I am fond of children, and as the little fellow was disposed to be sociable, it was not long before we became acquainted, and the child began to prattle freely.

"Know any riddles?" he asked, presently. "I know one—it's Latin."

"What is it, dear?" I asked quickly. "As I went up hiltum-stiltum—"

Unfalteringly the child lisped his way through Billy Brewster's original conundrum, which I had never forgotten.

"What is your name, little boy?" "Billy Brewster," was the prompt reply.

It would seem then, that Billy had found a balm for his wounded heart, and that right speedily. I felt unaccountably depressed.

"Betchu can't guess that one!" said little Billy, whose mind had reverted to the conundrum.

"Who taught you that riddle, Billy?" I asked. "Your father?"

"Father!" he exclaimed in childish wonder at my ignorance. "Ain't got no father. My father's dead."

My heart came up with a bound. "Who taught it to you, then?" I questioned eagerly.

"Uncle Billy. He says what nobody can't guess it, 'cause he maked it up his own self."

"Shall I try?" The child nodded eagerly.

"As I went up-stairs, I looked out the window 'Billy'—"

A man had appeared in the doorway, and called to the child. It was Billy Brewster himself and at thirty years of age he was good to look upon.

"Oh, Uncle Billy!" cried the youngster running up to him. "She guessed it. You said what nobody couldn't guess it."

"Why Bess, is it you?" Billy Brewster came forward quickly. "Are you the Miss Brown the Lesters are expecting? I never thought of such a thing!"

I laughingly answered in the affirmative. "There they are now!" he exclaimed, as a carriage drew up to the door. "They are neighbors of mine. May I call?"

Billy's face flushed under his tan as he made this simple request, to which I cordially assented.

The next moment I was receiving the joyous welcome of Cora Lester and her mother.

Billy's tones and his eyes had been eager; and the beating of my heart told me that if he chose to press his suit again, he would have no very hard time of it.

Ten years have elapsed since that day. Only a few moments ago, I heard a shrill, childish voice pipe out:

"Betchu can't guess that one!" arose and went to the window. There stood Billy Brewster—my own little Billy—in the midst of an admiring group of small boys.

"It's Latin!" he was saying triumphantly. "My father made it up his own self."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: It has been more than two years since I chatted with you in our "corner," and at that time I wrote from Owensville, Ind., where we were living on a sand farm, growing cantaloupes and water-melons.

That letter brought me a large number of interesting letters and lovely cards from the sisters all of which were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, and which have been too busy to keep up a correspondence with many of them, none are forgotten and I often wish I had time and postage to keep up correspondence with all.

Well, we now live on a farm six miles from Trenton, which is in Grundy Co., Mo. Have been here two years next fall and this is a fine country. To be sure most of us were beginning to feel a bit "glum" while the crops were needing rain so badly, but now that several rains have visited us, everyone is feeling good again.

As Mrs. Wilkinson has asked us to give some information about Indian Runners Dure, I will give my experience with them. They originated in India and were called "Runners," because they run, rather than waddle as other ducks do, hence the name "Indian Runners."

They are called the "leghorn" of the duck family because they lay all the year and do not sit, but occasionally one will sit. Last season I raised two sittings of twenty-two eggs, seventeen of them hatched and grew to maturity. Ten of the number being ducks and seven drakes. The ducks began laying in November, at the age of six months and have laid every month since, with occasional rests of a few days. During the month of May, the total number of eggs from the ten, were two hundred and twenty-five. Just now they are not laying much, as they are moulting and are not feeding for eggs; they will not lay with only corn for feed, as they take on fat readily and you all know that corn is not an egg-producing food for any poultry. For laying ducks, most breeders feed a mash, morning and noon, of four parts bran, two parts shorts or middlings, one part corn meal, one of oatmeal, one of oil meal, one of beef scraps, tankage or blood meal and one fourth part of sharp sand, slightly moistened so it will stick together but not be sloppy, and at night a feed of corn and wheat, both or either, cracked grain preferred. If fed regularly in this way I doubt if they would even take a rest from laying, but mine have never had all that feed. I have only fed a mash of bran and shorts with the sand and sometimes tankage, mixed with skim milk, morning and noon in winter, only mornings in spring, with corn and oats at night. I gave them oats in the shed and the straw made good bedding for them. There should also be a good supply of oyster or clam shells where they can help themselves at all times. For two weeks last winter while a sheet was on, my ducks were not out of the henhouse and laid the coldest ducks we had. The eggs are mostly fertile, but less fertile sooner than most other eggs and should be quite fresh when set. I did not know that early in the spring so saved up enough to fill my incubator; a very poor hatch resulted and as each egg was dated the day it was laid, it was easy to see that the fresh eggs hatched. I also learned to my sorrow, that hatching does not thrive in cold, damp weather; they are tender and easily chilled after feathering out, they are harder than chickens and only their feet seem to mind the cold and when the weather is cool cold they sit around and keep their feet tucked up

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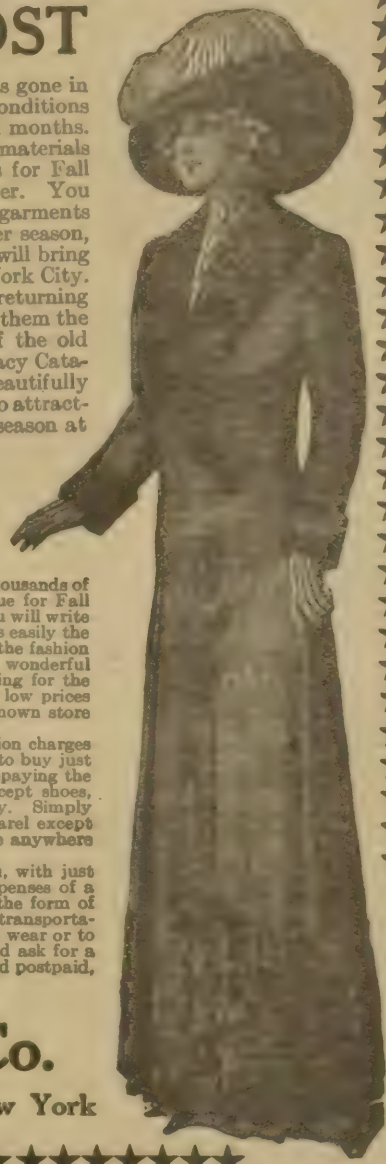
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among the feathers. They are not bothered with lice, and rheumatism is about the only disease they have and it can be avoided by giving them plenty of bedding and dry quarters to sleep in. The babies should have no feed for the first thirty hours, but should have water in a saucer or fountain; then for the first (some say three, some five days), feed stale bread or oatmeal slightly moistened with milk or water. Either light bread, biscuits or cornbread will do; after that feed two parts bran, one part shorts and one part corn meal, just a little oil meal and five per cent. tankage, beefscrap or bloodmeal. When they have free range and worms and insects are plentiful they do not need the beef scraps or anything of that kind. They, too, should have a little sand mixed with their feed or a supply of it kept around their drinking places. I feed five times a day when small, what they will clean up in a few minutes, never giving them all they would eat as they can easily be overfed the same as any other babies. They should always have water deep enough to cover their nostrils as they are liable to become clogged with feed or mud, and they keep their washed out in the water. Some breeders say they should not be allowed in water until they are feathered out, but when the weather is warm I don't think the water hurts them and they do enjoy it so much on real warm days. But they must not be left out in hard rains until feathered or they will drown. In so cold a climate as all to drive them to shelter or to get them to follow you before the rain gets too hard and once driven to shelter they will be no more trouble as after that they will always "bake" for a dry place when a rain comes up. The Runners are peaceable among other poultry, also among themselves as they seldom fight with each other, and they are almost quiet except at feedtime then you could not hear it thunder. If I only had room to keep one kind of poultry the Runners would be my choice; they are so much less trouble than chickens and if it is necessary to keep them up a day or so they do not rack one's nerves with the awful "chirping" as the little chicks do. Besides their laying qualities they make good eating, though their small size is rather against them for market, except as broilers. The standard weight of the drake is four and one half pounds, that of the duck, four pounds. Their feathers are also nice, but so plentiful in most other ducks as their energy goes to egg production. They cannot fly so can be kept in with a two foot fence; they are good foragers and will find a large proportion of their food if allowed free range, but laying ducks should be kept up of mornings until eight or nine o'clock, when they usually call for laying, though occasionally one does not lay until afternoon. Sometimes mine lay on the ground where they roost, sometimes in the nest boxes with the hens. The color of the standard-bred Indian Runner is light fawn or gray and white, the fawn being preferred, but in many flocks the color ranges from a very light buff to brown and some are penciled something like a Brown Leghorn. The head is long and flat and has cap and cheek markings of fawn, a white line dividing the cap from the cheek markings. The bill is long, fairly broad and strong at the base. In ducklings it is yellow, spotted with green, when fully matured it is green with a black bean. The eyes are a hazel color and set high in the head. The neck is long, slender and white from the cheeks to beginning of breast markings. The back is long and narrow of the fawn color; the breast full and round of the fawn color evenly divided about half way between the breastbone and the legs. The shoulders and top part of wings is same color as the body and the tail is also fawn color. Feet and legs are a deep bright yellow. The body is long and narrow and carried erect. Indeed they can stand up so straight when startled or when begging for food that one almost expects to see them fall backwards. The quality of the eggs is fine, not quite so large as those of some other ducks, but larger than hen eggs and have not the strong flavor that other duck eggs are said to possess, and in some city markets they demand a price of from five to thirty cents per dozen more than hen eggs. The shell is a clear creamy white though there is a strain of Runners which lays a pale tinted egg.

It certainly is time for me to move and make room for someone else to relate her experience. No doubt there are other sisters who have had more experience with them than I have had, but there are none who love to care for them more, and if I had a kodak, would certainly send you a snap shot of my two hundred baby Runners and your COMFORT sister.

MRS. ALMA POTTER, Trenton, N. R. 2, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I do feel grateful for the interest manifested in our department.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Will you please allow a bashful little girl of fourteen years into your cozy nook? I will describe myself so you will know what kind of a girl you are talking to. I weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, am five feet four inches tall and have brown hair and eyes and a dark complexion. My mother died when I was but two and one half years old, and my sister Mary four years old. About a month after mother's death papa married and I moved to Perkins, Mo., from Newton, Ill., where a kind old lady by the name of Mrs. Maggie Irwin cared for us till I was eleven years old, then we came West to Cottonwood, Ida., and from there to Salmon River three years ago.

We now have four place gold mines on a homestead. A person is allowed to take as many mining claims as he wants, but has to do the required amount of work each year, and a person is allowed to take only one homestead and it always has to be a quarter of a mile away from the river, as the government has reserved all land within that distance for water power. Salmon River is very rough, but there is some very valuable mining ground.

How many of you sisters like to ride horseback? I do, I could ride all day and then wouldn't be tired. I have a fine saddle pony which I call "Blue." We can go hunting any time we wish, I can row quite a bit in still water. I am now keeping house for my papa and uncle, and like the "job" fine. We are now living on our homestead, but are soon going to move on our mining claims and start working them.

Well, dear sisters, I will have to close, saying that COMFORT and all its works and workers are helping many a poor soul. I would very much like a postcard shower.

MISS BERTHA BURGUND, Cottonwood, Box 74, Ida.

DEAR SISTERS: Not seeing any letters from this part of the Southland, I am writing after long procrastination, as for years I have intended to write.

I can only echo the words of praise for COMFORT, for I consider it the best family magazine that I know of.

For the benefit of any who might like to know something of the surroundings here, will say this is an ideal poor man's country, for it is much easier to live

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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## Secret of the Great Cabal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

there. Weakened as I was by my illness, and at the disadvantage at which a man must always be in a place which is both strange and dark, I found myself for the moment quite ready to turn tail and make good a retreat. I knew well, however, that as great danger, were danger near, would attach itself to such a course as to go forward; so I cursed myself inaudibly for a coward, and, dashing aside the drops of perspiration which had gathered on my face, reached out boldly and gave a resounding rap with my stick upon the nearest wall. At the same moment I detected a soft movement near me, like the swish of a woman's gown. Something gently touched me, and I wheeled rapidly about. My left hand instinctively sought my trousers' pocket. It was empty. I tried the other. That, too! Both my pistols were gone. For the space of three or four minutes, as it seemed to me, I stood still and breathless, not knowing what next might come. And then, suddenly, a burst of strong light struck me full in the face. A door, against which I should have been brought to a standstill in a moment more, opened, and upon the threshold stood the same figure which I had already seen upon two occasions. Blinded for an instant by the sudden illumination, my hand went quickly to protect my eyes. The man who confronted me went through the same performance. He then began to back away from me into the room beyond, motioning me to follow. Once inside, with the door closed behind us, he took in either hand a lamp from one of the tables in the room and guided me up a flight of steep stairs which led from it to the room above. As upon the former occasions when I had seen him, he was without coat or waistcoat, and still wore the cotton night-cap tied closely under his chin. A pair of baggy trousers, worn and shiny, completed his attire. I noted that his hands were discolored with stains of brown and yellow, such as are left by contact with chemicals of certain descriptions. There was a slight, scarcely perceptible limp in his walk, and when he turned toward me, I saw that he had recently lost the brow and lashes which properly belonged to his left eye.

No word passed between us, but now, as we reached the top of the stairs, my guide wheeled suddenly about, and, flashing the light full in my face, stood gazing steadily into it. Then he turned and went on again, muttering audibly to himself:

"Three times he has given the signal," I heard him say. "Yet he should not be trusted. They are growing careless or desperate. They have—"

I could not catch the rest of it. A subdued murmur of other voices reached me from a room beyond. My guide deposited his lamp upon a table near at hand, and, pushing open the door of the room, again motioned me to enter. Once more the extreme brilliancy of the light which flooded it struck my eyes painfully; and again, to shield them, my hand went quickly up. The three people who were in the room languidly mimicked me, and I began to perceive another light. "Three times he has given the signal," my late guide had said. Apparently I had now raised the count to four. It was a handy thing to know, but this knowledge also informed me that, through some misapprehension, I was looked upon by my new acquaintances as a confederate. Should I be unable to keep up the delusion, it occurred to me that my situation might not be an enviable one, and I began to have an uncomfortable longing for my revolvers. The room into which I had entered was, apparently, the large drawing-room of the house. Rich and heavy draperies hung at all the windows, so arranged as to carefully prevent any ray of light from within being visible from the street, and making the air hot and stifling. This was further intensified by the all-pervading odor of Turkish cigarettes. Of the three occupants, two were men in the full regalia of evening dress; the third was a woman whose superb white shoulders fairly glistened above the folds of black-and-gold lace which outlined them. All wore half masks of black satin and held cigarettes between lips or fingers.

For a moment they scrutinized me with insolent coolness, the taller of the two men taking the cigarette from between his lips and emitting a delicate wreath of smoke which curled and curled into ever-widening, swaying rings. He watched it in silence until it had all disappeared, and then, coming forward leisurely, he addressed me:

"You may as well sit down," he said. I deposited myself upon the nearest chair. My guide remained standing near the door. Madame of the White Shoulders tossed aside her cigarette and leaned forward in an attitude of strained attention. The other man fumbled aimlessly about the mass of papers which littered the piano. My interlocutor had stationed himself upon the stuffed arm of a lounging-chair in front of me.

"You have the correspondence with you?" he said. I answered simply "No"—waiting my cue.

"Then where is it?" he continued.

"It was not given to me finally," I replied at random.

"And your instructions?"

"Merely to wait for a chance to tell you this."

They seemed surprised, and Madame made some rapid remarks to the other in a tongue with which I was unfamiliar. Then, moving with a long, graceful step, which made no sound upon the heavy rugs with which the floor was covered, she came in her turn and confronted me.

"Why did you come armed?" she demanded.

She was standing before me, her magnificent figure drawn up to its full height, and I arose and faced her before answering:

"I thought it only a proper precaution, and one which I habitually take."

"Then you should also take care to be less easily disarmed," she proceeded, with some impatience. "How long have you been waiting for this opportunity to tell us that you have to disappoint us, after all?"

I told her ten days—the length of time I had been in the house over the way.

"From whom did you receive the signal?" she demanded.

For a moment, as her eyes flashed into mine, something impelled me to throw up the game I was playing and confess my impostorship, but a second thought nerved me to go on.

"It is better," I replied, "even here, to mention no names."

She shrugged her white shoulders slightly.

"Your caution is admirable," she said. "See that you continue it. Meanwhile, will you explain yourself more fully? The message announcing your arrival with the letters we expected you to deliver tonight was received two weeks ago. You have watched your chance to communicate with us well, and with commendable caution. But now that you are here you bring us nothing. Explain, if you please."

I stammered blindly (for I could not see which way matters were tending), that it had, at the last moment, been considered unsafe to send the communication for which they were looking; that certain things were discovered; that another message must be waited for. Madame rewarded me for a moment with no attempt toward concealing her suspicion, and I saw her eyes flash darkly through the black mask.

I stood narrowly watching the three people before me, my back toward the door and both hands behind me grasping the blackthorn stick, of which I had kept a jealous hold. As I saw the glances which they exchanged, my hands involuntarily tightened their grasp. At the same moment a touch of cold steel met my left hand against my wrist, and a sharp click, as the momentary strains of the room, I tried to remember the handle and found that they were locked. I made no struggle, for I knew in other cases, where I had been the operator and another

the victim, that the man who submitted quietly to his fate stood the chance of best treatment from his captors. I turned just in time to see the man with the stained hands moving back to his place by the door, and then without a word, brought my eyes back to meet Madame's. She let a low, deliciously rippling bit of laughter escape her lips.

"You take it well," she said. "Now, Jackson, search him!"

The stained hands made a rapid exploration of my pockets, but, thanks to the precaution I had taken before starting out, nothing of a nature to excite further suspicion of my good faith was discovered. The search, however, seemed scarcely to satisfy their fears, for they held a hurried and somewhat excited conversation together, wherein the two men seemed to hold an opinion differing from that of Madame. She finally turned from them and commanded the man she addressed as Jackson to release me.

"I have for you a further commission," she began, the words falling quickly and tersely from her lips, making the slightly foreign accent with which she spoke charmingly perceptible. "Tomorrow you will take the train which leaves the Grand Central Station at ten o'clock for B. In two hours you will arrive there. You will be met by a man to whom you will give the usual signal. You will find him awaiting you with a pair of black horses. He will take you to a certain house whither further orders will be conveyed to you within the twenty-four hours which follow. Should you by any means fail to receive them within that time, you are at liberty to return. As before, be prompt, be sure, and, as you value your life, be silent. Do not think that a mistake on your part will escape detection, or that a blunder will be forgiven. I will return to you your revolvers. When next you are inclined to suspect a possible danger, take better care of them."

His voice ceased, and she stood close before me, her eyes blazing into mine.

"I have seen you somewhere—some time," she added, slowly. "You will be true either to ourselves or to our enemies. For your own sake, let it be the former."

She took out my pistols from a drawer in the table near which she was standing, and half held them toward me, when suddenly there peeped through the room, the long, shrill quivering of an electric bell. Madame drew back—a revolver in each hand. We stood in silence, staring into each other's eyes. She raised her right hand slowly until the weapon came to my face.

"If you have been false," she said, "if you have dared to speak, your own bullet shall repay you." I bowed a silent answer. The revolver followed the bending of my head, down and up. The bell pealed again, this time in two short, quick rings, with a distinct pause between. One of the men let fall an oath. The other breathed a sigh of relief. Madame lowered her weapon and turned to my late guide.

"Unfasten the door," she said. "It is one of us. Perhaps a messenger from the same source, with the letters at last. There was no one to expect, though, but this stranger. What—"

She changed her speech to the strange tongue she had used previously for the moment speaking earnestly to her companions. All four stood, listening in silence. Presently the door opened, and Jackson, with his yellow hands, pushed a slender, girl-like figure into the room. The small, gloved hand, which trembled slightly, went twice across her darkly-veiled face. The signal was quickly answered, and the four, Jackson included, collected in a little group about the newcomer, leaving me for the moment forgotten and apart.

"Why are you here?" one of the men began, abruptly.

"Through no wish of my own," the girl replied.

Madame brought one of my revolvers carelessly into position, and she shrank back. Again the laughter rippled lightly from Madame's lips.

"You are a coward still! Always a coward, and the child of a coward!" she said. "Now, once more, why are you here?"

The girl made an effort to control herself.

"I have a message," she replied.

"Deliver it," Madame impatiently demanded.

I saw through her veil, which she had not raised, that she glanced timidly in my direction, before replying:

"Is this," she said, "You are to trust no one who comes tonight, or any night, as a messenger, but bringing no message."

I had thought my danger over, and here it was—just begun. I saw Madame turn slowly toward me, and as slowly take aim at my heart with my own weapon. I saw the three men—Jackson with his yellow hands outstretched—start toward me with fierce oaths upon their lips.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NOVEMBER COMFORT.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

here than in most sections. With proper industry and management we can have a good garden all the year. Several years ago I was using eleven varieties of vegetables from my garden at Christmas. Land is cheap, of course the price varies according to location and improvement. Fuel is plentiful and much can be obtained simply for removing it. Fine free-stone water, unexcelled church and school facilities. The South is lots of room and welcome for all bright, honorable settlers who wish to cast their lot with us.

I find one of the most erroneous ideas throughout the North is the mistake prevalent regarding the temperature here. The climate is much more even, as usually we have comparatively little severe cold in winter and our summers are not so hot. A heat prostration or sunstroke being a very rare occurrence. Here at my home there is seldom a day that we don't have a refreshing breeze. We are one hundred and seven miles from the mouth of the mighty Mississippi river and we get the later visitations of the Gulf breezes.

I have gained much information and comfort from the sisters' letters and will at another time send some suggestions, as I think I have got close management of housekeeping to a fine point."

Dear sisters who have felt the rod of affliction I can fully sympathize with you as I have had the sole care of my family for more than eleven years, but I find that if we persevere we will generally find a way out of our difficulties. God has blessed me with good health, and you know that is half the battle won.

As I always enjoy a letter more if I can form a mind's picture of the writer, will you tell me about your make up. Am five feet two and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, have brown hair, tinged with silver, blue eyes, and love the good things of life. My children are all grown, except two boys, fifteen and twelve years of age. My oldest son has been in South Africa for eleven years as inspector of telephones in Johannesburg.

With very best wishes for all your friends.

MRS. GENIA STEVENS, Summit, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please admit a little Alabama sister into your happy circle? I have been taking COMFORT for a year and long.

My heart would always fail. I certainly do enjoy the many helpful hints I get through our little paper, as I am another one of the lonely sisters.

I live one mile from Haleyville, a pretty little town. I have lived here most all my life. I have been married eleven years and am the mother of five little ones; their names and ages are as follows: One ten, Lucy nine, Hansel seven, Wallace four, Erabel one and one half years.

The first five years of married life was spent as happy as one could wish for, but soon afterwards, fate overtook us, for there was plenty of whiskey in this country, and it led my husband astray. He had never been a perfect man, still he was not so very bad. He was always good to me and the little ones when he was with us, but the last five years we lived to-

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gether he was gone from home a lot of the time, and I would not know where he was. Things went this way until last November, when he got into trouble here, and left this country, and I haven't heard from him since. So you can understand that I despise whiskey when it has robbed my life of the happy years which once looked so bright. I am quite young, my age is twenty-four. Sometimes I think if it were not for my sweet little children I could not live. It seems as if life would be a burden without them, am so young, and it seems as if I had lived a lifetime of trouble.

Will the sisters please give me a shower to help pass away the dull, unhappy hours.

May God bless all the Comfort sisters and when this life is over I hope we may meet in the world beyond.

Mrs. MARY CARR, Haleyville, E. R. 2, Box 88, Ala.

Mrs. Carr. Your lot is indeed hard and I am more sorry for you than I can say. Be just as cheerful as you can, for it will go a long way toward keeping you in health. Be hopeful and never lose courage for surely a brighter day will dawn for you. Write us again about how you are getting along.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Will you allow me a wee bit of room in your corner? I have read COMFORT for several years and I do so enjoy all your letters.

I live on the Cumberland river on a farm, my husband is a steamboat Captain and with my second son aged twenty and one son fourteen we manage to run the place very well. I dearly love to raise poultry and my great ambition is to own a big Western ranch and raise stock and poultry, and I want to homestead. Now sisters, don't begin to cry out "hardships in a new country," I don't know any one can't make a comfortable home in the wild woods nor on the vast plains, but one can build up a home if they have courage to do so, and then my dear old husband could be with me. As it is our farm here is not sufficient support for our family and he is away nearly all the time, and life is hardly worth living.

I am the mother of nine children, seven living and two gone back to God who gave them to me. One was a tiny babe; the other a grown man, eighteen years of age. He left me almost two years ago and while I know God does all things well, it does not heal the aching heart, and dear Uncle Charlie, that was his name, too; you are dear to me, just for the same alone, let alone your other kind deeds. My boy had a throat trouble that finally went to his lungs. It was his request for mamma to go West. This is not a very healthy place, especially if one is not strong.

I have written and receive many letters from different places in the West and would still gladly receive and answer more if any of our sisters care to write to one who while not a shut-in, is very lonely.

I wish I could help everyone who writes such dear, pathetic letters, but all I can do is to ask God to bless them.

Will some sister in Central Oregon please answer? I am sincerely your sister, Mrs. B. CRIDER, Inka, Livingston Co., Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON: I have been a reader of COMFORT for quite a while and think it such a good paper.

I derive much benefit from the sisters' letters. We live way out here in New Mexico, and for a month it has not rained enough to amount to anything. Still our crops look well and we have corn, wheat, alfalfa, cane, cotton, beans, peas, millet and all kinds of vegetables. This would be a fine country if we could get rain at the proper time. We have been here four years. I like this country for it is healthy, but it just rains in spots.

My John and oldest boy aged fourteen is off at present working. My two little boys and myself are here alone. My youngest is six and my little daughter is four years and never walked. Infants' paralysis is the cause. He is a cheerful little fellow, and goes about as usual. I would be glad if any of the cousins or sisters would send him a shower. He has to be in the house a great deal. His name is Hugh.

I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters, as I love you all and all, also dear Mrs. Wilkinsons. So with love and sympathy for all the shut-ins, I am your Comfort sister, Mrs. JOHN JUDAH, Cansey, New Mexico.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If you are all willing I will call on you again! I wish we could see more letters from our Eastern sisters. I think you will have to wake up for our Western sisters seem to be more sociable and more ready to write. Do Eastern sisters come forward with some information from the East! So few in their



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Sent You

letters tell how beautiful the East is. I want to say I enjoyed Mrs. Alice (Lewis) Burkett's letter of Noble, Okla., in the June paper. Mrs. Jessie Chilcote, Missoula, Mont. I will say we have had lots of chickens that way this year and as near as we can find out they have not had green stuff enough to eat to give the chickens vitality. I have told you just what was told us. Mrs. Ella Rogers. Will say that plenty of fresh air and sunshine and all the raw eggs and pure milk that you can eat is best for tuberculosis. Mrs. R. Craft. The way I cook egg plant is to peel and cut in slices and salt and let stand over night. In the morning pour off the water and dip in butter and fry in hot butter or drippings. I liked Mrs. Lela Bessire's letter from Rankin, Roger Mills Co., Okla. We are doing the same, trying to get a home that we can call our own and it's very hard work in these days to do it, for everything is so high priced. I just had a new stove and I do my own cooking now. It is so much cheaper and I enjoy baking. I love to do all kinds of fancy work, no matter what it is and am very much interested in flowers. I work a great deal with them and feel in much better health while I am working out of doors.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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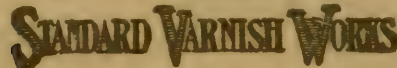
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## DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"You will never again speak to me as you have tonight, will you?" she asked. "I should not have said what I did had I not thought I should never see you again after tomorrow," said John, "and I am not likely to do that, am I?"

"If I could be sure," she said hesitatingly, and as if to herself. "Well," said John eagerly. She stood with her eyes downcast for a moment, one hand resting on the rail, and then she looked up.

"We expect to stay in Algiers about two months," she said, "and then we are going to Naples to visit some friends for a few days, about the time you told me you thought you might be there. Perhaps it would be better if we said good by tonight; but if after we get home you are to spend your days in Homeville and I mine in New York, we shall not be likely to meet, and, except on this side of the ocean, we may, as you say, never see each other again. So, if you wish, you may come to see me in Naples if you happen to be there when we are. I am sure after tonight that I may trust you, may I not? But," she added, "perhaps you would not care. I am treating you very frankly; but from your standpoint you would expect or excuse more frankness than if I were a young girl."

"I care very much," he declared, "and it will be a happiness to me to see you on any footing, and you may trust me never to break bounds again." She made a motion as if to depart. "Don't go just yet," he said pleadingly; "there is now no reason why you should for a while, is there? Let us sit here in this gorgeous night a little longer, and let me smoke a cigar." At the moment he was undergoing a revolution of feeling. His state of mind was like that of an improvident debtor who, while knowing that the note must be paid some time, does not quite realize it for a while after an extension. At last the cigar was finished. There had been but little said between them.

"I really must go," she said, and he walked with her across the hanging bridge and down the deck to the gangway door. "Where shall I address you to let you know when we shall be in Naples?" she asked as they were about to separate. "Care of Cook and Son," he said. "You will find the address in Baedeker." He saw her the next morning long enough for a touch of the hand and a good by before the bobbing, tubby little boat with its Arab crew took the Ruggleses on board.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

How John Lenox tried to kill time during the following two months, and how time retaliated during the process, it is needless to set forth. It may not, however, be wholly irrelevant to note that his cough had gradually disappeared, and that his appetite had become good enough to carry him through the average table d'hôte dinner. On the morning after his arrival at Naples he found a cable dispatch at the office of Cook and Son, as follows: "Sixty cash, forty stock. Stock good. Harum."

"God bless the dear old boy!" said John fervently. The Pennsylvania property was sold at last; and if "stock good" was true, the dispatch informed him that he was, if not a rich man in modern days, still as David would have put it, "with considerable." "Well, man, I take it, is very likely to receive such a piece of news without satisfaction; but if our friend's first sensation was one of gratification, the thought which followed had a drop of bitterness in it. "If I could only have had it before!" he said to himself; and indeed many of the disappointments of life, if not the greater part, come because events are unpunctual. They have a way of arriving sometimes too early, or, worse, too late.

Another circumstance detracted from his satisfaction: a note he expected did not appear among the other communications waiting him at the bankers, and his mind was occupied for the while with various conjectures as to the reason, none of which was satisfactory. Perhaps she had changed her mind. Perhaps—a score of things! Well, there was nothing for it but to be as patient as possible and await events. He remembered that she had said she was to visit some friends by the name of Hartleigh, and she had told him the name of their villa, but for the moment he did not remember it. In any case he did not know the Hartleighs, and if she had changed her mind—as was possibly indicated by the omission to send him word—well—! He shrugged his shoulders, mechanically lighted a cigarette, and strolled down and out of the Piazza Martiri and across to the Largo della Vittoria. He had a half-formed idea of walking back through the Villa Nazionale, spending an hour at the Aquarium, and then to his hotel for luncheon. It occurred to him at the moment that there was a steamer from Genoa on the Monday following, that he was tired of wandering about aimlessly and alone, and that there was really no reason why he should not take the said steamer and home. Occupied with these reflections, he absently observed, just opposite to him across the way, a pair of large bay horses in front of a handsome landau. A coachman in livery was on the box, and a small footman, very much coated and silk-hatted, was standing about; and, as he looked, two ladies came out of the arched entrance to the court of the building before which the equipage was halted, and the small footman sprang to the carriage door. A stranger to him, but the other was Mrs. William Ruggles; and John, seeing that he had been recognized, at once crossed over to the carriage; and presently, having accepted an invitation to breakfast, found himself sitting opposite them on his way to the Villa Violante. The conversation during the drive up to the Vomero need not be detailed. Mrs. Hartleigh arrived at the opinion that our friend was rather a dull person. Mrs. Ruggles, as he had found out, was usually rather taciturn. Neither is it necessary to say very much of the breakfast, nor of the people assembled. It appeared that the several guests had departed the previous day, and the people at table consisted only of Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh and their two daughters, and John, whose conversation was mostly with his host, and was rather desultory. In fact, there was during the meal a perceptible air of something like disquietude. Mr. Ruggles in particular said almost nothing, and wore an appearance of what seemed like anxiety. Once he turned to that cable, Hartleigh's today, do you think?

"Yes," he answered promptly, "and in fact there's plenty of time. Remember that we are about six hours earlier than New York by the clock, and it's only about seven in the morning over there."

Coffee was served on the balustraded platform of the flight of marble steps leading down to the grounds below. "Mary," said Mrs. Hartleigh, when cigarettes had been offered, "don't you want to show Mr. Lenox something of La Violante?" "I shall take you to my favorite place," she said, as they descended the steps together. The southern front of the grounds of the Villa Violante is bounded and upheld by a wall of tufa fifty feet in height and some four hundred feet long. About midway of its length a semi-circular bench of marble, with a rail, is built out over one of the buttresses. From this point is visible the whole bay and harbor of Naples, and about one third of the city lies in sight, five hundred feet below. To the left one sees Vesuvius and the Sant' Angelo chain, which the eye follows to Sorrento. Straight out in front stands Capri, and to the right the curvy of the bay, ending at the Posillipo. The two, John and his companion, halted near the bench, and leaned upon the parapet of the wall for a while in silence. From the streets below rose no rumble of traffic, no

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sound of hoof or wheel; but up through three thousand feet of distance came from here and there the voices of street-vendors, the clang of a bell, and ever and anon the pathetic supplication of a donkey. Absolute quiet prevailed where they stood, save for these upcoming sounds. The April sun deliciously warm, drew a smoky odor from the hedge of box which the parapet walk was bordered in and out of which darted small green lizards with the quickness of little fishes. John drew a long breath.

"I don't believe there is another such view in the world," he said. "I do not wonder that this is your favorite spot." "Yes," she said, "you should see the grounds—the whole place is superb—but this is the glory of it all, and I have brought you straight here because I wanted to see it with you, and this may be the only opportunity." "What do you mean?" he asked, apprehensively. "You heard Mr. Ruggles's question about the cable dispatch?" she said.

"Yes," he said, "our plans have been very much upset by some things he has heard from home. We came on from Algiers ten days earlier than we had intended, and if the reply to Mr. Ruggles's cable is unfavorable, we are likely to depart for Genoa tomorrow. The reason why I did not send a note to your bankers," she added, "was that we came on the same boat that I intended to write by; and Mr. Hartleigh's man has inquired for you every day at Cook's so that Mr. Hartleigh might know of your coming and call upon you."

John gave a little exclamation of dismay. Her face was very still as she gazed out over the sea with half-closed eyes. He caught the scent of the violets in the bosom of her white dress. "Let us sit down," she said at last. "I have something I wish to say to you." He made no rejoinder as they seated themselves, and during the moment or two of silence in which she seemed to be meditating how to begin, he sat bending forward, holding his stick with both hands between his knees, absently prodding holes in the gravel.

"I think," she began, "that if I did not believe the chances were for our going tomorrow, I would not say it today." John bit his lip and gave the gravel a more vigorous punch. "But I have felt that I must say it to you some time before we should be." "Is it anything about what happened on board ship?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," she replied, "it concerns all that took place on board ship, or nearly all, and I have had many misgivings about it. I am afraid that I did wrong, and I am afraid, too, that in your secret heart you would admit it." "No, never!" he exclaimed. "If there was any wrong doing, it was wholly of my own doing. I was alone to blame. I ought to have remembered that you were married, and perhaps—yes, I did remember it in a way, but I could not realize it. I had never seen or heard of your husband, or heard of your marriage. He was a perfectly unreal person to me, and you—you seemed only the Mary Blake that I had known, and as I had known you, I said what I did, that night upon an impulse which was as unpremeditated as it was sudden. I don't see how you were wrong. You couldn't have foreseen what took place—and—"

"Have you not been sorry for what took place?" she asked, with her eyes on the ground. "Have you not thought the less of me since?" He turned and looked at her. There was a little smile upon her lips and on her downcast eyes. "No, by Heaven!" he exclaimed desperately. "I have not, and I am not sorry. Whether I ought to have said what I did or not, it was true, and I wanted you to know—"

He broke off as she turned to him with a smile and a blush. The smile was almost a laugh. "But, John," she said, "I am not Mrs. Edward Ruggles. I am Mary Blake." The hedge of box was a few feet above the terrace. Well, and then, after a little of that sort of thing, they both began hurriedly to admire the view again, for someone was coming. But it was only one of the gardeners, who did not understand.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

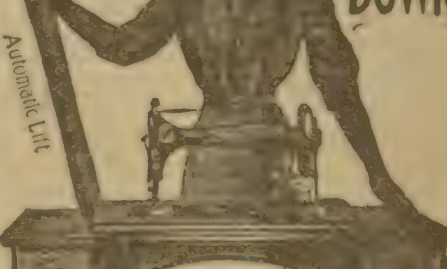
## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

We have a hammock between two trees and a piece of canvas over the top like a tent. I have it so that we can slide it from one side to the other to keep the sun off and a string on all four ends tied to small stakes in the ground. You should try it for it's fine. I do like the editor's talks. I think we all should read them. I think there are some pretty good cooks among the **COMFORT** sisters by the recipes they send in for they are fine. I have tried some of them. As I sit here in my window writing with the beautiful breezes blowing in, I think of the many poor folks in the city that don't know how beautiful the country is. Most of our sisters who write and tell how beautiful and happy their home life is and what pleasure they take out of nature seem to be country folks. I love to read letters where the sisters tell what good husbands they have, for I have a very good husband also, and a nice, good boy who can only use one hand and arm, but he is always trying to help someone; does lots for me to save steps around the house. I never saw a child of his age take more interest in flowers than he does, knowing the names of many of them and our neighbors say you always see him stopping to pick flowers along the road. Why are there not more women like Mrs. Falconer? Her ideas are fine and I don't see why they would not work everywhere alike.

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## Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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### Sprouted Oats for Winter Feed

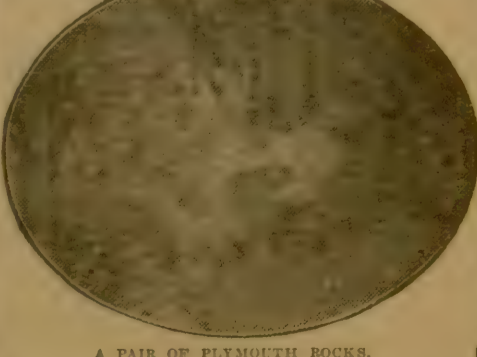
**H**AVE you made any provision for supplying the hens with green food this winter? Remember, your egg-baskets will suffer if you don't have a bountiful supply, so it behooves you to give the matter immediate attention. If you don't get eggs in the winter, you can't make money out of your fowls. Women who live on large farms where there are silos, can use ensilage sometimes, but nothing is as good as sprouted oats. There are several sprout-cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which range from five to fifteen dollars, but there are plenty of people who can't afford five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a "cabinet" that I have made for mine made last winter, which cost him only two dollars. He got a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep. This he lined with zinc at the front end, running the zinc up about fifteen inches. Then he set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards made a door to fit it. Then he got eight pairs of iron shelf-brackets from a five and ten cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches apart. Then he made legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, and a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom, to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rested on the first set of supports. This tray he had made at a plumber's shop, of zinc, and it cost him seventy-five cents. The three other trays he made of light wood, taken from empty boxes that he had broken up. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays were left open, and a piece of burlap was tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through. The lamp he used belonged to a brooder, and had a tin chimney, so there was no fear of smothering. When in use, after the chimney had been pushed up through the hole in the floor of the cabinet, he put a block of wood under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place, which brought the top of the chimney to within an inch of the zinc tray, which was kept filled with water. The oats are put into trays of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray. I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with burlap, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed, and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet. The three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally, the bottom tray getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop sufficiently to feed, and at that point it should be removed, and the trays dropped down so that the second and third trays are the bottom, and what was at the bottom is at the top. The oats are ready to feed when from two to five inches high. Just cut out a sod, roots and all, of course, and feed to the hens at noon—the improvement in the egg yield will surprise you. A sod six inches square is enough for twenty-five hens. Divide it into small pieces before feeding, so that they are all sure to get a fair share. Don't neglect roosters, for a good percentage of sprouted oats in their rations insures fertile eggs, which will mean good hatches when the incubators and broody hens get busy; and you all know how aggravating it is to set a lot of eggs early in the spring, and only have about half of them hatch, for it wastes eggs when they are worth money; besides which, it is the early chicks that are the most valuable, because they bring more as fliers, and make the early layers the following winter. One of our subscribers in Dayton, Ohio, has sent me an account of her twenty hens. From the first of January to the thirtieth of June they laid 1336 eggs, forty-nine dozen of which were sold, and brought in a cash return of eight dollars and sixty-seven cents. Fifty-two dozen and four eggs were used for her own household. She estimates that the birds have never cost her more than fifty cents a week to keep, so there isn't any doubt about these twenty hens being profitable. She also sent me a recipe for preserving eggs, but as the time of year for it to be useful is past, I shall keep it till next summer, and then tell you about it. I wish more of our readers would follow this lady's lead, and send me in their personal experiences. Just tell me how you feed and care for your birds, or any little items of management which seem to improve conditions. Nothing is so helpful as personal experience. I want just plain facts, written in your own way, just as you would tell them to a neighbor.

### Correspondence

Note.—The following letter from one of our subscribers will interest all the sisters who are keeping poultry:

"As I am an old subscriber to COMFORT and have found so many helpful things in its pages, I will try and send a few to the dear sisters who are interested in poultry raising."

I have a nice flock of twenty-two Plymouth Rocks hens and just a Rooster, all of eggs, although I live



A PAIR OF PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

in town and have to confine them in a pen. I started last spring with three hens and one cockerel, and raised sixty-five little chicks; set the hens, then took the chicks away and raised them by hand. The hens go to laying in five to eight days—at least my hens did—so losing but very little time.

The Plymouth Rocks, as I find them, are the best all-around hens, and they are such good brooders. One of my hens sat twice last spring, and brought out eighteen little chicks each time, thirty-six chicks in all, and I am proud to say I raised everyone of them.

Inclosed is a picture of my pets. The

cockerel is six months old; weighs eight pounds. The pullet is the same age; weighs seven pounds, and has been laying one month. The other is a picture of my little daughter and her pet. He is six months old; weighs nine pounds.

Should this find a place in dear old COMFORT, I may come again."

Mrs. P.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and would like very much for you to answer through your columns what you think is the matter with my chickens. Several died lately, and are sick but a short time. What comes from their bowels is streaked with blood and alive with worms. Please tell me what to do for these cases. They are full-blooded Buff and Brown Leghorns.

A.—As the droppings indicate, the birds are infested with worms. If many birds are afflicted, it will be tedious work establishing a cure. Pick out the birds which show unmistakable signs, such as a want of color in comb and wattles, and diarrhea. Have a small coop made, the bottom composed of slats one inch wide and one inch apart. Elevate the coop on legs, so that the droppings can fall through out of reach of the birds. Catch them and put them into the coop before the night feed, and the next morning mix a small quantity of mash as follows: Half a cup of stock feed or cornmeal, moistened with half a cup of scalded milk to which has been added a tablespoonful of turpentine, and the same quantity of Castor oil. At noon, give a little stale bread just moistened with milk, and at night repeat the doctored mash. Allow an interval of two days, and repeat the treatment. Be careful to destroy the droppings by burning.

L. B. M.—Please tell me the cause and a remedy for my chickens—all of my young chickens, even to my fryers. They had a bowel trouble all the year. Now, for several weeks, they begin with red rings around eyes, nose and ears; then their eyes and lids become granulated and close, and some of them will be sore all over their bodies and all feathers off, and top of heads will be perfectly raw, and bleed. I have some so bad that their eyes and nose run and are very offensive. They droop around and sleep. I have tried every remedy I know of; sulphur and lard rubbed on their heads has done more good than anything. They gape



THE PLYMOUTH ROCK PET.

a great deal and have high fevers. I keep my fowl-house perfect; it's new. I take all droppings out every week, scald and smoke it, and use plenty of lime. I have no mites or lice, either. I feed well-on grain and green food and all scraps from table, but they are not fat. All chickens do well, and are in the same house with the diseased ones. I tried salt water for gapes and it did no good. They also have a good fresh green yard to run in, covered with grass. I am at a loss to know what next to try. Will someone please send a remedy as soon as possible? I haven't lost any yet.

—As you say the discharge from eyes and nostrils is offensive, I think the birds must have inherent roup. Remove all the ailing birds to a coop at some distance from the regular chicken-house, and use the following treatment: Put one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart bottle, and add one pint of warm water. Shake until thoroughly dissolved. For use, dilute one tablespoonful with two tablespoonfuls of water. Swab out the throat and nostrils. A small syringe is the easiest medium, but if you don't happen to have one, you can do the work fairly well with a straight wing-feather. Dip it in the permanganate solution, then put it down the bird's throat, burn it round once or twice, bathe the face and eyes with the same mixture. Feed a mash of stock feed or stale bread, soaked, and squeezed out of milk.

W. M.—Having just become a subscriber to COMFORT, I have read your answers to correspondents on poultry farming with great interest, and would like to ask a few questions. How many times a day is it really essential for a hen to be fed during the summer months, and also what is oil meal, and where can it be bought? I am interested in chickens, and have quite a few, and only feed them twice a day now, but during the cold weather feed them three times a day. My chickens have a good-sized run, plenty of grass, as we live in the country and have a vacant space each side of our home; still they always seem hungry. I give them mixed feed once a day, and mash of bran middlings and corn meal once a day, mixed with cold water this weather; in cold weather mixed with hot water. Will you kindly let me know what you think of my method of feeding, as they do not lay very good just now.

A.—You don't state the number of fowls, nor the amount of feed you give. The way to feed is to find out how much mash to give in the morning is to give all they will eat in fifteen minutes, and then decrease the amount one-third. At night they should have all the whole corn they will eat. My only criticism of your method of feeding is: you don't seem to give any animal food. Birds must have animal and green food, and an unlimited supply of fresh water, or they can't lay eggs. Oil meal is linseed or flaxseed.

B. B.—Please tell me what ails my chickens. Old and young have the same, they sit around with their heads down, and don't do anything. Everything I know of, but they die in a little while. They are fat and seem healthy; otherwise, I think it is limberneck. Could you tell me a remedy? Please send one if you can, as I am losing so many.

A.—Limberneck comes from indigestion or general derangement of the intestines, which may be caused by poorly-balanced rations, but the most frequent cause is the bird having maggots from putrid meat or a dead carcass. Old bones thrown into the chicken-yard, a dead rat or other small wild animal, may spread the trouble through a whole flock, so the first remedy is to locate the cause and remove it. If your birds have free range, it may be rather difficult, but you can keep them shut up for two or three days, and during that time the danger will have dispersed itself. To relieve the afflicted birds, mix a teaspoonful of turpentine with the same quantity of sweet oil. Half an hour later give a tablespoonful of warm milk.

J. F. O.—Being a subscriber to COMFORT, and having had the pleasure of reading several good articles on the bringing up of small chickens, I am at the present time very anxious to know what might possibly be the cause of my chickens dying in the shell almost the last minute before hatching. Those that do hatch do not seem to draw in their navel entirely. After drying up there is a little bunch stays on the outside about the size of a pea. Some die in a few hours, others in two to four days.

The above refers to chickens I have been trying to hatch in an incubator. Had a great loss all summer on all that I have tried to raise or hatch with an incubator.

A.—There are many and varied reasons for chicks dying in the shell. Constitutional weakness; too many hens to the male bird; and in artificial incubation there is the question of heat and moisture. It is a complex subject, and needs so much space to answer that it is impossible in this column, but I will make it my January subject, as it is sure to be of interest and help to many of our readers at that season of the year.

J. L. M.—The last day of May I set a hen on thirteen eggs, and she failed to hatch on the day she should. I left them under her, and this morning—the 30th—I broke the shells, and there were nine eggs with four spots. The chickens are small, and so weak they can't get out, and are all covered with blood; also they have tiny white specks on them. I also found one with its upper bill lolla longer than the lower. Do you think the eggs should have been dampened? It is dry and very warm here—and if so, how often? Or do you think they are inbred? The rooster has been good, and was quiet and never disturbed. The chickens all have their insides pulled from them. Only three of the nine were in a condition to live, and they may die. The others were all bursting and dying. My hens are Wyandottes, White Plymouth Rock and White Wyandottes.

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Hope I haven't asked too much, but it discourages me and I know nothing of poultry at all. A.—The fact that there was blood around the chicks when you broke the shells shows that they were not fully developed. It sometimes happens that the hatch will run over the regular time of 21 days. You say the hen was not due until the 21st of the month, and it is quite evident that she must have been off the nest for several hours at some time during the 21 days. Kats may have frightened her during the night, or she may have left the nest on a very hot day, and you have known nothing about it. Any such accident would delay the hatch and weaken the chicks, but had you left them another 24 hours they would have broken the shells when the process of incubation was completed, and in all probability, lived to be healthy and normal chickens.

J. A. O.—This is my first year in raising chickens, and I have had unusually good luck in raising young chickens, but I have lately lost both my roosters, that I had bought when I got the hens. One was Plymouth Rock, the other Leghorn. They were about two years old. The Rock bird was first sick; then the Leghorn. The first I noticed wrong with them, they stopped crowing, then sat or stood around in a droopy manner, but always seemed hearty. Yet they were as poor as they could be. Their legs seemed weak, and the Leghorn would take a few short steps and fall over on his head. They kept getting worse until they could not get up to eat, but would eat and drink while lying on their sides. I then killed them so as not to spread the disease among my flock and buried them. They were this way for two months or more before I killed them, and no other bird was affected. They had free range and a very dry hen-house, but I think got more corn than they needed, as they were always at the barn to eat with cows, horses and hogs. The perch in the henhouse is five feet high. Now two weeks ago I purchased a Barred Plymouth Rock, and he seems to be taking the same disease; has quit crowing, stands around and doesn't hunt for food, but runs eagerly for everything thrown near him. I have taken COMFORT many years, and have examined all back numbers for anything like this, but nothing seems just like it. Any information will be gratefully received, as I am getting discouraged. My hens lay well, and my young chickens do well, and I cannot understand why the roosters alone should be affected. I shall anxiously await reply.

A.—I think you are right—the birds got too much corn. It is very likely to show in the roosters more than in the hens, because all the food they consume goes to nourish their own bodies, whereas the hen utilizes at least half of the material she eats for the production of eggs. I should advise you to let the roosters have the morning before you feed the hens, or in some way contrive to prevent them from getting the extra food, as a young bird is less likely to overeat than an older one, it will be better to buy cockerels—birds hatched in March or April—and dispose of them the following year, when the hatching season is over.

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## The Keeper of the Blind Pig

By Dennis H. Stovall

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**W**HEN the deputy's horse reached the summit of the ridge, it halted and reared back on its haunches. Wesley, who had been half asleep in the saddle, roused by the animal's sudden fright, lifted his head with a jerk.

He was almost at his journey's end. Not three hundred yards beyond, and almost below him, Gray Eagle nestled at the foot of Baldy, with its thundering stampmill and cluster of cabins. It was an afternoon in early April. As he tilted his hat, he caught a whiff of the Chinook wind that came soft and warm up the canyon. This portended a quick thaw of the white mantle that lay heavy on the mountains.

The deputy touched spurs to his horse, urging him on, but the animal snorted in terror, and shied to one side of the road. Almost instantly a girl stepped from behind a manzanita clump, and stood before him, pale and trembling.

"I'm sorry I frightened your horse," she spoke timidly, "but I wanted to meet you before you reached camp."

A smile of pleasure drove the anger from Wesley's face. His horse quieted quickly, now that the object of its fright was clearly revealed. "That's all right, Dolly," he assured her, and speaking familiarly, "this is a nervous beast, anyhow; just broke him to the saddle last week."

He dismounted, and removing a tasseled gauntlet, offered her his hand. "You wanted to meet me before I reached camp? You must have known."

"Yes, I knew you were coming," she told him quickly. "I was in the office when you called up Mason."

"I intended for no one but him to know that I was coming," he spoke sharply, a slight flush appearing on his bronzed cheeks.

"I know that," the girl quickly replied. "Mason said nothing to me about it. I just happened to be in while he was at the phone. And I have said nothing to daddy."

"Then you know what brought me out here? You know why I have come?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I know, Wes. I know," she replied. He noted that her lips quivered, that big tears glittered on her cheeks.

He knew the cause of it. He wanted to console her, to comfort her, to give her some word of assurance, but somehow, grim duty stood in the way.

"I'm sorry, little girl, mighty sorry," he spoke kindly, "but you know how it is. A man must do his duty. I'm an officer of the law, and I'm on official business. I must treat all men alike."

"I think you might let daddy off this time, Wes," she pleaded, drawing nearer and gazing up into his face. "Daddy may have done wrong, according to the new law, but he has become so accustomed to the old way that he sees no harm in it. And then, if you knew the circumstances—"

"Well, I do, Dolly," he assured her, forcing himself to be stern. "That is, I know them as reported by the man who had the warrant sworn. It seems a pretty clear case against—"

"Who reported him?" she demanded, her eyes flashing angrily, her face turning suddenly crimson.

"I'm not at liberty to tell—not just yet," the deputy replied. "But there's this much about it, Dolly: he laid his broad hand gently on her shoulder and looked into her face. 'Steve will be given a fair trial. The law allows him that, and the whole circumstances will be brought out—'

"Yes, I know all about that," the girl said, grief coming again into her eyes, for she derived no comfort from his words. "It's the court and the trial that I want to avoid. Really, Wes, if you knew just how it was—"

She wrung her hands now, and tears rained down her cheeks.

Wesley whipped his bootlegs with his quirt, racking his brain for something to say that would bring her a grain of comfort.

He was wavering between love and duty. Strange thoughts ran riot through his mind. Involuntarily he was assembling the testimony and weighing the evidence. For the time, and while he stood in the road by the weeping girl, he was a self-appointed court and jury, trying the man he had come to arrest. What had Steve done? he asked himself. Violated a law—a new law—a law that new conditions made imperative.

The thing some men had held as a sacred right, cherishing it as their "liberty," was suddenly taken away, and branded unclean and impure. The thing some men had done as a token of good will or to seal a bond of friendship, became suddenly a crime. The law now said it was wrong. Wesley was an officer of the law. He saw but one course to follow.

"I'm mighty sorry, Dolly," he repeated finally, finding nothing else to say, "but I must do my duty."

The repetition of the hated phrase drove the girl to desperation. She drew away from him, her eyes again flashing angrily. "I've taken you to be a man who believed in fair play, but I see now that I was wrong." She spoke very coldly, and her words cut him keenly.

"I do little girl, I do," he declared earnestly. "Can't you understand? I must do—"

He checked himself. He would not wound her more by repeating the hated words.

"You may do as you please," she told him, stepping to the side of the road as if to give him a clear right of way. "But I might as well tell you that henceforth all will be over between us."

She turned and quickly disappeared in the manzanita, leaving the deputy standing alone and bewildered. Dejectedly he turned to his horse, pulled himself wearily into the saddle, and with slouched hat and drooping head, cantered slowly down the road to the camp.

Not till his horse halted instinctively by the hitching-bar near the mine office, did he rouse. Then he sat up, shook himself, and declared he should do his duty as an officer of the law, whatever the cost.

He made his way to a long, low building that stood midway of Gray Eagle's one street. It presented a picture of abandonment, for there was no crowd hanging around the door, or carving the wooden benches on the narrow porch. The beer signs were rusty and battered, the window blinds closely drawn.

While a few curious ones looked on from across the street, the deputy approached the squat building, taking an official document from his pocket. The door was unlocked, and entering, he found the place dark and deserted, the air stifling and heavy with the fumes of stale liquor. The "blind pig" certainly appeared to have been well-fed.

The officer lifted a curtain and raised a window, to admit light and air, then went industriously to work, searching the place. He first wandered through the back room, peering into the corners to satisfy himself that no habitues were in hiding. Returning to the front room, and now that his eyes were accustomed to the half gloom, he saw rows of bottles on the shelves, and kegs piled one above the other behind the bar.

An expression of sober anxiety was printed on his face. "It smells like whiskey, and looks like whiskey," he mused; "but that isn't sufficient; what the court wants to know is: Does it taste like whiskey?"

He picked up an empty glass on the bar, and stooped down to tap one of the kegs. He was arrested in the act of turning the faucet by a loud cry from the street. He stood up quickly, wondering what it meant. The cry was repeated, louder than before. Then came the tread of heavy feet, as if men were running hurriedly to

and fro. Gray Eagle seemed to be struck with sudden commotion.

Wesley replaced the glass and hurried out to learn the cause of the disturbance.

He found the camp in disorder. The big brass gong at the shafthouse was clanging wildly. The night shift men, awakened by the hubbub, piled in confusion from the bunkhouse, with bare heads, and their unlaced boots clattering heavily. Frightened women, with blanched and terror-stricken faces, and crying children clinging to their skirts, poured from the cabins. From up the canyon came a thundering roar, as if a hurricane was tearing the mountain forest. The earth trembled, and the mountains shook as if they, too, were sore afraid.

Wesley stood in the middle of the street, watching the scene of terror, and trying to learn its meaning. Then he heard Mason, the superintendent, shout across to the foreman who stood by the shafthouse: "It's a slide, Sam! There's a big snow slip on Baldy!"

The warm Chinook again fanned the deputy's cheek, and he understood.

"Get the men out of the mine!" Mason yelled to the foreman. "If the shaft is covered they will be buried like rats!"

The two cages darted swiftly up and down the long, black shaft, their double-decks piled with men. On the surface, the miners were joined by the women and children, and the superintendent drove them all, like frightened sheep, to the middle of the valley.

A mighty crash, like the explosion of a half ton of dynamite, split the earth, followed by a long-drawn detonation. A wild cry rose from the crowd. The deputy gazed aloft and saw half of Baldy break from the apex and slip down, leaving a great, red scar in its wake. At first it moved gently, like some huge, crawling monster getting under way; then aroused, shook itself, and leaped violently down the mountainside.

Great pines broke and snapped and twisted like straws under the avalanche of snow and earth. The cabins and buildings at the upper edge of the camp were crushed and crumpled under the mass like paper boxes.

Half way across, and not twenty yards from the shafthouse, the slide halted, hanging by a thread. The crowd held its breath, not daring to cry aloud for fear of loosening the mountain of earth that hung above the camp. The stampmill still thundered its battery, as if in defiance of the monster that lay crouched above it, ready to spring.

When the first slip had quieted, the deputy looked and beheld a log cabin, half torn from its foundation, clinging to the base of the avalanche. It seemed familiar to him, with its tangle of ivy and honeysuckle, and the broad-topped laurel that spread protectively over the roof.

"Is that Steve Martin's cabin?" a miner informed him.

"Yes, it's Steve Martin's cabin," a miner informed him.

"Steve, Steve, where is he? and Dolly?" the deputy inquired, suddenly excited.

"They're up there in the cabin!" a half dozen voices answered.

"That's the girl screaming! They can't get out!"

A shudder passed over the crowd. "They must have help!" Wesley declared, but there was no response from the group of men around him. They knew what such an attempt would mean. A man would not have one chance in a thousand of returning from the cabin alive.

The deputy took no time to dispute his chances. Leaping suddenly from the crowd he ran nimbly up the steep slope toward the cabin. They vainly tried to stop him, but none had the courage to follow. Up, up he climbed, into the monster's gaping maw—into the very jaws of death. Up there the mountain still trembled and shook. The loose gravel and shale rattled and rolled under his feet. Across the slipping snowfield he ran, a mere speck to the crowd below, which stood and watched him breathlessly.

He reached the cabin and tried the door. It would not yield, and he ran to a window, breaking the glass with his bare fists. He found the girl lying on the floor, held down by a pile of debris. He quickly uncovered her, and lifting her in his arms, carried her down the steep slope through the spongy snow. The crowd cheered lustily.

Leaving the unconscious girl in the care of the women, the deputy skurried to the mill, seized an axe, and again ran up the hill to the cabin. He found Steve Martin pinned under a bunk, groaning with pain.

"Run, Wes, run, for God's sake get out of here!" Steve cried, when he discovered the deputy in the room.

Wesley paid no heed. A few rapid blows of the axe, a quick lift of the broken bunk, and he drew Steve from between the splintered timbers. He lifted him up, but at that instant the slide gave way, and the cabin tilted. The two men, locked in an embrace, rolled over and over. Black darkness settled round them; then followed the crash and grind of breaking timbers and splintered wood.

The deputy closed his eyes, expecting every instant to have his life pinched out like the flicker of a candle. But the cabin was staunch, and though buried deep, remained upright and slid down, down, buffeted now this way, now that, till it settled firm on what the deputy believed was the bottom of perdition.

The two lay a long time in silence, till the creaking and groaning ceased, and the narrow vault in which they were locked was filled with the deep silence and the eternal blackness of a sepulcher.

Steve Martin was the first to speak. "I guess I'm your prisoner, Wes. But we're both likely to camp here for a while. Grub was pretty low in the cabin, too, when this slide hit us. Trouble is, we're wrong side up and the fire won't draw any too lively."

Wesley said nothing. The humor of the situation did not appeal to him very strongly. Releasing his hold of Steve, he sat up and struck a match. A single glimpse of the bulging walls and bent timbers, under their great load, convinced him that they were still in imminent peril.

"What do you think about it?" Steve asked, after the deputy had made an investigation.

"If the slide takes a notion to move a little, and these timbers give way," the deputy informed him, "it would be just like putting your feet down on a cricket; if the timbers hold, we're located here till—"

He did not finish his remark, but Steve understood.

"In either case we stand to lose," the latter added.

"It looks that way," Wesley agreed. "The boys will dig for us, of course, but there's no telling how deep under we are."

Silence again fell between them, broken finally by Steve. "It may be, Wes, that the boys won't find us, and as this air ain't going to remain pure and wholesome very long, I guess I'd better talk while I've got the wind to do it. I know what brought you out today, and as I've previously stated, I'm your prisoner."

"Little good, it does me," Wesley replied.

"Maybe not," Steve returned, "but that ain't what I'm driving at. Measured and cut by this new-fangled law, I'm guilty. But I'd like to tell you how it happened. After last election, I quit my place behind the bar and went to stopping in the mine. But I left the door unlocked, and the word was passed round that if any of the boys were bit by a rattlesnake, or suffered an attack of anything demanding a stimulant, they were free to go in and take as much of what remained in the Tin Cup as their respective cases demanded. On Saturday nights I always round loose change in the till."

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Silence came between them again—a long, indeterminate silence. Once, Steve rolled over, taking a more comfortable position, and making the remark: "If I get out of here, which ain't very likely, I'm going to change my location and go into the cattle business. A booze-seller ain't nothing but a criminal any more. The world do move I guess."

The deputy said nothing. He was thinking the while—again making himself a court and jury—hearing the testimony and weighing the evidence. It was easier for him to come by a decision now than when the girl had stood before him in the road, pleading for her father. His mind was fully made up, and he knew just what he would do, should rescue favor them.

While they lay in silence, each man became vaguely conscious of a growing stupor. A strange sleep, which closed their eyes and drove out mental perception, yet kept them half awake, came upon them.

At length, both men were dimly aware of a change in their surroundings. The deputy believed he heard the dull, distant thud of picks, but Steve made no remark, and he dropped into semi-consciousness again. They lay a long while—hours it seemed.

They awoke to the deep thunder of the stampmill, and found themselves stretched at full length in the sweet pure air of the outer world. It was night, and the warm Chinook was softly fanning their cheeks.

Wesley found himself well and strong as ever, once his lungs were filled with the mountain ozone; but Steve was unable to walk because of his bruises. He was laid on a cot in a tent which had been erected as a temporary bunkhouse, where Dolly and the deputy watched over him with anxious care.

"I'll be all right in the morning, Wes," Steve assured, when he opened his eyes. "I can ride a horse easy."

Wesley said nothing, but went over to the mine office, which, though moved from its foundation, was still intact. He was pleased to learn that the telephone was in working order.

In a little while he was back by Steve's bunk. "You won't go out with me in the morning, Steve. I've just 'phoned the sheriff."

Dolly gave a start, looking up at him with an expression of alarm and anxiety in her eyes.

Wesley laid his hands gently on her shoulders and looked close into her face. His official dignity left him, and he was the genial, big-hearted Wes she had known and loved. "Don't be frightened, little girl," he told her kindly. "I've only 'phoned in my resignation. I did some mighty hard thinking this afternoon. I've decided to play fair. Your father has turned loose the 'blind pig' for good. He is going into the cattle business, and I'm going to be his partner; eh, Steve?"

She put her arms around his neck and drew her face close to his, so close he felt her breath blow warm on his cheek, and saw her eyes fill with tears of joy.

"It's just as you say, Wes," the injured man replied from his bunk, his voice choking with gratitude.

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**AGENTS—\$45.00 A WEEK  
MENDETS**

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## Stoves and Ranges Offered ON CREDIT—PAY NOTHING

Unless Delighted, After 30 Days'  
Actual Test—Prompt Shipment

### We Take All the Risk! Write Us!

Let us explain why it is better to buy stoves ON CREDIT than to pay ALL CASH.

When you buy on credit you have the stove in your own home to prove every claim we make before you pay for it. Now it must be plain that we could not offer to take such chances if we were not sure the stove would please and satisfy you. When you pay all cash, you are "taking somebody's word for it." We don't ask you to take our word. You have a full year to prove the quality while you are using the stove in your own home. You pay us a little each month. If it isn't all we claim, you won't pay us the money! We willingly take the risk because we know the stoves are right.

### Why We Sell Stoves for Less Than Dealers' Prices

This company, located in the center of the World's Stove Industry, buys trainloads of Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Cook Stoves, etc., from the big stove manufacturers who supply retail dealers throughout the United States. With millions of capital at our command, we can buy at tremendous reductions from the prices the dealer pays. We buy thousands of stoves and ranges where the dealer buys ten or a dozen.

The manufacturers will not allow us to mention the make, because we sell at so much less than the dealer. You would recognize these famous brands instantly were we permitted to tell you. They are the best stoves and ranges in the world—that's why we give such an ironclad guarantee.

### Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan!

No Notes! No Interest! No Security! No Collectors!

The dealer demands cash in advance. We ask but a small first payment which we promptly and cheerfully return if you are not absolutely satisfied. You can pay the balance in still smaller payments, without

notes, interest or security. We don't even employ collectors—we trust you absolutely. Over 600,000 people say, "It's Easy to Pay the People's Way."

### Choose From 150 Sizes and Styles

When you buy from the local dealer you have about three styles to select from. We offer you choice of 150 sizes and styles of High-Grade Steel Ranges, Gas Ranges, Gas Ranges, Cook Stoves, Hot Blast Heaters, etc.—every kind you could possibly want.

Our catalog gives accurate pictures and full descriptions of each and every one. And you can use the stove itself for 30 days, AT OUR RISK, before you decide. You risk nothing, you pay nothing, unless delighted with your selection. Could anything be more fair?

### Postal Brings Great Offer in 275-Page Easy-Way-to-Pay Book!

This remarkable book describes and illustrates our complete line of Stoves, Ranges, Heaters and 6,000 special offers in Furniture and Home Furnishings. Remember—everything sold on the Easy-Way-to-Pay Plan, without notes, security or interest. 30 Days' Free Trial given. Money refunded and freight paid both ways if goods are not more than satisfactory. Why pay spot cash and double prices when we offer you better goods on credit, at factory cost, and guarantee satisfaction? Write us at once. (41)

### People's Outfitting Company

293 E Street, Detroit, Mich.

75c  
Cash

75c  
Cash

Balance 50c a Month  
for the Famous Banner Heater  
Total Price, \$5.95

\$1.50 Cash  
Balance 75c a Month  
for this  
People's Steel Range  
Total Price \$10.35

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I am sixteen years old and an invalid; crippled for ten years, caused by fever and haven't walked a step since six years of age. I go to see my friends in my invalid chair. My father can carry me from the doorsteps to the buggy and from the buggy into church so I go to Sunday school every Sunday and nothing can please me more. I also go to school in my chair but still I spend many lonesome hours. I'm very fond of reading and writing, so I often get out of both.

Can any of the sisters send me these songs? "My Grannie's Old Arm Chair," "Milwaukee Was Excited as She Never Was Before," and "Six Feet of Earth Makes Us All One Size." Would be glad to hear from the sisters, and most of all from girls about my age for it cheers me up lots to get letters.

Love to all.  
Miss OLIVE E. THORP, Burgess, Horry Co., S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
All these years that I've been taking COMFORT, I've acted like a sponge, absorbing all the good things myself until now somebody has crowded a little too close to me and I must write you a letter.

I enjoy COMFORT so much and our own corner, best of all. Will not describe myself as I hope to fill my space more interestingly. Now a few hints: A teaspoonful of vinegar in a basin of blue rinse water for blue stockings will keep them a nice deep color.

When cooking peas, instead of spending time shelling them, wash and throw in kettle, pods and all, when they are done the pods break and rise to top and are skimmed off, and the peas will have a finer flavor. When your window shades have been better days and show holes, lay on floor and unroll and paint, allowing one side to dry before attempting the other, and they will be as good as new. They may be painted one color on one side and another on the other, thus having them correspond on outside and match paper and draperies inside.

Now I come asking help. I have a "biscuit tufted" couch, upholstered in abraded and where the creases are it is scaling off. Is there anything with which I can go over it and renew it, and also how can I clean abraded? I saw directions once for washing it, but lost them.

I am another fortunate "one having one of the best of Johns," only he is an Orra. I have two babies, a little girl three and one half and a baby boy almost two. The little girl is a natural-born tease, and she teases baby so much that I get almost frantic and no amount of talking or coaxing does any good. How can I teach her to be good? I have tried all methods I know of.

I have stayed so long that I fear Mrs. Wilkinson will say, "never again," so good by.

Would be pleased to receive letters from any of my girlhood friends. Good wishes for all.

Mrs. BESSIE TOMLINSON (nee MOLTON), 1210-17th St., Moline, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Will you let a sister from the Sunny South enter your happy circle for a little while?

Your letters are very interesting and helpful, and Uncle Charlie's criticisms so comical, they are sure to banish the blues.

I deeply sympathize with the poor shut-ins, their lives are indeed lonely, even if they are fortunate enough to be well cared for.

I enjoy the letters describing the country and wish more would write upon this subject. We live near a thriving little town, with one railroad, a good school and several churches.

This is a very good farming country; cotton, corn, potatoes and peanuts are principally grown. The land is mostly owned in small plantations, with negro tenement houses dotted about over the farms. We live at present on a farm, but my husband works in the timber most all the time.

I have a good, kind husband who is all the world to me. He is so good to help me, and always keeps house if I am sick. Some may think me a little selfish, but I feel entirely always with him and do not enjoy going anywhere unless he can go, too. We have two sweet little girls and they are lots of help and company to me. The eldest nearly five years old, tries hard to help about cooking and is anxious to get old enough to go to school. Baby is one and one half years old, real cute, full of mischief, and into everything within her reach. We had to give up one little darling and was so hard. Baby is so much like her that it helps to fill the vacancy.

With God's help I want to rear them up to be good Christians. Nothing is more noble than to see a good Christian, one who is kind and loving, and lived

by all. Teach the boys to shun evil as well as the girls. It is also well for them to learn to do a few things in the house. Teach the girls that honest work is no disgrace. I do not like to have them do heavy work, but think an education very incomplete unless they can do all kinds of housework neat and economically. I know girls who are way up in their teens and know scarcely a thing about sewing, and doubt if they could cook a decent plain meal. Suppose, later in life, they marry a man with a limited income, even if he can hire a cook, the wife should know how to superintend the household. Cooks are sometimes hard to keep and unless the wife can fill the place, the husband soon tires of poorly prepared meals and seeks them elsewhere.

A hungry man cannot live on good looks and Latin phrases. Book knowledge alone is insufficient for the most highly cultured lady.

With best wishes to all the COMFORT sisters,  
Mrs. J. M. SCOTT, Bernice, La.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
I am living out on the plains of Colorado which is a fine climate for sufferers from catarrh and asthma. I and my son have lived on a claim for five years and are going to prove up this fall. Under the laws of this state, everyone open to homestead entry can take a claim of three hundred and twenty acres. If it can be found adjoining. Usually we grow Kafir, cane, milo, maize and broom corn, and while this has been a dry year, we still hope to raise enough fodder to feed our stock.

There are many worse propositions than taking up a government claim in Colorado, especially if one has enough to buy six milk cows, raise lots of chickens, and not build too expensive buildings. A sod house with cemented walls and floor is good enough for a start and one can put up a good-sized one for about fifty dollars, windows, roof and everything included. They make good warm chicken houses too, without cement. Do any of the sisters know that I take all the ashes, either coal, wood, or cow chip, and throw into the chicken houses and nest boxes will keep down the lice and mites better than all the lice killers?

Should be glad to hear from people living in Arkansas or South Missouri.

Your COMFORT sister,  
Mrs. J. DAVIS, Towner, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:  
On this beautiful Sabbath morning, I thought I would enjoy having a chat with the many friends I have made through the dear old COMFORT which I have read a good many years, my mother taking it before me. We all think it a fine paper.

Now dear Mrs. Wilkinson, there are so many who would like a description of this country and as we are truck growers we are most always busy. I will give one through our corner as someone suggested.

Our busiest time is now over for the summer and Mr. Marshall is through marketing melons. They stayed up to a very good price this year. We have realized about one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. We won the first prize at the Victoria Co. contest this year, for which we received a gold watch.

I canned one hundred and sixty-seven quarts of tomatoes this spring. We can them with the home canner. Now for a little description of this country. We have a beautiful, sunbiny and healthy climate. So many ask is it healthy here? I would say far more so than in Ohio. They also ask about the mosquitoes, they are no worse here than anywhere else.

For soil we have from a gray sandy loam to a black silty bog-wallow. Good water can be found at, from forty to seventy feet.

We do not irrigate as we have sufficient rain fall for general crops.

While other people were suffering with heat and failure of crops, we people of Southwest Texas were blessed with pleasant weather and good crops. We had a fine rain recently.

I will close with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,  
Mrs. ALBERT MARSHALL, Victoria, Tex.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
I have been wanting to write to you for quite a while and now I come asking for help.

Can any of you tell me how to clean wall paper? You don't know how much I appreciate your helpful recipes.

I have some pretty embroidery patterns and would be glad to exchange with some of you sisters,  
Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. LULA BECKELMAN, 210 N. Taylor St., Gainesville, Texas.

Mrs. Beckelman. As an experiment you might try cleaning your wall paper with flour bread. Use it fresh, making it into a small ball and use as you would an eraser. In some instances it works satisfactorily.—Ed.

### DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

May I be permitted to join your happy circle? I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and think it is a grand and comforting paper. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters most of all, yet I think the whole paper is fine. When I get tired or lonesome I just sit down and read COMFORT and I feel much better.

We came to Arizona one year ago last April. We have taken up a claim two miles south of town. My husband is a printer and works in town while the children and I work around the ranch. Husband helps around evenings and we are getting along very nicely. We have a nice little garden and one hundred and forty chickens which we have raised the most of this year. We sent away for some little baby chicks and when they arrived we had a pullet one year old that had hatched ten chicks. Well, what do you think, we gave her the lot to take care of; just the small number of sixty-three. They are all just fine and it would amuse you to see all of the little chickens following one hen.

We have a two-roomed frame house which is not very stylish, but does very well till we can build again. We have a good well and our irrigating by burrow pump. This pump is made to attach to the well pump. The burrow is hitched to the wooden pump and travels around in a circle, and it pumps the water to our gardens through a pipe.

Southern Arizona has a fine climate to live in. We came here from Wyoming for our health and we all feel a great deal better. Anything can be grown here if you have water. We had to dig down twenty feet. Of course all wells are not that deep.

Before I close I want to say my heart goes out to all the shut-ins for we, too, have had lots of trouble with sickness and death. I don't worry as I used to; the Lord doesn't want us to worry. Did any sister when in trouble go in some quiet corner and pour out all her troubles to the Lord Jesus? I have many a time and I know He has helped me. I believe if we would live closer to Him we would be helped out of all our troubles for He doesn't want His children to suffer.

I am afraid my letter will catch the waste basket for I am neither a good writer nor composer, even if my husband is a good printer, so Mrs. Wilkinson my letter is not interesting enough to publish. I won't be offended but will try again. Your COMFORT sister,  
Mrs. J. E. HILL, Wickenburg, Arizona.

### Requests

Mrs. A. F. Sutton, Eighty-Four, R. E. 3, Pa., letters from sisters in California where the cost of living is moderate and husband can secure employment.

Mrs. M. I. Clark, Coolidge, Kansas, aged cripple, cheerful letters.

Mrs. F. L. Hepner, Gypsum, R. E. 3, Kans., letters from California sisters.

### Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Perhaps some have the trouble I did, plenty of covers, but no pillows. I filled a pin cushion with "fuzz" from cat tails. Some may laugh but it's the best filling I have ever found, it's cheap and works fine in sofa pillows. Gather the cat tails as soon as frozen in the fall. Make inside cases as you would for feathers. Be careful or you will fill the ticks with fuzz. Use muslin for ticks. Do not get it around the house while filling the ticks.

Mrs. MILDRED HART, Hale, Mo.

To clean aluminum ware take a damp cloth and dip into baking soda, and rub the dish.

Where the run in lace curtains is wide enough, just slip a thimble over the end of brass rod and see how much easier the curtain will go on.

When bread seems inclined to run over in the oven take out and put a strip of muslin about four inches wide around top of pan and onto bread to keep loaf square.

If there is any doubt about your roast of beef being tender, rub with vinegar before placing in oven.

Mrs. GBO. B. VAN TERNEN.

To destroy moths in carpet, bring a coarse crash towel out of a pile of water to which spoonful of turpentine has been added, spread smoothly over carpet and iron dry with hot iron. Go all over carpet. The heat and steam will kill moths and not injure carpet.

MAY SHALER, Clearmont, Mo.

In filling a hot water bottle, fill a little more than half full, and then hold the bottle in such a way that when the top is screwed on the water will come to the neck of the bottle, thus excluding the air and rendering the bottle more pliable. It will also hold the heat longer.—Ed.

I will give a number of things which are recommended as being good to remove ink stains for the benefit of all the COMFORT sisters.

Substances recommended for removing ink from cloth or linen are salts of lemon, cream of tartar, citric acid, oxalic acid, lemon juice, salt, sour milk and borax of lime. The treatment to be employed depends necessarily upon the nature of ink. Ink stains should be treated as quickly as possible, before the ink has had a chance to set. While fresh pour over them a quantity of salt, dry starch, or other absorbent, and brush it away as it absorbs the ink. Then the spots wet, and continue until the ink is removed. Or keep the spots wet with milk, and apply dry salt until the stains come out or wash the stains with sour milk and let soak over night. Or dip the stains alternately in strong bran water and lemon juice until they disappear. Or use equal parts cream of tartar and powdered salt of sorrel (salts of lemon), dissolved in the smallest possible quantity of boiling water and applied hot. Or rinse carefully in clean water and apply oxalic acid. If this produces a red tinge apply diluted aqueous ammonia. Or dip small articles, as lace, handkerchiefs, and the like, in melted tallow and after the stain has disappeared remove the tallow by boiling in hot soap suds. This last is perhaps the simplest and best of all remedies.

To remove iron rust: Use lemon juice, salt and sunshine. Or a strong solution of oxalic acid rubbed in with the fingers. Or equal parts of powdered alum and salt applied dry to the wet fabric.

To remove mildew: Boil in strong borax water.

Mrs. LAURA DAVIS, Florio, Iowa.

### Remedies

FELON OR POISONOUS BITES.—White of an egg, spoonful each of honey, spirits of turpentine and salt. Beat all together, apply and cover with cotton.

Mrs. ELEANOR BICKHEAD, Burnleys, Va.

QUICK MUSTARD PLASTER.—Slice crust from loaf of bread, dip lightly in boiling water, sprinkle with mustard, cover with thin cloth and apply.

Mrs. A. J. GREEN, Moreno, Cal.

ECZEMA.—Salted water applied as warm as can be borne three times a day. I saw this remedy in a paper and it cured my little girl in less than two weeks.

Mrs. HARRY HARVEY, Watseka, R. E. 6, Box 10, Ill.

REMOVE DANDRUFF AND PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING.—One half ounce of sugar of lead, one half ounce of lard of sulphur, four ounces of bay rum, three ounces of glycerine and three glasses of soft water. Shake thoroughly together, apply twice a week with tips of fingers. Massage well.

Mrs. GAO. A. STEAD, Gresham, Colo.

PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS AND ALL INFLAMMATORY CONDITIONS.—Cook a five cent package of hops in just enough water to keep from scorching until tender, add two cupfuls of vinegar and let come to boil. Stir in faxseed meal until it thickens like mush, then add one teaspoonful of mustard for a child, or a table-spoonful for an adult. Spread one inch thick on cheese-cloth, cover well and apply as hot as can be borne. Make large poultices to cover both chest and back. Don't change poultices, for in so doing the air is bound to get in and has often caused fatal results, but keep the poultices hot with hot water bottles for twelve hours or more. If pain is gone. When taken off work under bedding, and place of poultice slip on hot dannel, rub dry gently, then put on a cotton jacket and pick off a little each day until removed.

Mrs. S. L. STILLWELL, 706-12th St., Greeley, Colo.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your names for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 8-months or 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wm. Love's daughter, Mrs. Julia E. Van Curran, East Bethany, N. Y., whose maiden name was Julia E. Love, would like the address of George Sipes or his sister Elvina, formerly of Waupaca, Wis., also that of Harriett Kelley, formerly of Black Rock, near Sackets Harbor, N. Y.

Want to hear from Henry Alfred McKinney, last heard of July 1906, French Camp, Cal. Write Emma Duckett, his sister, or M. J. McKinney, Spring Creek, W. C.

## THIS TAFFETA TRIMMED SKIRT

SEND FOR BIG FREE CATALOG SHOWING LATEST FASHION STYLES

\$2.69  
DELIVERED FREE



No. 571. This popular side plaited skirt is made from our special grade of Danish Panama. Plaits stitched to a stylish point below the hips; box plaited front trimmed with satin buttons. Skirt finished entirely around with a 2 1/2 inch and 1 1/2 inch fold of taffeta silk, headed with braid and two bands of taffeta. Inverted plait in back.

If upon receipt of the skirt you are not pleased with it, send it right back to us and we will promptly refund your money, including postage charges.

Black or navy blue. Lengths, 38 to 44 inches; waistbands, 23 to 30 in. Only regular sizes furnished. Price delivered free...

\$2.69

Our object in advertising above skirt at the low price quoted is to interest every reader of this magazine in our big free catalog, illustrating the latest styles in everything to wear for men, women and children at a saving of one-fourth to one-half in every instance.

Ref: Continental & Comm'l Nat'l Bank, Capital \$20,000,000

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.

INDIANA AVE. & 26th ST.

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### Comfort Postal Requests

#### How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Clara Johnson, Spokane, R. E. 3, Box A, Sta. B., Wash. Miss Sue Hagy, Stevens, Pa. Only scenery wanted, others not answered. Miss Anna L. Brown, Pittsford, N. Y. Miss Elisabeth Jalmeke, 373 Hollman St., Hammond, Ind. Miss Cora M. Russell, 333 Northampton St., Springfield, Mass. Miss Flora Hays, Macomb, E. R. 6, Ill. No comics. A. J. Travis, Poughkeepsie, Box 163, N. Y. Charles S. Clear, 931 Parodrome St., Cincinnati, Mount Adams, Ohio. Rose Brown, 1802 Carson St., Lewiston, Idaho. Miss Minnie Fuller, Phillips, Miss.

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Selling the Victoria Suction Carpet Sweeper

Powerful suction in connection with brush. Adjusts to every floor covering. Easy running. Durable as it sweeps. Established 36 years and now better than ever. Sell itself and makes you independent. Our free advertising cuts your work in half. Write today. Booklet Free.

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\$3 to \$5 a DAY

Selling our guaranteed best quality for men, women and children. Cotton, linen and silk, every style and grade. Every pair must last 4 months without holes or a new pair given free. Sure repeat proposition. Sell 52 weeks in the year. B. T. Tucker sold \$27.84 last month. Don't miss this big chance. Write for terms.

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Largest, most complete and up-to-date catalog of its kind ever published. Over 150 illustrations. Shows our complete line of Ezyset, Tinted and Silk Embroidery Designs, Stamped Linens, Pillow Tops, Battenburg, Braids, Perforated Patterns and Stamping Outlets, Needlework Supplies. Also large assortment of Infants' Wear, Handkerchiefs, Linens, Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, Novelties, etc. Don't miss this FREE offer and write a postal today asking for "CATALOG 11."

FRED HERRSCHNER, 6453 Marshfield Av., Chicago, Ill.

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Get rid of the little tormentors by using a Corn Salve. You never spent 15 cents to better advantage. Easy, safe, quick, sure. At druggists or by mail.

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throughout 15 states; great variety, size and price. Stock and tools included with many to settle estate quickly. Mammoth illustrated catalogue No. 34 free.

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### TRANSFER PICTURES.

You may transfer any picture in any newspaper including colored comic sec., to your postcards, letter heads, envelopes, fancy work, etc., perfectly, by sending 10 cents silver to Transfer Picture Co., 6401 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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14kt gold finished by using a Corn Salve. You never spent 15 cents to better advantage. Easy, safe, quick, sure. At druggists or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

### GOLD shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair

Send for catalog. Agents wanted. Coultier Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

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and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. S. B. ENERT, M. P., CHICAGO, Ill.

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Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We also help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. School Short-Story Writing, Dept. 82, Page Bldg., Chicago.

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Guaranteed for One Year

**25c**

a pair

A QUARTER is enough to pay for suspenders. It is the common-sense price about of "extras" and inflated profits. **UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS** are guaranteed for a year—the strongest assurance of longest wear.

One pair will make you a life wearer. Stretchy webbing—double back cords—reinforced ends—self-adjusting to your every pose and posture. Sent by mail on receipt of a quarter, if your dealer hasn't them.

**UTICA SUSPENDER CO.**  
329 Columbia Street, Utica, N. Y.  
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**Accept this \$25 Suit**

YES, FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our new most remarkable easy money-making offer, with your extra sample suit offer too. Be well dressed, and backed by us in spare time of all time, as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write a postal quick. Our other means

**\$5 Per day easy or \$30 to \$50 a week**

We trust you absolutely. Just show our Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates of latest beautiful styles. Everything sent *Express Prepaid*. Your friends will grab at this chance to get our perfect hand tailored made-to-measure suits, pants or overcoats. They'll save \$3 to \$5. Suits \$8 up. Biggest profit and confidential special inside whole sale prices to you. Fit, workmanship and material guaranteed by Bond. Finest in America for style, looks and wear. Undersell all others.

**SEND NO MONEY** No experience or capital needed. You want this sure. Don't miss it. We want you. We back one man this way to each territory. Get in quick. No risk. We help and show you. Chance of life to get best clothes, make most money. Keep it to yourself. Hurry postal today.

**Great Central Tailoring Co.**  
733 Jackson Blvd.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**AGENTS**

**MEN AND WOMEN. 100 PER CENT. PROFIT**

Something new. Big Seller. Good repeater. No competition. Not sold in stores. Concentrated Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors. Over 50 kinds. Put up in collapsible tubes. Four drops go as far as a teaspoonful of bottle extract. Also Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. Every home a possible customer. Hustlers should make \$8 to \$10 a day. Experience unnecessary. We teach you how to sell. Write today for catalogue, sample case and details of our new selling plan by which Agents write to prospective buyers on them. **A. D. K. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 8221-266 Broadway, New York.**

**FREE You Can Have This Switch FREE**

Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful 22-inch human hair switch to match. If satisfactory send us \$1.50 any time within 10 days, or sell it to your friend for \$1.50 each and get yours absolutely free. Extra shades a little higher. Souvenir catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5c postage. **Marguerite Colly, Dept. 159, 116 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.**

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**AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$300 a Month.**

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Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money-making special offer to agents. Our new self sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. **Novelty Cutlery Co., 75 W. N. CANTON, ILL.**

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Make money selling the \$18.00 Bennett Typewriter. Over 30,000 successful men. Does all the work of \$100.00 typewriter. Simplicity of construction makes low price of \$18.00 possible. The Bennett slips into grip or large pocket. Gives correspondence a business-like appearance. Saves errors, prevents mistakes, gives carbon copies of letters. Write today for catalogue, special offer to agents and details of our new selling plan by which Agents write to prospective buyers on them. **A. D. K. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 8221-266 Broadway, New York.**

**FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN**

We cordially give to BOYS and GIRLS a beautiful American Made stem wind, stainless steel watch, with diamond set case, proper size. **GUARANTEED \$18.00.** Also diamond ring, set with three sparkling stones. Order jewelry today. When sold send \$2 and we will send watch, ring and chain. Fine personal satisfaction. **Dale Watch Co., Dept. 12 Chicago.**

**AGENTS**

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Cloth bound, 50¢  
Song Book, 30¢  
Address, **UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.**

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

used to rid the prairies of coyotes and wolves. Once the stomach gets out of order, it is very hard to get it in working shape again, but after we do get it in operation, if we treat it properly, and don't overwork it, it will usually serve us faithfully. The great thing is to eat only those things one can digest. The stomach's greatest enemy, not only in this country, but abroad, is the frying pan. The frying pan has sent as many people to the grave as the saloon, and by the way it has probably driven more people to drink than any other cause. Men who bolt greasy, fried foods, without masticating them, soon get their stomachs out of gear, and when anything goes wrong with the average man's stomach, he thinks a drink of whiskey is the only thing that will put it right. A man might as well throw hot coals into his stomach, as to throw raw whiskey into it. Dyspepsia, the national disease, is due to errors of diet, caused by the use of fried food, hot bread, ice water, too much tea, cocktails and other liquors, not to mention pie, coffee and bad cooking generally. Bad teeth have a great deal to do with dyspepsia, and too much candy, soda water and other abominations sold at soda fountains, are prolific sources of indigestion. The food that does not digest, lies on the stomach and ferments, and that causes gas, the gas presses up against the heart, disturbing the action of that vital organ, causing one to feel sick and miserable. A man suffering from stomach trouble went to Germany to consult one of the greatest specialists in Europe. The specialist told him, when he was troubled with gas, to lie down first on one side then on the other. This causes the contents of the stomach to roll from side to side, and the gas is usually quickly expelled. This is a simple remedy I use at times, and it is very efficacious. For the stomach to act well, the bowels must be thoroughly evacuated at least once a day. Sometimes the muscular walls of the stomach weaken and lose tone, and it is unable to digest anything, and everything put into it turns to gas. I have had such conditions and have found it impossible to digest even water at such times, though seltzer water (the kind that comes in siphons, charged with gas) is very efficacious in such cases, easy to digest and the best thing to drink. In cases where the stomach refuses to do its duty, take the nux vomica and muric acid before meals, take beef juice, or milk, or seltzer or milk or milk diluted with water, and three times a day after meals take fifteen drops of fluid extract tincture of condurango. This is a very valuable drug, and tones up the walls of the stomach and also the intestines. People troubled with dyspepsia should also keep on hand some tablets consisting of soda, peppermint, pepsin and ammonia. These tablets are very cheap and can be obtained at any drug-store. There is another excellent preparation that is used by good physicians the country over. It is exceedingly valuable for gas and stomach ailments, and consists of paw paw, charcoal and soda. It is wonderfully effective. People suffering from any form of indigestion should first starve, then carefully diet, taking such light nourishment as soft boiled eggs, toast, stale bread, or a lamb chop. Dyspeptics should never eat salt meat or fish, pork in any form, lobster, salmon, cucumber, beets, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, radishes, pickles, candy, pastry, cake, ice cream, fat greasy soups, strawberries, bananas, tea, coffee, beer and liquors. Never touch hot pancakes or hot bread. Now, my dear friend, I hope that what I have written may help you. I have not answered your letter directly, and I have not written you personally, as it is a physical impossibility for me to write personal letters. By replying to you publicly, I may be able to help thousands instead of one. You ask me what I live on. Up to a year ago I could eat almost anything, except pork, veal and other indigestible meats and vegetables. For the last year, however, my diet has consisted of the following things: For breakfast, milk, toast and two boiled eggs, the same for supper; for dinner a lamb chop or a tiny bit of steak, or a cut from a roast if we happen to have one. Usually, however, I stick to the chop, and follow that with either a custard or a corn starch pudding, and a little stewed fruit. This diet gets kind of tiresome at times, but it is a great deal better to diet than to suffer, and if one diets carefully, not for a week or a month, but for many months, the most obstinate forms of stomach trouble will be eventually overcome, except where there is cancer of the stomach or acute catarrh, or the body is so run down from disease that it has no recuperative powers. The things I have advised you and others to try were all prescribed for me by one of the most eminent physicians in New York.

**DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:**

I come to you for assistance. I am a poor little helpless cripple. I have been lying helpless, confined to bed for forty years with rheumatism. My father and mother are both dead and I am left helpless and without means.

Uncle Charlie, please make an appeal for me to *COMFORT* readers. Do what you can for me. Any help sent me will be greatly appreciated. I sent you a written reference of my condition some time ago, from my postmaster. I was taken with rheumatism at ten years of age. I have been in bed since 1871. I have no home of my own. I have to depend on others for all I need.

Best St. Luke Chapter ten. May God bless you all, and keep you from ever being afflicted as I have been, and having to depend on others. I have suffered all my life.

Christ said: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Jesus is a friend to all.

I hope all *COMFORT* readers will visit me by letter. Your crippled friend,

**ISAAC PRICE.**

Isaac is now fifty years of age, and forty years of the time he has been entirely helpless, the victim of that terrible disease, rheumatism. If we only had a department of health and education pamphlets would be sent from Washington, giving the very latest information to all interested about this and other terrible diseases. The people would be instructed how to avoid this terrible scourge, and the best way to get rid of it when afflicted. Poor needy souls would not be the prey of quacks, fakes, frauds, charlatans and incompetent medical men. You may scarcely believe it but many of the physicians who testify as to the physical condition of those shut-ins who appeal to us for help, are unable to spell "invalid," "inval," and "invalid," and every other way but the right way. The country doctor seems to have a bad spell. Many spell the simplest words incorrectly. If their medical knowledge is no better than their spelling it is pretty tough for such of our citizens as have to trust their lives to men who are unable to spell some of the simplest words in our language. If we had a department of human health, as we have a department of animal and hog health, thousands who now go to the grave yearly, and thousands more who become chronic invalids, would be leading useful and happy lives, instead of decorating graveyards, or suffering miserably as poor Isaac Price is suffering. A lot of idiots are fighting, and doing all they can to prevent the establishment of a national health department in Washington. They want hogs looked after, but they don't want human beings taken care of. My idea about all reforms (including reciprocity with Canada) is this: Inaugurate your reform. Get it working, then if it has any faults or bad points, eliminate them. Keep the good, and cut out the bad. Give every proposition that looks good a fair trial. Nearly all reforms hurt someone for a little while, but these things quickly adjust themselves, and eventually help the world forward. The railroads hurt the stage coach, the bicycle hurt the railroads, the automobile has knocked the stuffing out of the bicycle and railroad, and the flying machine will probably put the kibosh on the automobile. Shall we abolish the flying machine, automobile, bicycle and railroad, and go back to the stage coach? I guess

## A Personal Word

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A large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Seat is large and roomy, upholstered with high-grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs and beautifully tufted edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Not. Let us go forward. Let us have a federal health department, then human beings will receive as much attention from our government as cattle do now. A federal health department would at once investigate and attempt to combat this terrible scourge of rheumatism, which ties thousands of poor souls into knots, and makes them helpless sufferers for life. The condition of our incurable sufferers would be brought to the notice of Congress, and some steps would then be taken to provide for and pension them. Think of what Isaac Price has had to endure for forty years, and hundreds more are in an exactly similar condition. The picture I have of him lying helpless would melt a heart of stone. He is a man of fine character, a patient, Christian soul, highly recommended by all who know him. I wish you would send him sufficient help to keep him in comfort for at least a year. He has never had a letter published in our columns, and he seldom asks me for aid, though he needs it sorely. It takes so little to make those poor souls happy. How Isaac has lived for the last forty years, God only knows, I don't. I have tried to do what I could in the last few years to brighten his life. He has waited patiently for a long time to have a letter printed in these columns, and I hope you will reward him for his patience, and flood his dark life of suffering with the golden stream of financial sunshine, the only sunshine that seems to do any good in this hard, cold, dollar civilization of ours.

## League Sunshine and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. William Callahan, Williamstown, Mo. This poor old soul is bedridden and quite helpless. Any help sent her will be appreciated. She is very worthy. Mary Ellen Willis, Barnesville, R. R. 3, Ga. Helpless invalid. Grateful for any help.

Miss S. M. Tompkins, 442 Lake View Ave., San Francisco, Cal. Worthy invalid. Sick and needy. Grateful for any help. Send her cheery letters, and put something worth while inside them.

James Wortham, Higdon, Ark. Helpless invalid. Grateful for any help. Needs clothing.

Mr. C. B. Williamson, Winston, B. R. 1, Ga. Young man, helpless with rheumatism for two years. Has wife and three children. Sad case. Finest references. Do your best for them. W. R. Green, Ravenscroft, Tenn. Has consumption. Too sick to work. Seven in this family, and three are sick. A daughter confined to bed for six months must undergo an operation. Money and clothing needed badly. Help all you can. Elias H. Tresser (53), Hartsville, Mo. Poor, sick and blind. Sad case. Whom will help this poor soul? Finest references. Homer Minor (14), Floydada, Box 113, Tex. Helpless invalid. Pott's disease. Wants story books, games and a few dimes to brighten his life of suffering. Well recommended. Daisy G. Decker, Coles Valley, Oregon. Invalid for years. Send her cheery letters, and anything that will brighten her lot. Mrs. R. K. Martin, Ogresta, N. C. Invalid for ten years. Would like cheery letters. Le Roy W. Prettyman (25), Wilmington, 709 W. 8th St., Del. Invalid. Wants letters and cards. Fine reference. Mrs. Libbie D. Lowry, St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, Mich. Helpless invalid for many years. Refined and educated. Write her cheery letters. Mrs. Mary A. Earls, Criss, Va. Shut-in; poor and needy. Grateful for any help. Vernon S. Stephens (26), Versailles, Ind. Invalid twenty-five years. Would like cheery letters, postals and good reading. Rebecca Pennington, 618 E. Winchester Ave., Ashland, Ky. Orphan, unable to work. Invalid. Supports herself by selling satin ribbon bookmarks, twenty-five cents. Highly recommended. Edward L. Potts, McCreary, Ala. Helpless invalid. Send him cheery letters, etc. Mary Gibbs (75), Uree, N. C. Invalid. Poor and needy, grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Mrs. Berta H. Young, Pamphla City, Va. Has been in poor health five years, and quite sick for some months. Mr. Young, who only earns a dollar a day has had to stay home from work to nurse his wife.

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There are three children, girls ten, eight and three years of age. Send clothing and anything else that will be helpful to a needy family. Guy Westbrook (29), St. John's, B. R. 3, Mich. Invalid. Grateful for any remembrance. James F. Baxer, Nelsonville, Ky. Helpless invalid for ten years. Parents very old and feeble. Poor and needy. Grateful for any help. Spencer Holder (37), Quebec, Tenn. Helpless, bedridden invalid. Incurable. Has wife and four young children. Sad case. Highly recommended. Help them please. Frank G. Lenz, Salina, Kans. Shut-in. Send him cheery letters and put something inside them. Tavi W. Collum, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Ark. Helpless invalid. Grateful for cheery letters, quilt scraps and any remembrance. Sarah M. Howell (56), Gainesboro, Tenn. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Grateful for any help.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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# H A N D A N D E Y E

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Among the early settlers of Nebraska were Dan McKay, his wife, two daughters, Sallie and Belle, and one son Bob, the other son having been killed by the Osage Indians, who still menaced the pioneers. Brook Lewis, one of the most promising of the young frontiersmen, was always welcome at the McKay home, and especially so with Belle, until a quarrel between him and Joe Hopper, who was a distant relative of the McKays, and was engaged to marry Sallie, set the family against Lewis and resulted in Dan McKay threatening to shoot him if he ever crossed his threshold. The Thanksgiving turkey shoot brought together most of the men in the settlement. Brook Lewis was one of the best marksmen, but just as he was about to shoot someone remarked the arrival of Dan McKay and Joe Hopper, which caused him to miss his aim. Hopper claimed the next shot and killed his bird. Lewis stepped up and raised his rifle as though to take a try at another turkey, but as his shot rang out it was echoed by an Indian death scream from the bushes beyond, and Lewis exclaimed as he dashed forward among the trees followed closely by Joe Hopper, "That's a mark that I never missed yet, and I'm going to see if there are any more in the brush." At the edge of the woods they found the corpse of the Osage that Lewis had shot and in a hand-to-hand fight they killed two more Indians. The woods were full of Indians in their war paint, and as Dan McKay called the men together to repel the attack of the savages Lewis had disappeared. With rifle and tomahawk taken from his vanquished foe Lewis stealthily followed three Indians through the woods to where he sees them enter a cavern the other end of which opens on the hillside near the McKay home. One of the Indians came back, and as he put his head out of the cavern Lewis left his rifle with a single blow of the tomahawk and the red man died without a sound. Unobserved by the other two Indians, Lewis followed them through the dark underground passage and reached the farther opening just in time to see them spring out at the two McKay girls who were at the nearby well. Lewis shot one dead and grappled with the other savage just as the latter seized Belle by her curly hair and raised his long knife to kill her. In the fierce struggle which ensued both went down together, but the Indian was on top, and as if to give him further encouragement to press his advantage the Osage war-whoop rang from the near-by woods which seemed suddenly to become alive with fierce, fantastic forms, for the savages had counted on a complete surprise and an easy butchery at the McKay homestead, while its defenders were absent at the turkey-shoot.

## CHAPTER III.

**B**ROOK LEWIS fought desperately, but the Osage was on top, and it might have gone hard with the heroic white man but for the quick inspiration which had flashed upon the mind of Belle McKay. Not that the border beauty had caught up knife or axe, but the rude oaken bucket she had brought with her to the well was suddenly jammed down, mouth first, upon the painted head, down to the very shoulders that bore it.

"Ridiculous?" Assuredly, but a more awfully complete extinguisher was never clapped on the valor and prowess of any wrestling redskin. Darkened, astonished, bewildered, the unlucky brave let go of his antagonist, and grappled with both hands at the bucket.

That was more than enough for the lightning sinners of Brook Lewis, and the long hunting-knife went "clean home" through the painted "totem" on the breast of the warrior.

Brook was on his feet in an instant, and shouted:

"The house! Run for the house; there's more of 'em coming! The woods are full of 'em!"

And even as he said it, the Indians dashed toward them from the woods.

The war-whoops and the rifle-shot reached the ears of Bob McKay and were enough to warn him to drop his "chores" at the stockyard and run for the house.

Sallie darted instantly away; but a strange trembling had seized the limbs of Belle, as she realized the consequences of her exploit with the bucket, and comprehended the extent of the now coming peril.

"Oh, run, Brook, run!" she exclaimed, as she tottered forward.

Fainting was an accomplishment but little known on the border, yet Belle would certainly have fallen but for a pair of strong arms that just then swept around her, and, instead, she was lifted up and borne swiftly on by the very man whom she and Sallie had talked of hating so few short minutes before. She thought of that, too, and was silent for very shame.

Poor Mrs. McKay was standing in the open door, with her motherly arms outstretched, screaming for her darlings to hurry in, and it seemed just the thing to Brook Lewis that he should put his burden down within those very arms.

"Oh, come in, Brook, come in!" exclaimed the good old lady.

"No, indeed," quickly, but not unkindly, responded the young hunter; "I've been forbidden to cross that threshold, and I don't mean to. I'll do my fighting outside here."

Just then Bob McKay sprang past him into the house, shouting:

"Fend 'em, off, Brook, till I git the guns loaded. Here, gals, pitch in and help, for we'll need every barrel we've got."

There was no lack of firearms in a house like that, rifles and double-barreled deer-guns, made to carry "a grist of buckshot," and the women could load them almost as well as the men. Two or three happened, luckily enough, to be ready for immediate use, and were quickly brought forward to where Mrs. McKay still pleaded with the sore-hearted pride of Brook Lewis.

As for the Osages, the unexpected aspect of affairs had momentarily checked their forward rush, for their intended surprise had missed fire rather badly. Moreover, the threatening muzzle of Brook's rifle was evidently searching for a mark, and they knew very well what that meant. Such of them as had guns of any sort were fruitlessly blazing away, to be sure, but none of them seemed to carry far or straight enough.

Such a state of things could not long continue, however, and in a minute or so more the redskins gathered courage from their numbers, and with a terrific chorus of yells and war-whoops, dashed forward all together, heedless of the unerring missiles that dropped the foremost of them in their tracks.

"Back, Brook, and we'll give it to 'em through the windows," shouted young Bob, as he poured a handful of shot into his father's favorite double-barrel, but the tall form stood motionless before the door.

"Oh, Belle, he will be killed, and Joe would never forgive me," exclaimed Sallie, but her sister's face had been changing white and red by turns ever since she had been brought in, nor had she spoken a single word until now.

Nor was it so much what she said, even now, as what she did, for she sprang to her feet and out through the door, and Brook Lewis felt all the pride squeezed out of him by the pair of plump, soft arms that wound around his waist and strove to drag him from his post of needless danger.

"If they hit me, Brook, it is all your own fault," murmured Belle, and she could feel him shudder all over as she said it.

In spite of himself, therefore, Brook Lewis did cross the forbidden threshold, and the heavy, iron-bound oaken door was closed and barred behind him. Nor was there any time for Belle to blush or Sallie to look offended, for old Dan McKay's forethought had included such a possibility as this, and there were enough of holes in the log-built walls that needed only to be unplugged for a gunbarrel to look out through them.

## Or, The Forbidden Threshold

By William S. Birge, M. D.

The door, too, had been shut only just in time, and while Brook and Bob were blazing away at every chance they got, the savage warriors were howling all around the house, seeking a place to break in, yet dreading to make trial of the windows in the face of such a strong probability of buckshot.

Nevertheless, two men could not be everywhere at once, and before many minutes there came a crash at the end which had been partitioned off for "the girls' room," and the three women shrieked despairingly in chorus as Bob exclaimed:

"There they come! We're in for it now!"

True enough, the first who entered were pretty badly riddled, but there were more to follow, and it looked like a very doubtful piece of business. And some did come, but just when even the brave heart of Brook Lewis began to sink within him, his ears caught the sound of shots and cheers that came through all the yelling and tumult around him.

"Hurrah, Bob! They've come this way from the turkey-shoot!"

Bob was fighting gallantly, and, young as he was, he was tough and tall and active—a most valuable assistant to a man like Brook Lewis. The latter, however, seemed somehow multiplied, with such a terrific activity and strength did he seem to cover the whole room at once, striking, parrying, less careful of himself than of the covering and terror-stricken women.

"The door, Belle—open the door!" he shouted.

"I can manage these three, but there's help coming."

Not Belle only, but Sallie and her mother, sprang to lift the bars and draw the bolts, and it was a heroic thing to do, for the sounds of combat outside were of an awfully mingled character. And Brook and Bob were getting short of breath, not to speak of cuts and bruises, but, as the door swung back upon its hinges, the voice of old Dan McKay was heard, shouting:

"Charge right in, boys! It's our only show—right in!"

In a moment more, instead of two defenders, the house had more than a dozen, and the door was shut again, while the one Indian who failed in his leap out through the window was thrown out afterward by Joe Hopper.

"Brook Lewis!" exclaimed old Dan, "how did you git here?"

The fire rose quickly in the young man's eyes as he responded:

"Never you mind how I came here, 'twasn't any wish or will of mine, and I didn't come to stay. I reckon I'll go now. I ain't needed and Belle and Sallie are safe."

"You'll go, will ye?" shouted Joe Hopper, as Sallie clung around his neck and hurriedly told him what Brook had been doing. "You will? Well, now, I'd like to see ye—"

But Belle McKay, as if in fear that Brook would indeed put his angry resolve into immediate execution, crept shyly closer and murmured:

"Don't, Brook—don't! I pulled you in, and I mean to keep you here. You will stay, won't you?"

The renewed yells of the savages outside seemed an all-sufficient answer, but old Dan added, as he struck his rifle out at a loophole:

"Shut up yer nonsense, Brook; you've saved every scalp here, for we'd a hard enough fight to git yer; and if we'd found the house gone, we'd just been wiped out. Now, boys, let 'em have it!"

The Osages, indeed, very speedily learned the difference between two men only and such a garrison as the log-house now contained. It was a very good fort with so many in it, and the baffled redskins were compelled to draw off to the shelter of the forest. It had hardly been a profitable day for them, although they had won several scalps from among the men at the turkey-shoot; for everyone of them had been purchased at a terrible outlay of redskin life. They had staked everything on the success of their "surprise," and the keen eyes and quick sagacity of Brook Lewis, no less than his pluck and prowess afterward, had utterly defeated them. Even the horses and cattle at the stock-yard had taken advantage of the open "bars" and the tumult to stampede themselves far and wide through the woods. It was all very well to talk of setting fire to the house, but who was likely to get near enough," said Joe Hopper.

"They will burn the ricks and the barns safe enough," said Joe Hopper.

"But they'll wait for night to do it in," growled Dan McKay. "We ain't done with 'em yet, sure's you live, and it's going to be a dark night, too."

The short winter day was indeed fast drawing to a close, and whatever trial was yet to come could not long be delayed; but there was one man among the defenders of the house who had as yet maintained an obstinate silence, in

spite of more than a few efforts at conciliation. That he had been thinking hard, however, was proved at last, for Brook Lewis broke in upon the doubtful counsels with:

"Dan McKay, you and three of the men, with Bob, stay and hold the house. I want all the rest."

"What for?" hesitated Dan.

"Why, if they only dare to follow me, I'll save the whole crowd!"

"Dare!" exclaimed several voices at once.

It was a big word to use to frontiersmen, but Brook Lewis was a man they all trusted, and Sallie had all she could do to keep Joe Hopper from going with the very man he hated, small as was the explanation he gave of his plan.

At all events, the moment it seemed to Brook dark enough for safety, he made the eight strong fellows who followed him, creep after him, flat along the ground to the "well," and on into the chasm. Here he paused long enough to explain his exploit of the morning, to the general admiration, but a little further on the adventurous squad barely escaped a catastrophe.

So many coming and going, such groping and feeling and stumbling, had completed the dislodgment of a loose mass of rock, and hardly had the last man crept from under it before it fell with a low, dull thump and shock, and Brook exclaimed:

"We're in for it now, boys! That won't be any coming back this way."

The announcement made more than one heart beat quick and hard; but in a few minutes more they were all safely out above the ledge.

And now, indeed, a surprise was in waiting, for, as they lingered a moment in breathless silence, they could hear the "crunching" sound of approaching feet upon the frosty leaves and the snow.

"Hist, boys! Cover and keep still!" whispered their leader, and the brave borderers hardly drew their breaths while a long file of Osage warriors went swiftly past them into the very thicket out of which they themselves had come, and close behind the last in the line was what seemed the shadow of Brook Lewis. And then slowly they heard him call to them in low, clear tones:

"Come and help me, boys. We've got 'em now. Fifteen of 'em."

Never was there such a trap in any warfare, civilized or savage; for, since the chasm was now closed below, it only remained to heave some rocks and logs upon the upper entrance to make sure that no Osage would get out in time for any mischief that night.

"Now, boys, quick time around through the woods to the east of the house. That's no time to lose or these fellows wouldn't be here."

Swiftly and silently the stout-hearted settlers followed their young leader, with already multiplied confidence in his capacity, and a few minutes, comparatively, brought them to where from behind a bush-and-vine tangled rail-fence, they could peer out into the shadows beyond, within a hundred yards of the house.

It was almost a wonder that such a post could have been left unoccupied; but it was on the side opposite the stock-yard and barns, and Brook had his own notions of what was coming. Whether or not he had calculated rightly, it was evident that the Osages were in motion.

"Don't you understand it now, boys?" exclaimed Brook. "If you don't, I do. They've loaded the three big sleighs with hay, and are showing them up to the house to burn it. They're safe enough behind, so far as any shooting from the house can hurt 'em."

"The fools are setting it on fire already," muttered one of the men. "That'll be light enough to draw a bead by pretty quick."

It was even so, and the redskins had made that very blunder, not dreaming of any such thing as a cross-fire, and they had indeed but a few rods further to shove their masses of now blazing material. No doubt, too, they were in expectation that the braves who had been sent through the chasm would by this time be doing their part of what might have been a very thorough bit of savage strategy.

Just now, however, as the luckless redskins clustered like bees behind what was to them a moving fort as well as battery, so to speak, there swept in on them, at a signal from Brook Lewis, such a searching volley of ball and buckshot from behind the fence, as not only upset several of their best braves, but convinced them that, somehow or other, a reinforcement of settlers had arrived to the rescue of the McKays and their friends, and, with one panic-stricken yell of rage and disappointment, they broke and fled to the nearest timber, not stopping in the edge of it, but disappearing entirely in the sheltering darkness beyond.

The white men, in and out of the house, felt that the danger was over, but Brook Lewis had yet a use to make of some of that hay. He gave a few rapid orders to some of his friends, a forkful or so of the hay was pitched over the well into the mouth of the chasm, and Brook followed swiftly over the ledge to see the result of his experiment.

There could be only one, by any possibility, for the caged Osages had already ascertained the completeness of the trap into which they had fallen, and had struggled madly with the rocks that corked them in at the upper entrance.

When, therefore, the latter were slowly lifted from over their heads, and at the same moment the stifling fumes of the burning hay came pouring through the chasm, the half-strangled redskins gave it up as a bad job, and were bound one by one, as they bawled through the hole. One or two that attempted some show of fight were quietly knocked on the head, but the rest were thoroughly satisfied without that.

This curious piece of business properly attended, Brook, or "Captain" Lewis, as his admiring followers were beginning to call him, hurried back to finish up matters at the house.

Dan McKay and Joe Hopper had managed to save the two outside sleighs, but the one in the center was smoldering away under the smoking, blazing, glowing mass of hay. The Osages had even gone off, in their hurry, without setting the barns and ricks on fire, and so far as the McKays were concerned, the damage done by that Indian raid was hardly worth speaking about.

"I reckon we can bring the whole tribe to terms, Brook," said old Dan, "now we've got so many prisoners."

"I reckon so," returned Brook, with less of surliness than he had shown before. But Dan went on:

"I suppose you won't be mean enough to say anything about by-gones, considering how much we all owe you just now? You'll come in, won't ye?"

Brook's handsome head was beginning to move in a half-negative way, when Joe Hopper burst in, with:

"He's got to come, if I capture and carry him in, but that ain't the best way. Sallie, you ask him. I don't believe he bears any malice agin you."

"No more he does!" exclaimed Sallie; "it wasn't my quarrel; but I ain't the one to ask him in."

Whether or not Brook Lewis would have made any reply, would be hard to tell, but just then the dull light of the smoldering fire fell on the gray head of Mother McKay as she grasped the young hunter's arm in both her hands and not heard. Not only they did not hear, but by some strong instinct, none of them followed as the old lady led him away.

Over the forbidden threshold and straight into the house he had so well defended to where the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

## San Diego Celebrates Breaking Ground for the Great Panama California Exposition



QUEEN HELENE AND HER COURT IN THE FLORAL PAGEANT

In a setting designed by nature as a natural amphitheater, San Diego has just finished a four day celebration in honor of the occasion of breaking ground for the Panama California Exposition, to be held in that city during the entire year 1915.

The celebration opened with the performance of a mass about three miles from the spot where Father Junipera Serra performed the same mass July 16, 142 years ago when he founded the first permanent evidence of civilization in what is now California.

On the same spot, which is about one mile from the place where Juan Cabrillo beached his caravels in the quiet waters of the harbor in 1542 the first spadeful of earth for the exposition was turned by the Honorable John Barrett, who was sent out by President Taft as his personal representative for this occasion. At the moment this action was made the flag of the President, of the United States and of each of the countries between the Rio Grand and the Straits of Magellan were flung to the breeze, following the pressing of a key in the White House by President Taft.

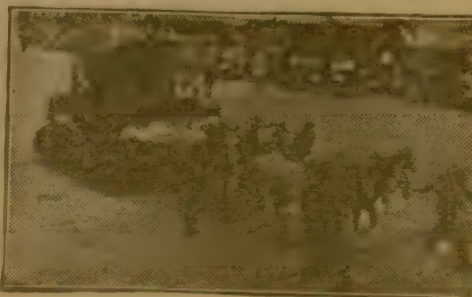
The next day was given over to a floral pageant managed entirely by the women of San Diego. The third day to the Industrial Arts and Crafts and the fourth to the now famous Mission pageant, in which was shown a replica of each of the 21 missions of California. During the progress of this pageant there was not a single hand clap, no bands and nothing but the beautiful impressive and stately progress of the pageant. This pageant will be repeated annually at San Diego.

The city of San Diego has awakened to her possibilities and is preparing for the most beautiful and spectacular exposition ever seen. There will be no effort to make it a commercial World's Fair. It is to be unique and is to appeal to sentiment.

An especial invitation is to be extended to the republics of Central and South America to participate in this exposition and Brazil and Guatemala already have accepted tentative plans so to do.

Olmsted Brothers, of Boston, are at work on Balboa Park, a 1400 acre tract in the heart of San Diego where the exposition is to be built.

Bertram C. Goodhue, one of the foremost architects of the world and an authority on the four days just past, and but one accident of a serious nature resulted. Rest rooms and perfect organization of official details made it possible for women and children to see the entire celebration with the maximum of comfort and minimum of danger and fatigue. The rest rooms were in charge of the Women's Auxiliary, who organized their forces and kept open house during the entire week.



SUFFRAGIST FLOAT

## RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

entering the parlor they found Edmund Carpenter and Mrs. Gordon there, engaged evidently in a confidential conversation.

Mr. Carpenter, however, arose with alacrity and greeted his relative with great apparent cordiality—inquired after his wife, his coal mines, and would have made himself very sociable indeed.

But Mr. Ruggles was altogether too outspoken and straightforward to endure that kind of talk long, when his heart was burning with indignation for Walter's wrongs, and he immediately tackled his half-nephew upon the subject in a way to make the young man feel that he might become an antagonist who was likely to make his plans somewhat difficult to carry out.

"So you had Walter taken up for stealing Mrs. Gordon's trinkets and money, eh?" Mr. Ruggles began, by way of opening his battery, while his small, keen eyes searched Edmund Carpenter's face eagerly.

"How could I do otherwise?" he demanded, flushing angrily at the attack. "We tried every means that we could think of first to discover the man, and no clue could be obtained, while surely his sleeping here that night and going away so stealthily before light in the morning looked extremely suspicious."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Carpenter," Ruby interposed, with dignity. "Mr. Richardson did not leave 'stealthily,' he told both Mrs. Coxon and me that he should be obliged to go away very early in order to catch his train."

"It was a mean thing to do, Edmund, when you've known for a fact that there wasn't an honest lad in the State. In fact you have treated the boy very shabbily ever since your father died, and I believe a day of reckoning will yet come for you."

"What am I to understand by that?" demanded Mr. Carpenter, frowning darkly.

"Your own conscience ought to answer that question better than I can," replied Mr. Ruggles, gravely. "I would like to ask if you expect to prove this theft against Walter, or whether you have only had him arrested to vent your spleen against him and make him a mark for public scandal?"

"That's a sensible question surely for a man of your years," retorted Mr. Carpenter, with a contemptuous laugh. "However, I shall simply say that that remains to be seen."

"Well, I can tell you that there shall be no stone left unturned to save the boy. I know he is innocent. You know it, too; and if there is any way of unearthing the plot that I am pretty sure you've laid for him, you may be pretty sure it'll be done."

Having delivered himself of these energetic remarks, Mr. Ruggles turned and left the room, followed by Ruby, his desire for rest having evaporated with his indignation.

"I guess I'd better clear out now," he said, wiping the perspiration from his flushed face. "If I should stay much longer I'm afraid I should let out more'n would be good for any of us. I shan't go back home, though, for two or three days, and I'll see you again before then."

Ruby accompanied him to the door, where she shook hands with him and bade him "good-night," and then she sped up-stairs to her own room.

She sat down by an open window to calm herself, for she was fearfully excited, and every pulse was throbbing painfully.

But the night was very warm, and she could not seem to breathe, while she was so nervous that she felt as if she could not keep still; as if she must get out of that hated house and away from the sound of those murmuring voices below, which, to her excited imagination, seemed to be plotting still further mischief against her.

She started up at last, and, throwing a long dark circular around her to protect her from the dew, she stole softly down the back stairway, out of a side door into the grounds.

The night was very dark and still. It was one of those evenings in midsummer when one feels almost awed by the oppressive gloom, and sultriness, and silence.

The young girl wandered aimlessly about for a while until she began to get weary, yet was still unwilling to go in, and finally sat down upon a rustic seat that had been built around a mammoth oak that stood about halfway down the avenue.

She must have sat there nearly a half-hour, when she heard voices and steps coming toward her from the direction of the house.

She slid around behind the tree, sinking close to the huge trunk, and wrapping her dark circular tightly about her, hoping thus to escape observation, for she had recognized the voices as belonging to Mrs. Gordon and Edmund Carpenter, and she had no desire to encounter either of them again that evening.

Nearer and nearer they came, and to her dismay, finally stopped directly under the shadow of the very tree where she was sitting, and not six feet from her.

To increase her fear, Edmund Carpenter threw himself upon the seat, and now only the trunk of the tree was between them.

"That old fool thought I was going to expose my hand, I suppose," he sneered; "but he'll find out that it will take more money than he has, or than he will ever be able to have, to get that young beggar out of the clutches of the law. He will go to State prison in spite of fate, for—diamonds will be found upon his person, and that will be proof positive of his guilt."

"That will ruin him, of course," said Mrs. Gordon, although she uttered a sigh as she spoke; "but, maybe, they will discover them before the trial."

"I do not believe that. Of course, suspecting as they do that it is a plot, they must have searched everything long before this, and if they found anything, we should doubtless have heard from them; they would wish to temporize and have the suit withdrawn. I made thorough work of my business, I can assure you, only Conant was too quick for us in one thing. He secured the suit that Walter wore that night, and it is going to be rather ticklish business getting hold of it again without exciting their suspicions."

"It will break Ruby's heart if they prove him guilty," said Mrs. Gordon, in a low tone that had something of fear and regret in it.

"Hearts don't break so easily," her companion retorted; "but I hope she does not play the faithful heroine—wait until he serves his sentence out and then marry him."

"She will not. She would never marry anyone whom she believed dishonorable."

"Then you begin to fear my cause is rather unpromising?" said Mr. Carpenter, moodily.

"I am—afraid so. She believes the very worst of you evidently."

"We shall see!" retorted the man, between his teeth, and Ruby caught her breath at his tone, though she never stirred, but listened with all her powers, hoping to learn more of the plot that had been contrived to ruin her lover.

She had already learned enough, she believed, to save him; but, oh, if she could only gain something more tangible to help her to bring the author of it to justice!

"You will hold on to that bill," he continued, after a pause. "Of course it will not do to use it at present, since you gave the number of it to the detective. I didn't suspect you were clever enough to do that."

"I always take the number of large bills like that, unless I am going to use them immediately. But I shall never dare to spend this one now. I wish you had never given it back to me," said Mrs. Gordon, in a troubled tone.

"Oh that will be all right; keep it until you go out of the state some time, and then it will be easy enough to get rid of it. I'm only sorry I couldn't trick it out to him somewhere that night, but it was very late before I got around, and there was no time to make a neat job of it, so I had to keep it. But they will take it for granted, when they find the diamonds, that he stole the money too."

"I hope nothing will happen to the stones. My husband gave them to me on my birthday, and they are very valuable besides," remarked Mrs. Gordon, anxiously.

"They are so," coughed a tailor couldn't have made a neater job than I did, and the beggar might wear them about for months with perfect safety, and never suspect he had them on." And the man chuckled villainously over his cleverness.

"You might at least have given me another bill and kept the one you took yourself," remarked Mrs. Gordon, in an unsatisfied tone.

"Well, I might, but it did not occur to me. However, you can send it to me by mail tomorrow, and I will return you a check for the amount," Edmund Carpenter replied, obligingly.

"I wish you had not told me anything about it," his companion continued. "I would rather have lost the money. I feel almost as giddy as if I had stolen something myself."

"You do not suppose I am so green as to imagine you did not suspect there was some trickery about the affair?" was Mr. Carpenter's sarcastic rejoinder.

"Well, of course, I thought of it, but I would rather not have known. I do not see how you managed to get into my room without disturbing me."

"That was easy enough. The French window that opens out upon the balcony was not fastened. Your bureau was so near it, it was no effort to step in, open the drawer and help myself to what I wanted, and then crawl down the lattice the same way I came up. Had I known that your door was unlocked, I could have made easier work of it, but I feared to arouse you by passing through."

"You might as well have asked me for the stones and money outright, without taking all that trouble, as to make me an unwilling accomplice at this late day, by telling me all about it."

"I thought you were as anxious to get this young beggar out of the way as I am," retorted Edmund Carpenter, angrily.

"I am. I don't want Ruby to marry him, and was willing to do all I could to help on your cause, but I do not like the idea of committing crime to accomplish it."

Mr. Carpenter swore an angry oath.

"You are very squeamish all at once, it appears to me," he said, "and I was a precious fool to tell you anything about it; but that old man exasperated me so tonight that I ripped it out before I thought. I hope you don't intend to turn State evidence," he concluded, with some anxiety.

"You need not fear," Mrs. Gordon returned, coldly. "torture would not draw the confession from me; still I am very uncomfortable in possessing the knowledge."

"Then we are all right. I'd do the same thing again to get rid of that fool, who has been an eyesore to me all my life. I warned him

he would come to harm if he didn't keep out of my path. I believe I should have had clear sailing with Ruby but for him."

Ruby, in her place of concealment, was growing very nervous as she listened to all this, and her small hands were so tightly clenched in trying to control her shaking limbs and almost chattering teeth, that it seemed as if they would never open again, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that she finally heard Edmund Carpenter rise from his seat, and say:

"Well, it is time I was on my way to the city. I wish I hadn't let the cat out. Estelle, since you feel it so keenly, but I'll make it as easy for you at the trial as I can."

Mrs. Gordon shivered. The thought of going before a court of justice to testify against the young man whom hitherto she had been so eager to ruin, had now become a torture to her.

"Shall I accompany you back to the house?" her companion asked, as she stood irresolute.

"No, I will walk a little farther down the avenue with you—I do not feel like going in just yet," she answered.

The two turned away and passed on toward the great gate, while Ruby, as soon as she dared to do so, sped, light as a fairy, over the velvet turf back to the house, sprang up the stairs, to her room, and was apparently sleeping the sleep of the innocent, when, fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Gordon stopped to listen an instant at her door before passing on to her own chamber.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## ANOTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

There was not much restful sleep for Ruby that night. She lay thinking, and trying to decide what course she ought to pursue, all through the long, weary hours which seemed as if they would never end and bring the welcome dawn.

She wondered if it would do to go to Estelle, tell her what she had overheard, demand that she confess the plot, and exonerate Walter.

Then she remembered what she had told Edmund Carpenter, that "torture would not draw the confession from her;" she and her accomplice would, of course, deny all knowledge of any such conversation, while she would have only her own word to prove it, and they would be two against one.

If she dared search among her sister's things for that bill, and could find it, she would have some tangible proof of what she had heard; but she shrank from doing anything of the kind, while she doubted if Estelle—who was evidently very much troubled to have it in her possession—would allow it to be away from her person a moment until she could transfer it to Mr. Carpenter.

She resolved at last that she would wait and see if she mailed a letter to him in the morning. If she did, she would go directly to Mr. Conant, tell him what she had learned, and if he took prompt and decisive measures, the bill might be

discovered on Edmund Carpenter's person, and thus the guilt of the whole transaction would be transferred to him.

She was on the alert the next morning, and when Thomas came in to take the mail she saw Estelle give him three letters. She was in the upper hall, looking over the banisters, and then she waited until Mrs. Gordon went back into the library, when she darted lightly down-stairs, and flew out of doors after the man.

Thomas, Thomas, are you going without my letter?" she called out, in her bright, cheery way, that had made every servant in the house her faithful friend.

"No, indeed, miss," he said, turning back as Ruby came up to him holding out a note that she had written to her friend Florence Partridge, "but I thought likely that the letters were all here."

"No wonder," said Ruby, glancing at those in his hand, "for you have three already. I wonder who has been so favored by my sister;" and, standing on tiptoe, she perched her head daintily on one side, like a bird, and tried to read the superscription.

The man was entirely unsuspecting of the importance of the mail that morning, and obligingly slipped the letters through his fingers for her to read the addresses.

Yes, there was one for Edmund Carpenter among them, and a flush of excitement dyed the fair girl's cheek as she read his name, for she was sure it contained the stolen bill. Oh, if she could but get possession of it!

She merely glanced at it, however, then laid her own upon the others, while she said, lightly, and with a smile:

"Be sure you bring back as many. Thomas; I haven't had a letter for nearly a week."

"It's no fault of mine, miss; ye should have one every day if I could bring it ye," the man returned, as he touched his hat and walked away.

Ruby sped back to her room, hastily dressed herself for going out, and then went down to the library, where Mrs. Gordon was reading the morning paper.

"Estelle, I am going into town, to be measured for my new lawn. Have you any errands you would like me to do for you?" she asked, trying to appear at her ease though her heart was fluttering like a frightened bird's.

"Oh, dear, I wish you had told me you intended going, and I would have gone with you," Mrs. Gordon returned, looking disappointed, for she was both nervous and depressed, and would have been glad to get away from her thoughts.

"You have always said you did not care to go on such warm days," Ruby replied, flushing slightly.

"It is no matter now," said Mrs. Gordon, with a weary sigh. "But you may drop into Currier's, if you have a mind, and get me some more of this dress."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

# FREE

## THIS MONTH TO

### READERS OF COMFORT

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TO all readers of this paper ordering Sweet Toned Schmoller & Mueller Pianos during this month we will furnish free of extra charge an Artistic and Beautiful Music Cabinet like the one here illustrated. No extra charge will be made for the Schmoller & Mueller Piano so purchased; on the contrary a very Special Price and Attractive Offer is open to all readers of this Magazine who answer this advertisement today and ask for full particulars about the Most Liberal Offer ever made to piano buyers.

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They have not contributed a single dollar which has gone to reimburse some dealer, agent, or a salesman for services rendered in the sale of their piano, for Schmoller & Mueller Pianos need no middlemen's assistance in order to go direct to the heart of the homes of music lovers the world over.

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Dealers have sold Music Cabinets no better than this at as high as \$40.00. We furnish it free.

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Four styles of Schmoller & Mueller Pianos are illustrated at bottom of this page, furnished either in Walnut, Oak or Mahogany, really making twelve styles of Schmoller & Mueller Pianos from which you may choose.

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# SCHMOLLER & MUELLER PIANOS

present a rare opportunity for you to realize the dreams of years.

Now, you may possess, may own, may have in your own home, as thousands of others have, a Schmoller & Mueller Piano, and the purchase and possession of your piano will not have been accomplished through making any great sacrifice.

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STYLE TWENTY



STYLE TEN

## HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Fashion and Pattern Descriptions Combined

By Geneva Gladding

**N**O. 4140—If there is anything in the prophecies of fashionable couturiers, green will be a leading color this season. Surah silk in a dull shade of green combined with black satin was chosen for this model. A design worked in green soutache on the black satin front would add a charming feature. No lining is used in this waist, the outer-body and sleeve sections being of the surah and the V front and shoulder pieces of the satin. Black satin buttons were a feature of the trimming scheme. The six-gored skirt has a panel front and back, is attached to the body at the normal waistline and the closing is at the back. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material, with one and one half yard of satin 36 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

Nos. 4145-4146—Sections having an inverted plait in the center lengthen the side gores of the skirt in this costume. These inverted plaits let in, break the plain lines of a skirt and are a popular feature of the autumn styles. Golden-brown broadcloth was selected for this model, with black velvet and fancy braid for trimming the round neck, the sleeves and the side gores above the added sections. Tucks on the shoulders relieve the plain effect of body and sleeve in one, and the waist closes in front under the left side of the bodice plait concealed by the braid. The four-piece skirt has a high waistline and the closing is at the left of the center-back.

Waist No. 4145 is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure size 36 requiring two yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

Skirt No. 4146 is in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure, size 26 requiring two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3978—Black-dotted percale with red-and-

white braid would be a good choice for this model though it is adaptable to most any material; cotton, silk or wool. The five-gored skirt has a plait at each seam and is three and one eighth yards wide. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring six yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4113—Dark-red satin-striped prunella with black satin, and shirred yoke of lace-trimmed net was used in making this attractive gown. The front of waist and skirt are in one piece, the side and back gores being dart fitted at the top. An inverted plait at each side seam provides additional width. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, the 16-year size requiring three and one half yards of 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4141—For "all-round" wear there is no smarter and becoming costume for the Miss than the one made with wide collar, and this particular one has the new deep back cut to a point, which is often finished with tassel or flat ornament.

Navy blue serge with silk covered collar and cuffs, and tie to match made this pretty dress. The sleeves are combined with body and the shield is detachable. The attached six-gored skirt has applied front and back gores. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4126—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt with high waistline. An inverted plait at each seam provides a comfortable width at the lower edge which measures two and one half yards in medium sizes. The skirt closes to the left of the center-back. The seams are stitched to knee length and finished with soutache braid formed into simulated buttonholes the ends fastened with a flat-covered button. Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure, size 26 requiring three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4117—Misses' Four-Piece Skirt having inverted plait at center-front and back and with high waistline. Applied front and back gores with lower part hanging free and perforated for shorter length. Closing in back. Sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, size 16 requires two and three eighths yards 44-inch material with one and one quarter yard extra for applied gores. Price 15 cents.

No. 3998—Ladies' Waist with or without lining, having a one-piece sleeve. The yoke and undersleeves are made from all-over lace, also the pointed trimming pieces. Wool plaid was used in making this very smart waist, while silk to match the darkest shade made the girdle, and pipings which outline the trimming pieces and lower edge of sleeves. Cut in sizes 32 to 42

inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

No. 3870—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt with habit-back and lengthened by a straight side-plaited dounce. Width around lower edge about five yards. Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

No. 4097—Ladies' House dress without lining, having high waistline and attached four-piece tucked skirt. Closing in front. This dress was especially graceful and attractive, made from blue crepe with figured silk bands. The sleeves are cut separate and inverted without fullness and finished at the elbow with a frill of lace. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requiring seven and one half yards of 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3887—Ladies' Waist cut with high or square neck. The short sleeves are combined with body and may be gathered into cuff or finished hanging free. Embroidered flouncing or bordered chailis make suitable materials, while a stylish self-trimmed waist may be made from this model by making a cluster of tucks in place of the embroidery, and leaving the edges plain or finished with a narrow fancy braid or band. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 bust, size 36 requires three yards of 22-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3807—Ladies' Shirt Waist having full length shirt sleeves and side opening. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, size 36 requires two yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 11355—Embroidery design to waist model No. 3807, including front, collar and cuffs. Price 20 cents.

No. 3452—Ladies' Corset Cover, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure. Price 10 cents.

No. 3439—Misses' and Girls' Sack Nightgown having roll collar and long sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes two to 16 years, size eight requires two and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3727—Child's Night Drawers. High or square neck full length or shorter sleeves combined with body. Sizes two to 10 years, size six requires two and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3241—Girls' Princess Slip, having high, round, square or V-shaped neck, one-seamed leg o'mutton sleeves, puff sleeves or three quarter or shorter length, or sleeveless and a straight gathered or circular flounce. Sizes four to 12 years, size eight requires five and one half yards of 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 4132—Infant's Coat, having long cape perforated for shorter length, and one-piece sleeves. Cut in one size. Requires three and one eighth yards of 40-inch material. Price 10 cents.

Embroidery Design No. 11570. Price 20 cents.

No. 4149—Child's Dress, having sleeves combined with body and attached straight side-plaited skirt. Sizes two to 10 years, size six requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4148—Girls' Yoke Dress without lining. Two tucks at each side of front give the desired amount of fullness. The sleeves are separate and meet the yoke. Waist and side plaited skirt are joined by belt. The soft silk tie gives a pretty touch of trimming. Sizes six to 12 years, size eight requires three and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 3728—Girls' One-Piece Dress, having long sleeves perforated for shorter length. The dress may open at the front or made whole and slipped on over the head. The shield with standing collar is separate and fastened underneath the

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wide collar. To be worn with belt. Made of serge this model makes an exceptionally good school dress. Sizes four to 12 years, size eight requires three and one quarters yards 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 4152—Child's One-piece Dress with sleeves and body cut in one. Opens at the front with three buttons and buttonholes and is finished with a roll collar and worn with belt. Sizes two to 10 years size six requires two and three quarters yards 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 4133—A dainty little frock by this design could be made of gingham with linen torchon, checked dimity with German val, chailis or albatross. The fine tucks in the waist are very effective for soft woolen or sheer wash goods, and the puff sleeves may be full length or shorter. The straight skirt is gathered to body.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**H**ERE'S an October greeting to you all, my dears, and I hope you are getting along very nicely with the Autumn weather. There is no sweeter month in the year than October, and I think we love it more because we know that so soon after it goes away the dread days of November set in and the beauty of the dead month is the greater by the contrast. However, let us not think of the dead, but of the living and enjoy while we may all that October brings to us in its glory of crimson woods, soft hazy skies and gentle weather. In the meantime we simply cannot forget there is work to do and I must not talk, but get at it and answer your questions.

The first letter I find is from a Hayseed at Holyoke, Colo., whose mother being dead does all the work at home for her father and five brothers and sisters and has been doing it since she was twelve years old, besides going to school for two years. How many of you girls are equal to that? She says her father is very kind and good to her, but will not let her go to any entertainments or have friends among the young people. She is now eighteen and a fine young man wants her to become engaged to him and marry him when she is twenty-three, whether her father wants her to or not. She asks me if I think she should. I do not hesitate to say that she should, or even two years sooner. She cannot live with her father always, and when the opportunity comes to her to make a good home for herself and her own family, it is her duty to do so. The father should consider her future rather than his own present comfort and surrender her to a husband. Parents have rights, of course, but so have children.

Blue Eyes, Lipan, Texas.—It is quite proper for a sixteen and thirteen-year-old girl to have a chaperon walking a mile through the woods to church, and you should not be broken-hearted about it. Children obey your parents, and forget there are two tender swains and fifteen and nineteen yearning to go to church with you. You'll all be older by and by.

Wildwood Violet, Navasota, Texas.—If he knows you are two years older than he is and he still wants you and you want him, you should not let the difference in ages stop you a minute. His being of German descent is to his credit. Do you know any full-blooded Americans who are better than he is? Get married, Violet, right away. Accept my very best wishes.

Western Cousin, Ogden, Utah.—If you are not in school, sixteen is not too young to go with your young friends to entertainments of all good kinds, but not to excess. Young folks need diversions of that kind, but they should take it reasonably. (2) If it hurt the young fellow's feelings because you would not let him put his arm around you, tell him to associate with girls who will not hurt his feelings that way. Your self-respect is more than his feelings.

Perplexed, Aspen, Colo.—As the young man seems to be interested in you, and you admit you are in him, I think if you had a little talk with him some time, you might come to an understanding. Tell him you are not engaged to the other young man, or anybody, and also tell him that if he wants to go home with you from dances he may do so by taking you to them. Maybe he doesn't know that is the proper way to do. Be careful not to be too anxious about having his attention, and at the same time, don't be so afraid that he might see it, that you go too far in indifference. Keep to the middle of the road.

Hannah Jane, Bradford, Pa.—Catholics and Protestants frequently marry very happily, but it must be with a full understanding and no interference from outside parties. If he has many relations who are Protestants he will not be bigoted, and as you seem to be sensible, you will not be. Two sensible people of different religions may marry and be happy, but no other kind can. (2) Parents have no legal right to interfere with their children after they are of age, but children who wish to go their own way cannot hope to do so very pleasantly and live with their parents. You may choose your own company, but you know your parents can make it very unpleasant for you if you do what they do not want you to do, and they have a right to say what they please to the people you bring into their house. They are their age, and you must obey them, or get out. No matter how respectable the people may be, if the parents don't want them around, they may send them off the place in a hurry.

Discouraged, Chester, Okla.—For the life of me I can't see how a girl can still love a man who mistreats her so that if she speaks to another man he gets ugly, will not speak to her, and refuses to even be polite to her. Isn't a disposition of that sort enough to make you despise a man? If it isn't, it ought to be. How could you live your life with a man like that unless you destroyed all the happiness in it? If you have any kind of good sense, drop that jealous fellow right now and drop him very, very hard. You'll be sorry enough if you don't.

Unhappy Beauty, Calvert, Texas.—As both of you are so "jellous" and so awfully in love with each other, I think you ought to marry and settle it between yourselves. At the same time don't think you might put in a little of your spare time learning to spell? You can never be the true lady his wealth will make you if you spell like you do now. And your grammar is worse.

Deceived One, Daisy, Okla.—I don't think men very often try girls to test their love and therefore I think this one is acting as he is because he is a flirt and doesn't care enough for you to give up the others for you. If you don't think as I do, go on with the affair and see how it turns out. Let me know how it ends.

No Name, Richland, Minn.—Girls of eighteen have married men of forty-five and they have been happy ever after, but a girl of that age is too young to marry. It would be safer for a girl of twenty-five to marry a man of fifty-two, and there would be a good deal of risk in that, unless the girl was old for her age, and the man young for his. Still, if you want to try it, my blessing goes with you. Better find a younger one, though.

Troubled, Plattville, Wis.—You must mix religion in marriage at your own risk, my dear. See above what I have said to Hannah Jane of Bradford, Pa.

Opal, Pilot Mount, Iowa.—Really, dear, I can't tell you what to do. If you love this young man so, and want to marry him, he is the only one who can do anything, and he can't if he doesn't love you. Has he ever mentioned love to you? I won't scold you for falling in love with him, when you had no right to, but you ought to be scolded good.

Sweetbriar, Montait, Ore.—No matter if you haven't had much education you write a very good letter and talk like a very sensible girl. If a girl is a girl at thirty-two, it doesn't look quite as romantic as you have dreamed, maybe, to marry a widower, of a different religious belief and with four children, but you speak so well of him and he seems to be such a kindly man and so well able to make your life so much easier than it is now, that I believe I would take the risk and marry him. He thinks you can make good as his wife and I think so, too. What do you think?

Impatient, Malvern, Ark.—You are letting your love make you miserable. Don't do it. He has accepted you against all opposition, has declared over and over again his love and confidence in you and what more can he do? If you cannot believe him, don't marry him. And if you don't believe him, why should you believe any other man? Remain an old maid and have faith in no one except yourself.

Broken Heart, Sheridan, La.—Don't worry, little girl. By and by when the school-days are over and he is a grown-up man you will have very different notions of love and the world, and maybe of him.

Ky. Girl, Visalia, Ky.—Of course, go with him again, but because you go with him, don't make a love affair of it. Just take him on your beau-string with the others and don't make a pet of him. He wants to have other girls and you cannot prevent it.

# ECONOMIZE

**A THOUSAND DOLLARS,** we will say, is your yearly income. Maybe it's \$600 or \$800 or \$2000—but \$1000 will do for an example. Now suppose that out of this \$1000 you spend \$600 in a year and put \$400 in the bank. That means \$400 saved, doesn't it? But suppose you start buying the necessities of life in an economical way like 2,000,000 other people are doing. Suppose that this year you cut your expenses down to \$400 and put \$600 in the bank. That means \$600 saved, doesn't it? You can do it, you can cut one-third off of your living expenses and it's the easiest, most agreeable thing to do that there is. Send to us for one or more of these books which contain the articles you are going to buy this winter. You will find as all of our 2,000,000 satisfied customers have, that our prices are the very lowest and the quality of our merchandise is the very highest. The reason our prices are low is this—we buy in tremendous quantities and trim down the price on each article to the lowest possible figure. We give you the advantage of these extensive and economical business methods.

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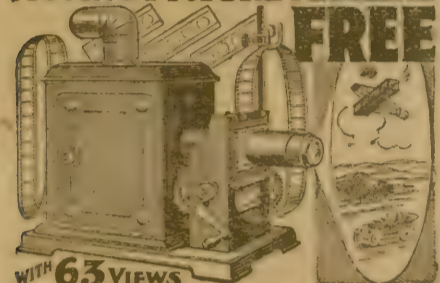
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**Ring & Bracelet Given FOR FEW HOURS WORK.** Sell 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c. per box, the greatest remedy known for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, colds, croup, etc. When sold return the \$1.50 and we will promptly forward the adjustable bracelet, bright gold finish, and the gold filled wedding ring, warranted, or your choice from our premium list. Send your order today. NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU, and be first in your town, agents wanted. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 2, Woodboro, Md.

**BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE!** Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic. Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you wear a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lites. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. C. E. BROOKS, 42 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

**STEM WATCH & RING FREE** 5 YEAR GUARANTEE. Genuine American Watch. New Composition Gilt Metal Case, looks just like gold, wears like gold, guaranteed time-keeper, also Ring with sparkling gem, both FREE for selling only 20 sets Collar Buttons & Pins at 10c a set. Write for them. FRIEND SOAP CO. Dept. 180 Boston, Mass.

**MAKE MONEY** WRITING SONG POEMS and musical compositions. Success means fame and cash. No experience necessary. \$10,000 recently paid for a popular song. Send us your work or write for FREE PARTICULARS. We want original song poems, with or without music. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 153, Washington, D. C.

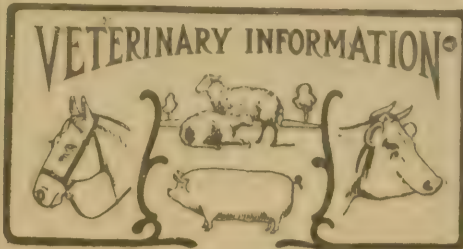
## YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON** Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

## Cleason's Horse Book

Cleason's Horse Book a large handsome book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored cover and elegantly illustrated with 166 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Cleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful history of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, Care, and the most complete study of the horse and his valuable study of the disease and treatment of the animal. This one part of it is worth many times the value of the book itself. It will save horsemen thousands of dollars in losses and trouble. In our new revised edition, we have added a new chapter on the Club Horse, at 25 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

**FOUNDER.**—I have a team of matched black horses four years old. In summer their hind turns to a sort of a light brown, or in other words seem to fade. Also one of them seems to be stiff when starting. He puts a bump on his back, advances his hind feet under body and then walks as if he were hobbled. It seems to be hard for him to hold his head up. Last spring his shoulders were hollow, something like swiney. They seem to be filling out. W. L. W.

**WARTS.**—I have recently bought a fine Jersey cow, that will be fresh this month. I got her cheap as the previous owner sold her because she is a bad "kicker." How can I break the habit? I can tie a rope around her breast in front of the udder which will prevent her kicking but will that ever break her of the habit? I think the cause is warts on her teats. How may I remove them? M. C.

**STIFFNESS.**—I have a horse eleven years old that gets stiff in the front legs when standing in the stable. (2) I have a cow that has hard lumps under her body. What will be good for her? M. J.

**FISTULA.**—I have a colt thirteen months old apparently all right every way only it has a running sore on the bur of its ear that has been there since it was a month old, the opening of the sore was about the size of a pea. I had it cut into but did not find anything to cause it to run continually. There is no swelling or shrinking. Mrs. M. G.

**ECZEMA.**—I have a Shepherd dog ten years old; he has a breaking out of red pimples, which seem to itch on his feet, as far as the first joint, for he bites them until they bleed, and then he licks them. He has never been sick and is bright and smart except for his feet. Mrs. J. H.

**BLOODY MILK.**—I have a two-year-old cow that gives clotted milk at times, and sometimes a stream of blood; at other times it is all right. She has a calf three months old. C. L. C.

**CHRONIC FOUNDER.**—I have a six-year-old horse; when walking along he lifts like a tender, and when standing he keeps lifting up first one foot then the other. To dig at his foot with a knife it just crumbles up as though decayed. He has always been a saddle horse and has had some hard runs. This trouble has been coming on about two years. It is hard to keep him fat. Mrs. C. D.

**POUL TEETH.**—I have a pet maltess cat, and when he sleeps the saliva runs out of his mouth, and is very offensive. Mrs. F. A. E.

**INDIGESTION.**—I have four shoats. About a month ago I gave them slop to drink. They ate heartily and when done one began to vomit and was sick for about a week. It would lie around all day and would not eat anything, and when it got up and walked a little ways it would vomit again and go off and lie down. One of the others is getting that way. I keep them in a pen about fifty by sixty feet. Can you give me a remedy for the disease? A. M. G.

**NAVICULAR DISEASE.**—What is the trouble with my horse? It seems to be in his front foot. He is always standing on his toe and when he comes out of the stable in the morning is always lame; as soon as he is working a while the lameness is gone but he favors it when he is standing. Mrs. O. J.

**ABSCESS.**—I have a cow that is eight years old; she has a calf seven weeks old. When I went to milk her the other morning she was sick, standing with her head down, and her ears flopped; she seemed to be stiff and sore, and could hardly walk; there was a small cake in her sack in the right hind teat, and now it is swollen hard and is as large as if she were going to be fresh. She was giving three gallons of milk a day when she was taken. She was dry on the morning of the eleventh, and has been so ever since, all but the affected teat it discharges a pint or more of yellow pus twice a day. She has eaten but little since she has been sick. She was taken with her bowels loose; her kidneys act freely. L. B. C.

**TAIL RUBBING.**—I have a big bay horse ten years old that rubs the hair off on the upper part of his tail; he seems to have some kind of an itch. He has done it ever since he was four years old. C. W.

**OVERHEATED HORSES.**—BRITTLE HOOPS.—I have a young team of horses, sound in every way but when I work them in hot weather they sweat a great deal at first; after a little while they stop sweating and puff and pant, but only in hot weather. After I quit working and put them in the barn they begin to sweat, and after while the water drips off from them. Is there anything to give them so they won't puff and pant so much while working? (2) I have a horse that has good feet but they are brittle. What can I use to soften and keep them from breaking up? F. J. G.

**SCREENED AND PERFECTLY VENTILATED.**—Do not feed any hay at noon. Feed whole oats and bran. (2) Mix together two parts oil of tar and one part of oil of balsam of fir and apply to juncture of horn and hair of hoofs each other night.

**RINGBONE.**—My father has a mare four years old that has a hard growth on right fore foot just above the hoof, that has been there for nearly seven months; it causes her to be lame (something like ringbone). Can ringbone be cured? T. M.

**BLACKLEG.**—We had a little calf three months old and it died. We cut it open, and its neck was just like a sponge and all black and full of holes. The middle of his back was all bruised under the skin. Could you tell me what was the trouble? Mrs. A. M.

**DEAFNESS.**—I have a mule four years old that is hard of hearing. I was driving in my wagon and shot a rabbit just in front and to the left of the mule. Since then she is nearly deaf. A. D. W. E.

**DEAFNESS.**—I have a mule four years old that is hard of hearing. I was driving in my wagon and shot a rabbit just in front and to the left of the mule. Since then she is nearly deaf. A. D. W. E.

## AGENTS! A REVELATION

### REMARKABLE OFFER READ EVERY WORD

Investigate this phenomenal opportunity to make money. Sells on sight. Actual experience not necessary. 100% PROFIT. Everybody enthusiastic. Irresistible selling proposition. I want live agents, general agents and managers at once everywhere. No charge for territory.

### This Is Your Opportunity

—your chance to make good. Jump into the big income class. No reason on earth why you shouldn't get there, simply follow my instructions, make an earnest effort—success is yours. Anyone can sell this marvelous machine. Half a minute demonstration does the trick. Everybody amazed at the wonderful accuracy of this device. You pocket 100% profit every sale. Opportunities like this come only once in a life time. You've been looking for opportunity—the words of success. Young men, old men, farmers, teachers, carpenters, students, bank clerks—everybody makes money. One man (H. C. Wingo) sold 720 sharpeners in six weeks; profit, \$1080. Stauffer, Penn., sent third order for 300 machines. Krantz, N. D., says: "Had a good day and strollers selling fine. Took 27 orders." Corey, Me., "Went out at bed time and took 5 orders in one hour. People want it." Applewhite, La., "Took 6 orders in thirty minutes." Crafts, New York, "Sold 3 in fifteen minutes." Harmon, Texas, says: "The man who can't sell the Never Fail Stropper better go back to chopping cotton for he couldn't sell \$10.00 gold pieces for \$1.00 each." Strong talk, but true. \$1000.00 Reward to any one proving that any testimonial given is not genuine and unsolicited.

**\$45 TO \$90 A WEEK**



all men had dreamed of. Perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds with the NEVER FAIL puts a razor in a better shape to give a soothing, cooling, satisfying shave than can an expert operator, no matter how careful he works. Men are excited over this little wonder machine—over its marvelous accuracy and perfection. They are eager to buy. Women buy for presents to men. Agents and salesmen coin money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. Write for full facts concerning this high grade offer. Sworn-to proofs of success never before equaled. Don't envy the other fellows. Make big money yourself. Don't pass this opportunity by. Act prompt. Investigate.

**THE NEVER FAIL CO., 1179 Colton Bldg. TOLEDO, O.**

can easily be made as sales agent for the NEVER FAIL at home or traveling, all or spare time. This is a new proposition. A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—absolutely guaranteed. The thing

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world by having a stereoscope and set of views in the home. We have just gotten a large number of these outfits at a ridiculously low price and it thus enables us to sell them at a price that will insure to secure this choice assortment on very favorable terms.

**Club Offer.** For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the most complete set of stereoscopes and fifty views all securely packed sent post-paid without any cost to you whatever. Do not fail to send at once for this premium so that not only yourself but your friends will be benefited.

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**Chemist's Wonderful Free Secret  
Makes Them Possible for All,  
also Long, Silky Eyelashes  
and Well-Arched  
Eyebrows**



Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please. Through the wonderful discovery of a famous English chemist, who gives the benefit of his advice free to all, you may now have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others. His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond. In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellowing. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today enclosing stamp for reply and address your letter to Professor A. P. Smith, Dept. 550 C. Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

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YOU WANT ONE FOR  
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LARGEST EXCLUSIVE TRUNK MFGS. IN THE WORLD  
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**THIS THIN MODEL YEAR WATCH \$3.75**  
Eligible building case beautifully engraved, finished throughout, stem wind and stem set. Gird with 7 jeweled American made lever movement, guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for ladies, vest chain or fob for Gentlemen.  
**\$3.75**

**30 Year Guarantee**  
DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it to O. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think a bargain and equal in appearance to any \$15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special price \$3.75. Send 1¢ for each Ladies, Men's or Boys' size. **MUTUAL SALES CO., 420, Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

**WE GIVE YOU THIS RING**

A new style Shield Signet Ring, beautifully engraved and guaranteed for six years. We will send you one of these beautiful rings free, if you will assist us just a little among your own personal friends. This is not a cheap ring, but one that any girl or young lady would delight in wearing on account of its unique design and high quality. Send your name and address today.  
**UNITED PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. NO. 31, KANSAS CITY, MO.**

**EXTENSION FREE  
BRACELET FREE**  
This handsome Gold Bracelet, set with sparkling American diamonds, for sale at \$20.00. Write for 20 pictures. **GEM ART COMPANY, Dept. 610, Battle Creek, Mich.**

**FREE SOLID GOLD**  
Stones set shell ring. Emerald, ruby, turquoise or opal stone, for selling only 12 beautiful Mexican Drawn-work Handkerchiefs at 10c each. Every lady gladly buys them. No money required. **R. W. ELDIDGE, 52 Eldridge Building, Chicago, Ill.**

**LEARN TO MAKE MIRRORS AT HOME**  
spare time; no capital; big money; start at once. **MACMASTERS, D. 36, Peru, Indiana.**

**LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100.**  
Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. **EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kansas, Mich.**

**FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER.** Doctors gave her up. Will send free. "The Express Office." T. Ligon, Island Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

**\$8.00 PER HUNDRED** for collecting names and addresses. Ready work; stamp for particulars. **Birney, Coker & Co., Dept. 5, Ladysburg, Md.**

**ASTHMA** Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. "Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine."

**SPECIAL OFFER** Send 12 CENTS for a Dollar Pattern. Engraved Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on top. Any initial engraved FREE. Pay for a \$5 ring and all the rage. **DEFIANCE CO., 38 W. B'way, N. Y.**

**RHEUMATISM CURED WHILE YOU WALK**

**TRY RUMA, THE FREE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT**  
Ruma Applications work in Perfect Harmony with Nature's Laws—affording, without question, the Surest and Quickest Acting treatment known for Rheumatism in Any Part of Body—Arthritis, Chronic, Inflammatory or Muscular, also Lambeage, Sciatica, Gout, or Any Pain Anywhere.  
Because we know that they will Do All We Claim, we gladly send you a regular \$1.00 pair Ruma Applications, Absolutely At Our Risk. If Entirely satisfied with results, Send Us \$1.00; If Not—PAY US NOTHING.  
Isn't that Fair? No matter how Long, how Severely, you're suffering you have no right to lose hope. Now! Get these Ruma Applications At Once—you'll not regret it. Write today, Send No Money—only your name and address—we send Ruma Applications, At Once, Prepaid. Address:  
**RUMA REMEDY CO., 408 KING ST., MADISON, WIS.**

## Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Sizes one to six years, size four requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 4000—A straight dress particularly becoming to very young boy or girl, and the first school wear for little girls. Sizes two to eight years, size four requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 3706—Child's Coat to be made from suitings, broadcloth, fur-cloth, velvet or corduroy. Having high or open neck. A pretty plaited frill of soft satin finishes the high neck. Sizes two to 10 years, size six requires one and seven eighths yards 54-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 4040—Little Boy's Dress having sleeves plaited or gathered. Closing at center-front or on left side and may be made with or without rolling collar and pockets. Sizes two to four years, size four requires two and one eighth yards 36-inch material. Price 10 cents.

No. 11549—Pinafore Cover. Flowers and leaves to be worked in solid embroidery, stems in outline stitch, edges buttonholed. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 25 cents. Stamped on linen 18x72 inches, with cotton for working, 60 cents.

No. 11316—Design for table cover, 32x32 inches, can be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery, buttonholed edge. Perforated stamping pattern 20 cents.

No. 11287—Maiden hair fern and jonquil centerpiece, 27x27 inches, in satin and solid embroidery, edges buttonholed. Perforated stamping pattern 25 cents.

No. 11409—Wheat design to be developed in solid or eyelet embroidery. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 15 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

No. 11398—Dainty Embroidery Motif for tailored waists, hosiery or corset covers. Satin and outline stitch used. Perforated stamping pattern including stamping preparation, 15 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

### Questions Answered

**CHILD'S NIGHT DRAWERS.**—MRS. LENA NEWCOMB, No. 3727 made of outing flannel is the best cold weather garment for children. The sleeves combined with body gives comfort and freedom to the wearer. In washing the outing flannel, do not put into boiling water as it takes away the soft texture of the material.

**SKIRTS.**—D. E. skirts remain narrow; two and a quarter to three yards in width. Skirts with gathered flounces measuring as wide as three and one half yards, and those plaited about four yards. Women in general have become devoted to the moderately narrow skirt, say two and one quarter to two and one half yards, depending on the size of wearer. The narrow skirt enables one to get about comfortably, and they neither become soiled nor worn as the fuller ones do. Both waists and skirts have never before required as little material, and the waist with sleeve and body in one seems especially designed for the home dressmaker, so easily are they made. Make your black broadcloth skirt by pattern No. 4142, using a straight stitched piece where the illustration shows braiding.

**ABOUT PATTERNS.**—Each pattern number may be ordered separately. The object of combining two numbers for instance, Nos. 4145-4146, is to assist our pattern users in making attractive combinations. We are glad you find the patterns so well fitting and easily put together.

**INFANT'S COAT.**—MRS. T. S. H., white corduroy and Bedford cord are the most satisfactory wash materials for so young a child. White broadcloth is beautiful, but very perishable for everyday wear, and should be dry-cleaned by a professional. Use white soap and lukewarm water in washing coat and rinse in two waters of same temperature. Choose dry, crisp weather so to dry as quickly as possible.

**CARE OF SEWING MACHINE.**—MRS. T. G. EMMONS, for the benefit of all I will answer your question in this department. You will so often hear, "My machine runs so hard, it skips stitches, I can't wind the bobbin, or the thread breaks." Now all this may occur from lack of oil. To put a machine in perfect condition, fill your oiler with kerosene oil and run freely through every bearing that is reached. Run the machine a few minutes, until the oil has run out, carrying with it the sticky substance that has caused the trouble. You now use a good machine oil (which should be a thin oil) on every bearing as you did the kerosene. The needle bar should be oiled every day you sew.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

C. A., Mrs. A. J. B., and others.—A deficient bosom can be developed, so I have been told, by rubbing bust daily for ten or fifteen minutes with this cream.

### French Bust Cream

Oil of sweet almonds, two hundred grams; white wax, one hundred grams; tincture of benzoin, fifty grams; rose-water, fifty grams; pulverized tannin, twenty-five grams.

This cream should be rubbed into the bosom with light, circular movements of the fingers. Results will be slow but sure. I also suggest drinking five or six glasses of creamy milk each day.

Dorothy, Alice, Papa's Pet, California. Girl and others.—To obtain the plump cheeks which your heart longs for, it is only necessary to practice the exercise given herewith.

### Development Exercise for the Face

Open your rosebud mouth to its fullest extent, then stretch cheek muscles and clasp mouth slowly to the count of fifteen. Repeat exercise ten times twice daily.

Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. We also advise taking plenty of out-door exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

### Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces. Use the quinine tonic, formula for which is printed below, massaging it into the scalp every night for ten minutes, and I think your "crown of glory" will soon begin to grow. It is the thing this winter to part the hair in front, bring locks loosely over the ears, then arrange them in a mass of puffs and rolls at the crown—or nape—of the neck. You are sixteen, so are entitled to wear your dresses to the shoe-tops. Don't worry so much over being short, as you still have three years to grow in and often one grows as much as two inches in that length of time. There is no exercise that will make you taller, but if you will wear your hair piled up high on the top of your head, and will wear shoes with high heels and hats that are trimmed high, you will look considerably taller.

### Quinine Tonic

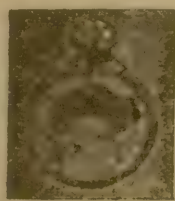
Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; tincture of cantharides (alcoholic), two drams; extract of jaborandi, two drams; deodorized alcohol, two drams; glycerine, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; elder-flower water sufficient to make a pint.

Mrs. A. C. S. Dak.—Shapely ankles can be obtained by rising on tiptoe and then sinking slowly down on the heels. Continue in this way for ten minutes every day and I am almost willing to guarantee that your ankles will become prettily rounded.

Mrs. C. A. McL., Fatty, Miss Huffy and others.—It would be extremely dangerous to try any remedy that would reduce you thirty pounds in one month. Better try a more leisurely treatment and be alive to enjoy your loss of flesh.

### Epsom Salts and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rainwater. Shave three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rainwater. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of hot water and the solution is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let



## This Handsome Solid Gold Ring

set with any Birthstone (diamond excepted) for \$2.00. Write us today and we will ship same to you through any jeweler in your town. Send us NO MONEY, but give us name of stone wanted, size of finger and name and address of your jeweler. Quality guaranteed by every jeweler in the country. **NIAGARA RING MFG. CO., 534 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.** STAMPED IN EACH RING. MAKERS OF "RINGS OF QUALITY"

95 cents

Post Paid

or money refunded. Send 50c today as this advertisement may not appear again. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

It dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Miss Sego Lily.—Yes, liquid powders, if used constantly, are apt to make the facial skin rough and red. Dry powders are not harmful if one is careful to wash face thoroughly at night before going to bed. If you will glance through these columns, you will find formula for a good hair ointment and directions for using. Yes, the almond meal face bleach will keep the skin beautifully white and soft. Why not touch pimples with some healing lotion? I am sure you think this a good idea so I would advise using the tried and true pimple lotion given to Dorothy. I would not steam the face oftener than once a week. Pretty colors for you would be baby and dark blue, old gold, certain shades of purple, dark green, pale pink, white, iron-gray and reddish brown. Here is a remedy for the superfluous hair on your neck:

### Barium Hair Remover

Sulphuretted of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn starch with the solution and apply to the offending hairs. When dry the hairs will come away with it. If the skin is irritated rub in a good skin food. Bear in mind that this only removes hair temporarily and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burned off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. It is said that used persistently it will finally kill hair roots, but I cannot vouch for this. If arms are plump or sore in any way do not use this remedy. Have it put up at a drug-store.

The hair on the face must be moistened daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen. This treatment bleaches it to invisibility and rots the roots, so that after a number of months the hair falls out.

Anxious Mother.—Yes, have the hair cut off; then massage scalp with this nourishing ointment:

### Hair Grower

Oil of rosemary, one ounce; oil of almonds, three ounces; oil of mac, thirty-five drops.

Results will come rapidly in all probability.

Mrs. Berta.—You are mistaken in thinking I recommended the preparations you speak of. I never heard of them before so cannot, I am sorry to say, help you to obtain them.

Miss Eva.—I am so sorry but I have not the time to fill orders for cosmetics.

Felle.—Read through these columns and you will find mention of a superfluous hair remover.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Play the Piano In One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even A Child Can Use.

### FREE TRIAL

She Doesn't Know One Note From Another, But Plays Like a Music Master. Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play. A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write, saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in COMFORT."

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay.

You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2423 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even A Child Can Use.

FREE TRIAL

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JAN. — Garnet — FEB. — Amethyst — MAR. — Bloodstone — APRIL — Diamond — MAY — Emerald — JUNE — Pearl — JULY — Ruby — AUG. — Sardonyx — SEPT. — Sapphire — OCT. — Opal — NOV. — Topaz — DEC. — Turquoise

## Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of High Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Regular gentleman's size, open face, full metal silver plated plain polished case. Available dial, lever movement, stem wind and stem set. A perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. In addition to the watch, send without any more money whatever we send five Mids. Certificates worth one dollar each when used as part payment on purchases from our catalogue. Send this advertisement to us with your name and address and 95c, and watch & certificates will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 286 Dearborn St., CHICAGO** Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**ACTING** Easily learned. Big salary. Particulars Free Willard Co., Box 863 B, Portland, Me.

**INTELLIGENT CANVASSERS WANTED** In Every Community to organize Agent Force. \$35 to \$150 weekly. Write quick for special terms. **POLAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, 954 Marbridge Bldg., New York.**

**\$2.50 PER DAY PAID ONE LADY** in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. **J. I. ZIEGLER CO., 408 Plymouth St., Chicago**

**ALL FOUR RINGS** given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry 10c each and when sold sends us the money \$1.30. Send back any not sold. We trust you.

**THE CARTER CO., WARREN, R. I.**

**Two Wheel Chairs in September**

106 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Two wheel chairs in September, and the Club hardly earned them. Don't you think you could and ought to have done better than that? We sent out three chairs in August and it seems too bad to have to drop down to two the next month. I am disappointed but not discouraged because "history repeats itself" and I find that precisely the same thing happened a year ago in the months of August and September, and yet the Club braced up immediately after and kept on booming so that we have put out 47 wheel chairs in the last twelve months which is more than twice as many as in the previous year.

The two September wheel chairs go to Sarah Ruddelsdin, Oelwein, Iowa, and Miss Creatie Jackson, Horton, Alabama. The friends of both these shut-ins have helped to earn their chairs, having sent in 53 subscriptions for the former and 49 for the latter.

Now, as the harvest month opens, most of COMFORT'S readers are rejoicing in the bounteous crops which Providence has given them. With barns and cellars full and many of you with a tidy bank account, don't forget the unfortunate shut-ins, and don't neglect to give a little of your time, for you can surely spare some, to getting subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club.

Get your name in next month's Roll of Honor; it will look good there, and it only takes five subscriptions to do it; but don't fail to get some, even one, for everyone counts and helps to bestow the inestimable blessing of a COMFORT wheel chair on some poor, deserving, suffering, shut-in cripple.

In the light of past experience I confidently rely on you for larger results the present month.

The Roll of Honor and the letters of thanks for COMFORT wheel chairs, which follow, will interest all.

Sincerely yours,  
**W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.**

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

**Words Cannot Express this Poor, Afflicted Girl's Gratitude**

WINNSBORO, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair yesterday, and words cannot express how grateful I am to you, Mr. Gannett, and all kind friends who helped me get it. God bless you all, and may you live long to help the poor lonely shut-ins. Gratefully yours, **PEARL GILBERT.**

**Delighted with Hers and Can't See how Mr. Gannett can afford to Give Away such Beautiful Wheel Chairs**

SMITH CREEK, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I thank you again and again for the beautiful wheel chair COMFORT sent me, and also thank all of COMFORT'S good readers for their kindness. I cannot see how Mr. Gannett can afford to give away such beautiful chairs. You will surely all be blessed for your goodness. The chair is so handy and convenient. I would not be without it for anything. I have been a great sufferer for fifty years with rheumatism, and for eleven years have not been able to walk around. My brothers lift me from my bed to my wheel chair. I am nearly blind. Thank you all again, and God bless you all. Gratefully yours, **ANNIE GERSCHOW.**

**Thanks for her Chair and for Providing the Means by which other Shut-Ins May Obtain Wheel Chairs**

PARAGOULD, R. R. 2, ARK.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: The wheel chair which you sent me arrived August 19, in perfect condition, and I am greatly pleased with it. I can go all over the place in it. I want to thank you for providing the means, through your wheel-chair offer, by which the shut-ins can obtain free wheel chairs. I thank those who helped me by getting subscriptions in my behalf, and I shall show my gratitude by getting all the subscriptions I can for COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club in order to help other poor sufferers. May God's blessing rest on you and Uncle Charlie and COMFORT readers. Sincerely yours, **ESTHER STEVENSON.**

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

**COMFORT'S Roll of Honor**

Marshall W. Overton, N. Y. 61; Nancy Haines, Ky. 17; Arthur Collier, Ala. 4; Creative Jackson, 12; Loretha Hasey, Ky. 1; for her own wheel chair; 10; Maggie Sellers, Ky. 6; Mrs. L. Rice, Iowa 6; Mary A. Jones, Wash. 6; for her own wheel chair; 6; Mrs. M. O. St. Anna, Hawaiian Ids. 6; Mrs. Sallie Boen, Ala. 6; for Creative Jackson 5; Mrs. V. Blaseh, Okla. 6; for Martha Sidwell 5; Mrs. C. Jennings, N. Dak. 5; Mrs. Ida M. Hurt, Mo. 6; for Martha Sidwell 5; Mrs. Clara Glepper, N. M. 5; Ellen Peterson, Colo., for Martha Sidwell 5.

## Stops a Cough Quickly --Even Whooping Cough

A Whole Pint of the Quickest, Surest  
Cough Remedy for 50c. Money  
Refunded if it Fails

If you have an obstinate, deep-seated cough, which refuses to be cured, get a 50-cent bottle of Pinex, mix it with home-made sugar syrup and start taking it. Inside of 24 hours your cough will be gone, or very nearly so. Even whooping-cough is quickly conquered in this way.

A 50-cent bottle of Pinex, when mixed with home-made sugar syrup, gives you a pint—a family supply—of the finest cough remedy that money could buy at a clear saving of \$2. Very easy to prepare—full directions in package.

Pinex soothes and heals the inflamed membranes with remarkable rapidity. It stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative, and has a pleasant taste—children take it willingly. Splendid for croup, asthma, bronchitis, throat tickle, chest pains, etc., and a thoroughly successful remedy for incipient lung troubles.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. It has often been imitated, though never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. Simply mix with sugar syrup or strained honey, in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use.

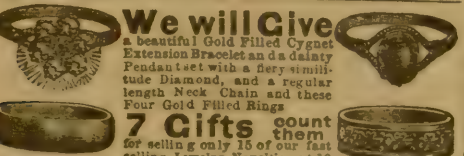
Anyone who tries Pinex will quickly understand why it is used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 211 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



## VIOLIN FREE

This is a fine, handsome, clear-toned, good size Violin of highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, one silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse hair, box of resin and FINE SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. Send us your name and address for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10 cents a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented.

BLUINE MFG. CO.  
338 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.



### We will Give

a beautiful Gold Filled Cymet Extension Bracelet and a dainty Pendant set with a dainty emerald and diamond, and a regular length Neck Chain and these Four Gold Filled Rings

7 Gifts them for selling only 15 of our fast selling Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each and send us the

\$1.50. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address  
D. T. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.



### LADIES OR GENTS WATCH FREE

We will give a beautiful 14K GOLD watch to any lady or gentleman who will sell 10 of our fast selling Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each and send us the

\$1.50. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address  
D. T. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarter; \$20. for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10c. for new Coin Value Book. May mean a fortune. A. W. KRAUS, 415 CHESTNUT ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**\$10 Cash Paid** PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED postage stamps. Send 10c. for Price List Book. A. SCOTT, COHOKS, N. Y.

**MONEY** Made quickly by smart men. T. ARROL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

**10 PERFUMED POSTCARDS** your name in 10c gold. C. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.

**30 Halloween, Love, Flower Postals.** (Just Out) Very Swell. Magnus A. Hess Co., 837 Ashland Ave., Chicago

**WANTED AGENTS** for an article which sells at eight. EVANGELINE MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Saginaw, Ia.

**GOLDS** end in Consumption. Send for Book NOW. The Cooley Medicine Co., Detroit, Mich.

**12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD** 10c or town greetings on 12 Fine Post Cards. C. GROSS CO., 2147 Arthur Ave., New York.

**\$1.00 RAZOR Box Soap 25cts.** Outfit mailed agents 15cts. with extra liberal terms. United Soap Works, 85 Chambers St., New York City

**\$80** in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

**150 Gold Back FREE** Post Cards. Send 10c for postage, etc., for special samples & plan, incl. Birthday Holiday, etc., IDEAL POST CARD CLUB, Dept. 382 CHICAGO.

**REMEDY** sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 874 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

**Asthma** BE A DETECTIVE. Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 452 SCARBITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

**FITS CURED** NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German. American Institute, 984 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**FREE** We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

**MOTHERS** Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, UNI-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial pkg. FREE. Giveage, BOWTHER CHEMICAL CO., Paris, Ill.

**Pain Paint** stops pain instantly. On receipt of 25 one cent stamps I will send you by return mail a 50c package with directions for making twenty-four 25c bottles. Sold 60 years by agents. A. L. WOLCOTT, 3 WOLCOTT BLDG., NEW YORK.

## Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

**W**ELL, dear children, this is Halloween month and I suppose you will play many tricks and games. I hope you will enjoy the Jolly Hour with me not only in October but for a good many months thereafter. I will keep the Funny Bugs busy doing their queer stunts, and will show you how to make toys and playthings without number. I would like to know which part of the column you enjoy most and what feature, if any, you do not enjoy. I will try to send a post-card to every child that writes to me.

### Hand Shadow Head

Here is the head of a jolly farmer which you can make by standing between the light and the wall and holding your hands as shown in the picture. You must practice for quite a while before you get it just right but do not give up until you do so.

### Adventures of Paul and Prue

Paul and Prue were two little children eight years of age. Their home was in a distant country town and right back of it was a dense forest. They could hear funny noises sometimes when they were playing close to the edge of the woods but they were afraid to go and see what caused them, and besides their parents told them to never go farther than the first big tree, which was an oak. Paul and Prue often wished they could fly over the tops of the trees and look down into the forbidden forest and one day when they were sitting under the oak tree a great big bird flew right down between them. They were too scared to move an inch especially when the bird spoke just like a person and said, "Come with me and I will show you how to fly." Paul had a broomstick in his hands and the big bird plucked at it; but Prue grabbed the other end and before they knew it they were being carried into the air. The bird had a hold on the middle of the stick and the scared children were hanging from the ends. Right over the tall oak they went and then towards the center of the woods. There they saw a giant tree ten times taller than the oak and in it was a nest as big as a bed. The bird carried them straight to it and looking down they saw—

### Hallowe'en Fun

Here is something funny to try at a Hallowe'en party. Hang an apple or a bun from the curtain pole so that it will be just about even with a person's mouth and then let him try to eat it with his hands tied behind his back. Five or six should start at the same time to eat different apples and the one who finishes first gets a prize. This contest is harmless and makes fun for everyone. The prize may be a big juicy pear or a cake or anything good to eat.

### Funny Bugs' Hallowe'en

This is the night to romp and run, and shout and sing and have some fun. The picture shows a little scene of Funny Bugs on Hallowe'en. Cute Jack o'lanterns they have made of peanut shells, and two essayed To duck for apples in a bowl. The apples are some peas they stole.



THE FUNNY BUGS' HALLOWE'EN PRANKS.

Upon a peanut horse astride,  
One Bug is going for a ride.  
Observe the funnel candlestick.  
And see the fellow pull the wick.  
This is the night to romp and run,  
The Funny Bugs must have their fun.

### The Cat

I never tease my little cat,  
But stroke and pat its head.  
And watch her playing round the house  
And see that she is fed.

My little cat is very nice,  
And she is useful too,  
For she will catch the little mice  
That frighten me and you.

### Paper Doll

This paper doll will stand up all by itself. It is made of stiff writing paper or cardboard. First you trace the picture of a figure like the one shown with a pencil and then cut on the lines with the shears. The stander is part of the doll itself as seen in Fig. 2. It extends from the waist to below the feet and should be one eighth inch wide. Simply pull it back a



FOR THE DOLLS' HOUSE.

little and the base of the figure will have ample support. You will find many pictures in fashion books and magazines that would make nice paper dollies if you cut them out in such a way as to

leave on a stripe like "X" for a stander. This plan will aid you to get a large family of dolls of every race and wearing all kinds of costumes.

### Paper Sack Mask

Sometimes when you are sitting around pining for something to do and maybe complaining because you have no toys, the means of having fun may be very close to you. The picture shows a simple form of home amusement for children. Provide each one with a paper sack, distributing them according to size, and let each mark the outline of a face as indicated by the picture. To make variety the faces drawn should be different; for instance, one can draw a Jap, one an Indian, one a witch, and a clown and so on. Look in some books to get the proper kind of a head. When all is finished, cut out the eyes, so you can see through, and let everyone place the sacks over their heads. Now begin singing "John Brown's Body," or some old song like it and march out to scare mother. It will make a few hours' fun for you.



GUESS WHO?

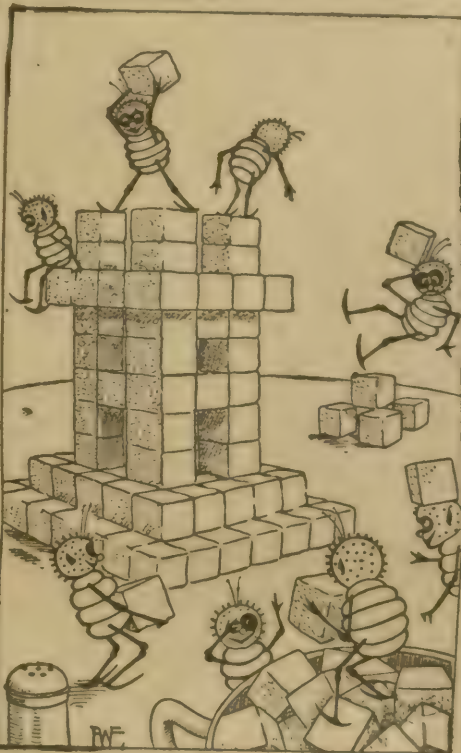
books to get the proper kind of a head. When all is finished, cut out the eyes, so you can see through, and let everyone place the sacks over their heads. Now begin singing "John Brown's Body," or some old song like it and march out to scare mother. It will make a few hours' fun for you.

### The Birds and Fishes

Said Tommy to his sister, "It's mighty strange to me,  
How birds can fly up in the air and fishes swim the sea."  
Said sister then to Tommy, "How much more strange 'twould be,  
If fishes flew up in the air, and birds swam in the sea."

### Funny Bugs' Castle

The Funny Bugs have gathered all the sugar lumps together and built up a castle for the dark and stormy weather.



SUGAR LUMP CASTLE.

It's pretty hard work building it but sometime they'll get done,  
Unless some hungry boys come 'round and eat the blocks for fun.

There, I guess that will be enough this month. In the next number of COMFORT there will be more Funny Bugs, some paper dolls, games, recitations, and pretty pictures. A good plan is to cut the Jolly Hour page out each month and paste it in a scrap book, then when you are restless you can refer to it for some idea to keep you busy and chase away the dull hours.

Address UNCLE JOHN,  
Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Stylish French Lady & Cuddles

## A DOLL SENSATION FREE TO GIRLS 2 FINE DOLLS GIVEN AWAY

**Prize No. 1** This FRENCH DOLL is the handsomest dolly exquisitely and with the very best materials. She has GENUINE EYE LASHES 1/2-inch long which make her wonderfully beautiful. Her eyes close when she lies down. Her legs, arms, elbows and head are joined in a unique manner, and they move in a wonderfully lifelike way. Dolly can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish, AND SHE IS A BIG, FINE LARGE DOLL.

### "Cuddles" Is Here

## A Real Life-Like Infant Doll

**Prize No. 2** CUDDLES, THE REAL INFANT DOLL, is the NEWEST, MERRIEST, ROSEIEST little dear in TOYLAND. See how real she looks. Just like a REAL BABY. She wears a ROMPERS suit which can be taken off and put on, just like your own little sister's. ARMS, LEGS, ETC., JOINTED. The finest, latest, best dolly ever saw. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. SHE WON'T BREAK OR CRACK.

### How to Get Both Dolls for Your Very Own

Send name and address and I will mail 12 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering c's, brought together in the most splendid manner. Distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$3.00. Send the \$3.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE both of these beautiful dolls.

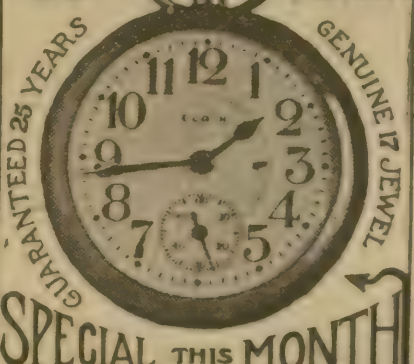
P. J. ALLEN, Sec'y, 649 W. 43d Street, Dept. 289, New York.

Understand, You Get Both of These Fine Dolls as One Prize

## ELGIN

WATCHES ON CREDIT!

\$16.50 \$2.00 MONTH



A Beautiful 10 Year Gold Filled Case, complete with fine 17 Jewel Elgin, sent on approval.

No Money Down--\$2.00 a Month

\$2.50 after examination.

FREE CATALOG Write us today for our Big Free Watch and Diamond Book. We have the world's largest number of Elgin Watches and the exclusive factory agents of the celebrated "Lady Elgin" Sewing Machine. Just your name and address on a postal will do.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 232 Kansas City, Mo.

## New Suit Offer!

Just send us your name and you will promptly receive the most astonishing—yes, wonderful suit offer, together with Paragon Complete Outfit, packed with big assortment of Cloth Samples, Tape Measures, Fashion Figures, Order Blanks, etc.—all absolutely

FREE by Return Mail, Postpaid

This includes an offer on a fine suit for yourself so liberal it will startle you, and our Grand Offer to START YOU IN A BIG MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Our wide-open terms, conditions and privileges will astonish you. The low prices we will make you on men's high-quality clothing will amaze you. And

WE Pay All Express Charges

We go the limit in liberality. We want you for our agent in your town, so that we can Turn All Our Business Over to You. We will start you in a big, established, money-making business.

New Agents Make \$40 a Week

Do you wonder that our agents make all kinds of money? We must have an agent in your town. Get our GRAND OFFER and the special PARAGON OUTFIT, which is already packed with big Assortment of Cloth Samples and complete equipment, ready to be sent you free, charges paid by us. "First Come, First Served." Rush your answer to us quick if you want a suit for yourself, before someone else gets the prize.

PARAGON TAILORING COMPANY, Dept. 2, Chicago.

## SALESMEN WANTED

Trained Salesmen earn from \$1,200.00 to \$10,000.00 per year and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars, list of good openings, and testimonials from over a thousand men we have recently placed in good positions.

Address Nearest Office, Dept. 173

National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

WE WILL GIVE YOU FREE

this rifle for selling 50-100 Jewelry Novelties. Rifle guaranteed. Order jewelry. We trust you. When sold send \$2.40 and get rifle or other premium.

UNION SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 4 Lancaster, Pa.

4 RINGS FREE

Send your name and address for 12 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10 cts. each. Remit \$1.20 when sold; we will send these four rings free.

Dept. 66, East Boston, Mass.

NEARLY HALF YARD TALL



TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

P. J. ALLEN, Sec'y, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 289, New York.

Please send me the two beautiful premium pictures so that I may get the two beautiful dolls.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

## Great Suit Offer!



Just write us and we will send you absolutely FREE, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Everything FREE, and WE WILL START YOU IN A PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

**We Want a Live Agent** in your town. You can make \$1,000 to \$2,000 per year. If you will write us before we get an agent in your town you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town we will give you a dollar we sell in his territory. **WE TURN ALL OUR BUSINESS OVER TO HIM.** That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself, **ANSWER QUICK,** before we get an agent in your town. You will then get all of our great inducements. (38)

American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 453, Chicago

## Trusses Like These Are A Crime



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I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with **FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS** to send for one of my large-sized 16-oz. bottles **FREE**  
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This beautiful enameled black background, illustrating lovely flowers in all their natural colors, appropriate illuminated text, suitable for hanging in different rooms, size 12 x 16, sent free when 2 cent stamp is sent for postage.  
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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in either or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. W., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that the parents, of a married woman of nineteen years of age, would have no standing in court in an action, brought by them, to annul such daughter's marriage.

G. A. M., Virginia.—We think most life insurance policies provide that in case the beneficiary dies before the assured, that the proceeds of the policy goes to the estate of the assured.

Mrs. W. B. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that married women have all the property rights of an unmarried woman, except that they must be joined by the husband in the conveyance of the homestead, when owned by them, nor can they bequeath by will more than two thirds of their property away from their husbands; we do not think the husband can compel the wife to sell and divide her property with him.

Mrs. W. B. C., Oklahoma.—We do not think that you can now recover real estate abandoned by your father in California fifty-two years ago.

W. S., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in the real estate, and the same share as each of the children absolutely in the personal property, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the lawful issue of any deceased child taking the parents' share.

C. B., South Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a married man cannot, by will, cut off his wife from her dower, of a one third interest for life, in his real estate, but that he can dispose of, by will or otherwise, his personal property without her consent.

Daughter-in-law, Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the second husband of a woman, would inherit upon her death, from the property left by her first husband, only a one half interest in the one half she would be entitled to receive from the real estate of her first husband's estate. We think the children of the first marriage should proceed to enforce the settlement of their father's estate.

Troubled, Virginia.—We think that a doctor is liable for malpractice, but we think that it would be very difficult to establish that a doctor was guilty of malpractice, if he is a first class, honest, and in diagnosing the kind of operation necessary, provided, of course, the mistake he made was not one which was the result of carelessness or incompetence.

N. H. H., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that every male of twenty-one and female of eighteen, of sound mind can make a legal will, the will must be in writing and signed by the testator and shall be attested by two or more competent witnesses, subscribing their names as such witnesses in the presence of each other and in the presence of the testator. We think you should have a lawyer or some other competent person draw and attend to the execution of the will, as the form you submit is not a good one and deficient in several respects.

Mrs. F. S., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that an illegitimate child is not entitled to inherit from the father if he leaves any descendant, ascendant, collateral relative or wife. (2) We think a disorderly woman is liable to punishment through the proper authorities.

Mrs. L. P., Nebraska.—We think the signature of the wife is necessary to the conveyance of property belonging to the husband in your state. (2) We think lack of support and cruelty in a ground of divorce for the wife in your state, the custody of the children being in the discretion of the court.

I. McF., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the witnesses of a will must be persons who have no interest in the estate, that in case the executor named in the will predeceases the testator the court will appoint an administrator with the will annexed to carry out the will.

Mrs. E. S., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving a widow and issue, and leaving no will, his

estate would go one third of both real and personal absolutely to the widow, and the balance to his issue in equal shares to the descendants. If of same degree, if not by representation; he can disinherit his children or any one of them by will, but not his wife.

Mrs. D. K., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving wife and two or more children, some of the children being his children by a former wife, that his widow would have a homestead right in his residence, and his widow and any child or children under fourteen years of age would be entitled to some small allowance from his personal estate, the balance both real and personal going one fourth absolutely to the widow and the remainder in equal shares to his children by both marriages. The descendants of any deceased child, taking the parents' share.

### The Chance of a Lifetime

was what many of the prize-winners found in **Three Grand Prize Contests.** Our **Fourth Grand Prize Offer is better than ever.** Contest opens with the announcement on another page of this paper. Enter now and get an early start for the November cash prizes.

D. F., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that wills must be in writing and signed at the end by the testator and two or more competent witnesses who saw him subscribe or heard him acknowledge it, neither husband nor wife can, without the written consent of the other, bequeath property from the other more than one half of his or her property, but children can be disinherited.

G. W. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the husband of a deceased daughter would have no interest in the estate of either of the parents of such daughter, in the absence of any will making provisions to the contrary.

H. B., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that an action upon a promissory note, signed in the presence of an attesting witness if brought by the original payee or his executor or administrator, can be brought at any time after maturity, and within twenty years from the date thereof.

R. V. T., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in a case, where all the parties are of full age and sound mind, one of several owners of a piece of property can procure good title to the whole property by deeds of the various interests of all the other owners of the property.

W. A. T., Kansas.—We are of the opinion that a purchaser is bound to carry out his contract of purchase, provided he signs and delivers the same, unless said contract contains some clause giving him the right to cancel same.

J. O. E., Texas.—Under the laws of Oklahoma we are of the opinion that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, and leaving no husband or descendants, her estate would go to her parents, if only one parent survive, such parent would receive one half and the remaining half be divided among her sisters and brothers, if no parent the whole estate would be divided among the brothers and sisters or their descendants in equal shares; if a husband survive he is entitled to one half of the personality of his wife's separate estate absolutely, and the use of the realty during life. It makes no difference whether the surviving husband is a first or second husband.

E. E. A., Washington.—The proper person to whom to apply for a patent is the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. There are fees to be paid in connection with the procuring of a patent. We think that you may find it necessary to employ a patent attorney to put your application for a patent in the proper form.

Nebraska Boy, Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, her surviving husband would receive a share in her estate, the share depends upon how many children survive and upon whether the surviving husband is the father of all of her children. We think she can bar her husband from any share in her estate by will.

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Genuine Gold plated, file any arm, richly chased, heavy signet medallion, also a handsome ring, both Given for selling 12 sets Collar Buttons and Pins at 10¢ each. **FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 478 Boston, Mass.**

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We send you this machine to your home for you to try, and then if you like it we give it to you absolutely FREE—make you a present of it.

This is the latest style high grade disc machine—and disc machines, as you are probably aware, are the best made. Disc records are the most durable—reproduce music the best. It is upon disc records that all the best Opera Singers, Musicians and the best artists record music, both vocal and instrumental.

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The essential point in a Talking Machine is its reproducing power. This is dependent largely on the Sound Box and Tone Arm. Imperial II has the latest improved Tapering Tone Arm, scientifically perfect and acoustically correct. The Sound Box is simple and perfect—a marvel of construction. An aluminum diaphragm, set in rubber gaskets and tested to a degree that insures it to be mechanically and musically correct. It is fitted with a beautifully finished flower horn.



### Why Do We Give Away This \$25 Talking Machine?

It is because we are manufacturers of D & R Records (Double and Reversible). These Records have music on both sides. They are the full 10-inch size and we sell them at the same price you would have to pay for the old-style single records. This would make the music cost you about half the old price. We keep on hand always a stock of 500,000 records.

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With any talking machine you must purchase records in order to use the machine. We are confident that our records will give such satisfaction that you will continue to buy them, as new pieces are issued every month.

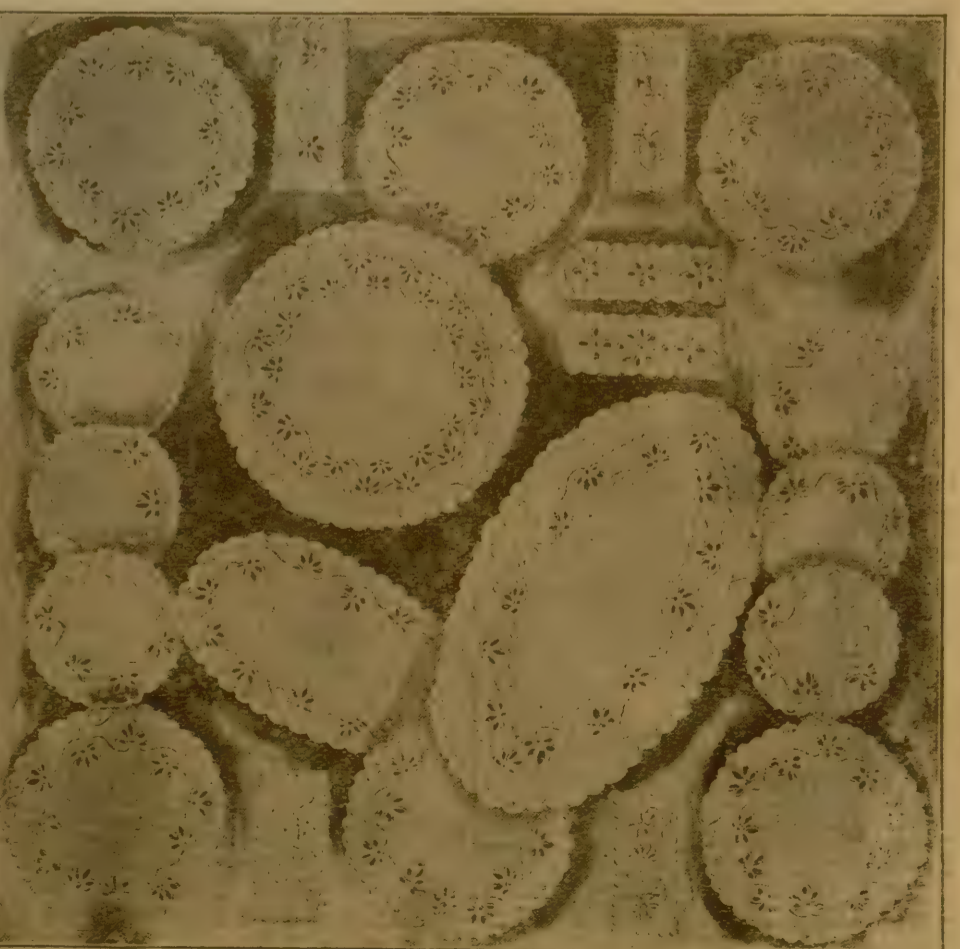
Write today and we will send you a list of D & R Records and we will ship you the machine just as soon as you have selected such records as you wish sent with the machine. (6) **D & R RECORD CO., 225 Ohio St., Chicago**

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Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment done often cures. Write us in confidence. **ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 632—21 E. Van Buren St. Chicago**

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This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

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in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Cut this out and  
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Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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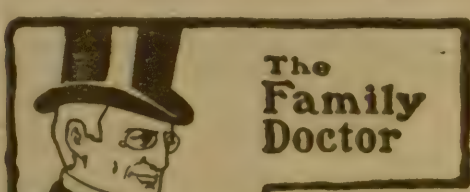
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Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style of shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheepskin ornamented by fancy cording with pinked edging on top, has two silk cords with leather tassels attached besides having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable. The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy. The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so handily opened or closed. They come in the most serviceable color—black.

**Club Offer.** Send us only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

H. J. B., Washington, N. J.—You do not mention any reason why you might have pimples on your face, but from the tone of your letter we conclude that you are young. Pimples are indigenous to youthful skins and if you will be careful of your diet, cutting out the greasy foods, and also keep your skin thoroughly clean with pure soap and hot water, you will soon outgrow them.

J. B., Meehan, Miss.—There are numerous remedies for tapeworm, among them being pumpkin seed, turpentine, pomegranate-root bark, calomel, jalap, tin and others, including male fern, the oil or extract of which is perhaps the best of all. But you cannot administer this yourself safely, and you must have the attention of a physician to administer male fern, as it should be administered by one who knows what he is about.

F. R. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It depends upon what causes your loss of hair, whether or not anything can be done to remedy it. If by disease, it may be cured. If by natural causes, thus far, no remedy has been found. You are in the midst of the best authorities on the subject, consult them. We may add that there are as many bald heads in Brooklyn as elsewhere in the country, so we do not imagine that the cure has not yet been discovered in your city.

Mrs. B. F., Newburg, Mich.—There are many specialists in this country who correct deformities of the face, in some instances with much success, but they are expensive. We cannot recommend one, but would suggest that you look over the advertisements in Chicago and Detroit papers and write to those advertising to go to Florida where land is cheaper, and asks about the health of that state. Possibly the Florida climate is what her husband needs and it may be good for her asthma, but Florida is not usually recommended for those diseases. The best way to find out is to try it. Indeed, that is the only way to be sure.

Mrs. C. O. C., Riverside, N. M., writes that she and her husband went to New Mexico for catarrh in his case and asthma in hers and that while she has had only one attack in three years, her husband's catarrh is about the same. She also says that people there have catarrh just as they do in the East. She says it takes a First National Bank to live in that country, and land sells for two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars an acre and that much cannot be made from it, which does not sound well for N. M., although a lot of people manage somehow to make a barrel of money out there on the high-priced land. She wants to go to Florida where land is cheaper, and asks about the health of that state. Possibly the Florida climate is what her husband needs and it may be good for her asthma, but Florida is not usually recommended for those diseases. The best way to find out is to try it. Indeed, that is the only way to be sure.

N. M. B., Lenora, Kans.—Where did you get your prescription? I from a regular physician, you should not be afraid to try it. Otherwise, don't use it unless your home physician will recommend it. Don't try to cure yourself or serious results may follow.

Christobel, Jetersville, Va.—If the perspiring is natural, even though excessive, you should not prevent it. If you have some ailment which produces it, you may correct that. You tell us nothing of cause. We can offer no advice except that you see your own home doctor.

C. A. S., Morley, Mich.—Aene may be cured, but not quickly. The best general remedies are good hygiene, careful attention to diet and habits, ordinary tonics, especially such as contain arsenic. The best local application is the compound hypochloride of sulphur ointment, which you can get at a drug-store. Aene is another of the diseases that should not be treated by the patient. (2) Climate has little or no effect upon constipation and kidney trouble.

Mrs. C. F. B., Canton, Minn.—When a child swallows a button or small coin, about the safest treatment is to let it take its course, though a mild physic would do no harm. With a pin or needle, a physician should be called at once. Sometimes a needle or pin will produce no bad results, but they are dangerous to swallow. (2) The material medica does not recognize the lining of a chicken's gizzard as an indigestion cure for humans. It is useful to the chicken, however. (3) We are not venturing opinions on pre-natal influences.

Hope, Rome, Ga.—Your catarrh is of the stomach as well as of the head, and it is largely the result of indigestion. Indigestion will make you think you have all the other ailments. What you should do is to cheer yourself, eating only the most digestible foods, chewing every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing, drink no coffee or tea, no water at meals, and practice deep breathing of fresh air at frequent intervals, beginning in the morning when you first get up. Also in the morning take a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water, and before going to bed. You will get strength with good digestion and your memory will improve. (2) Adults have worms, and they are so stubborn, frequently, that only a physician in person can treat them. See a physician and ask him about hook-worm. That may be the trouble.

A. B. C., Hearn, Texas.—You need glasses and should go at once to an oculist or optician and have your eyes examined. With good glasses your eye troubles will no doubt be removed at once. (2) Take your foot to a physician and let him put it under the X-ray. Some foreign substance may have become imbedded in the flesh and that is causing the hurt and the swelling.

J. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—See answer above to H. J. B., Washington, N. J.—What you ought to do is to marry and have something else to think about except yourself.

Subscriber, Mariette, Mich.—The hair remedies you can get at any drug-store are as good as any we can suggest, because there is so much falling hair in this country that everybody who thinks he has a remedy tries to get in on the market. Have you ever submitted your head to a scientific hairologist, or a plain barber? If not we advise that you try one, say, about every three months. You say you have tried everything else, why not that?

F. E. S., Shady Green, Fla.—Your voice will grow stronger as you grow older. A boy of sixteen, who

wants to sing, should not push his voice or he will ruin it. (2) Try lunar caustic on the warts, taking care not to let it touch the adjacent skin.

W. D. M., Utica, Miss.—Your recurring tetter is chronic eczema and you need constitutional treatment, that is to say, a course of medicine to put your system in proper condition. Arsenic is one of the tonics necessary and you cannot risk administering such a poison yourself. Therefore consult a physician. Oxide of zinc ointment is a good local application, that you may use yourself. Put it on at night and sleep in soft gloves. Ordinary fish brine is a home remedy for many skin troubles. Try that, if you want to, but not with the zinc ointment.

Mrs. I. A. E., Etna, Cal.—Really at this distance we cannot tell why you sneeze for twenty minutes every morning after getting out of bed. There must be something in your nostrils for a physician to go after and remove. Have you ever had your nose examined by a physician? If not, go so.

B. H. S., San Jose, Cal.—Lack of circulation, of course, causes the numbness of your fingers, but why there should be lack of circulation when your general health is good is only for a physician to know who can examine into your case personally. Go to one, and at the same time, massage at frequent intervals your hands and arms, rubbing downward, good and hard to help the blood reach the extremities.

D. B. H., East Quogue, N. Y.—Many people are much more susceptible to sunburn than others and remedies against nature are not easy to find. Have you ever tried greasing your face and hands before going into the open? Mutton tallow well rubbed in may be of service. It is certainly excellent after the burning. Camphor ice is also good, and there are numerous remedies for sunburn at the drug-stores, all of them of more or less merit. An ounce of prevention of sunburn is worth a ton of cure. Prevent it, if possible.

Mrs. J. A. McN., Draper, N. C.—Ask your druggist to get the menthol crystals for you from his wholesale dealers. There are various menthol preparations for catarrh which are quite efficacious, but are not cures. The menthol is also good for neuralgia, but not a cure, for neuralgia will not be cured. For that and for catarrh the proper climate is the best remedy.

Grace, Union, Oregon.—We think the obesity cure of taking the juice of one lemon the first day, two the next, and so on up to fifteen in one day, and then reversing the operation sounds rather fishy, but it won't hurt you to try it. We would advise, however, that you take smaller lemons after the tenth day, or you will not be able to swallow that much acid. The best way to reduce flesh is to reduce the amount of food you eat and stick to it. Let us know the results of the lemon cure.

L. O. L., Denver, Ida.—The rumbling in the stomach is quite common, particularly among women who wear tight corsets or clothing and is due to acid there. In some cases a drink of half a glass of hot water with a pinch of soda in it will remove the disturbance. In other cases it is much more stubborn and only a course of treatment will remove it. It is due to poor digestion. Keep your digestion right and you will not be embarrassed by these stomachic rumblings. It is nothing more than Nature inside of you complaining of the treatment she is receiving.

Redwing, Oslo, Minn.—The deafness is due to a catarrhal condition, aggravated by the climate in which you live. Whether the deafness is permanent or not, no one can say, but we think if you could live in Arizona, where it is hot and dry you would find relief, if not a cure. If there has not been deafness in your family, you may know yours is the result of local causes. Get away from them.

G. M. E., Stockton, Cal.—The commonest cause of hiccoughs is an undue distension of the stomach from over-eating or drinking, or an accumulation of wind from poor digestion. In some instances hiccoughs are due to nervous disturbances. They are very common, especially in children, and unless persistent are not at all serious. If you have hiccoughs quite frequently, we advise that you be careful what you eat and how you eat it. That is, don't have indigestion.

Subscriber, Detroit, Mich.—See answer above to J. B., Meehan, Miss.

Mrs. A. G., Ossian, Iowa.—As the lump on your foot is the result of an accident you will have to go to a doctor and let him see it. And the quicker you do so, the better.

Mrs. M. B., Spokane, Wash.—Granulated eyelids are due to the inflammation of the small follicles, or ducts, which open there, and they can only be treated by a physician, as the operation is almost surgical. It is quite painful, unless cocaine is used, but does not last long. When you have any eye trouble never try to cure yourself. Your eyes are too valuable to be treated by a novice.

Dredge, 21, Thief River Falls, Minn.—The running of the nostrils when the feet get cold is probably due to an idiosyncrasy, and is a form of nervousness. You should not live in so cold a climate as Minnesota. As a local application for the relief of your nostrils, the mentholated preparations to be had at drug-stores are about the best remedies. Tell the druggist what is the matter and he will give you the remedy. Have you ever consulted a physician?

Old Lady, Cynthia, Ky.—Black is not injurious to the health, except when worn in heavy mourning veils which shut out the light and air, and give off the odors of dyestuffs. But black is a mournful color and is depressing. Why not wear something that will brighten your face and does not impair your health? It will make you feel better to look cheerful.

Muggins, Galena, Mo.—We think you have an ag-

gravated case of indigestion and if you would go on a diet, eating no fats or sweets, drinking no coffee or tea, and never swallow a mouthful of food until it was chewed to a pulp, you would begin to improve in health in short order. Do you know anything about your digestion and have you ever given a thought to what you eat and how you eat it? If you haven't, now is the time to begin, and to give yourself the right start have a talk with your local physician on digestion. We believe if you get your stomach to working as it should the ugly symptoms you mention will disappear. But you've got to see a doctor who can advise you once a week, at least for a month or so.

S. C., Mason, Wis.—You should not be afraid to consult a doctor. Why do you want to let some unknown ailment run on till it gets beyond relief, and when you are compelled to have a doctor, it will be too late? We think your trouble is not at all serious, but you had better find out if it is and treat it in time.

Mrs. P. E. H., Norfolk, Va.—What is one man's meat is another man's poison is the only reason we know why iced tea is bad for some people and not for others. Many other foods and drinks are the same. Two or three glasses at supper is quite enough to produce bad results. Try one glass, if you hate to give it up.

Subscriber, Farmington, Mont.—Why so careless with your curling iron as to burn your forehead? But don't worry too much over the mark it has left. It will go away soon enough. In the meantime and hereafter you will be more careful.

Mrs. W. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—You have a case of "nerves", and if you look well to your digestion and exercise your will power you will overcome the trouble and be all right again. It will take time and all your strength of mind, but if you will keep your resolution strong and your stomach in good working condition you will be as well as you ever were.

**FREE WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN FREE**

American Movement Watch. Beautifully engraved case, warranted time keeper, also chain and Signet Ring, all given Free for sending 20 pieces jewelry at 10c ea. Write for jewelry. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we send Watch, Ring and Chain.

**Eagle Watch Co.,**  
Dept. 23, East Boston, Mass.

**FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS**

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made this treatise on Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

**W. H. FEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York**

**ASTHMA and HAY FEVER CURED You Pay**

I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office.

**Address D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Mary, Kansas**

**OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated.**

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.

**Dr. E. G. CONTRELL, Suite 533 No. 400 W. 43d St., New York**

**Women to Sew** at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped reply envelope for prices we pay. Universal Co., 29 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

**WISE WOMEN** use our remedies and toilet specialties, appliances and the many other exclusive necessities which we handle. Illustrated catalogue with Helps and Hints 3c. Address Webster Specialty Co., Dept. J5, Chicago.

**FIFTY CENTS**

**ENTONA**

Are You Troubled

with constipation or piles? If you are, do not tax and injure your stomach with medicine. Your physician will endorse our Entona Suppositories as a simple, practical and safe remedy. It has proved so for over thirty years. If your druggist does not keep them send to MAISON DE SAINTE, 240 6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50c boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your age, experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50c box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box C203, Joliet, Ill.**



## STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

**A Remarkable Offer** THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "bank in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation.

**MORE STILL.** we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Filet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a **SPECIAL OFFER**? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Tobacco Habit Swiftly Banished

**Dr. Elders' Tobacco Boon Banishes  
All Forms of Tobacco Habit  
In 72 to 120 Hours.**

Guaranteed positively to be a harmless, swift and permanent relief from the slavery of the Tobacco Habit. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes sufficient for all ordinary cases. Proofs in plenty from those who have experienced the wonderful benefits of Dr. Elders' Guaranteed Home Treatment.



They write like this: "Wouldn't take \$1000 for what you did for me." "I never have a hankering for tobacco any more." "One box of your Tobacco Boon cured me after 20 years habit." "Used Tobacco in all forms for 17 years, three boxes cured me." "I cannot praise your Tobacco Boon enough. Other Mothers can also cure their sons." "Used Tobacco for almost 54 years and I cannot express my gratitude to you for putting me in my present condition." Remember, a legal binding guarantee of results in every case, or money refunded. It will surely pay any one to send for Free Booklet giving full information of Elders' Tobacco Boon. Home Treatment. Address DR. ELDERS' SANITARIUM, Dept. 216 St. Joseph, Mo.

## WONDERFUL 3 Days' Conqueror DRINK HABIT

I averaged drinking about 20 glasses of whisky daily. Also considerable beer, gin and ale.

### Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true remedy. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased, I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink. It was done in only three days. By fortunate circumstances, I learned the True Method for overcoming liquor habit with or without the drinker's knowledge. My Remedy is endorsed by physicians and in legions of testimonials. I will send you ample proof.

### Drinkers Secretly Saved

My Treatment is speedy, safe, convenient, can be taken at home or while attending to business. I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to save the drunkard; each victim in life is to be saved. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed or its small cost will be refunded. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and lasting home treatment between Friday night and Monday—or any other 72 hours! DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS—even if the drinker seems to be able to control himself, you can never tell when he will meet with accident or be stricken with delirium tremens, epilepsy, prostration, heart failure, pneumonia, softening of the brain or other serious ailment. \$10,000 Reward. Money refund guarantee.

### ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful remedy and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments, institutes, or remedies which had no satisfactory effect. My Book costs you nothing and you will always be glad you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this and show to others.

**EDWARD J. WOODS,**  
534 Sixth Ave., C 359 New York, N. Y.



### 25 Thanksgiving 10c Post Cards 10c

25 of the best Thanksgiving Post Cards sold for 10c. All different, consisting of Turkey, Children, Pumpkins, etc., with inscriptions. Some are embossed and in gold. THE BEST YOU EVER SAW. ALL ALIKE. All are lithographed in many colors on a good quality of cardboard. Sent prepaid with our large catalogue and special offer, all for 10c. HERMAN & CO., 2830 North Halsted St., Dept. T. 229, CHICAGO

### Sentiment Expressed in Stone In The Wonderful Regard Ring.

R stands for Ruby  
E stands for Emerald  
G stands for Garnet  
A stands for Amethyst  
D stands for Diamond

Dear Friend, to you I advise this ring. Which I hope you will never discard. To you it may seem a simple thing. But it spells the word REGARD.

This new Ring will wear at least five years, although not solid gold, it is very high grade gold plate. In every way and a ring we are certain you will be pleased with, and for a presentation ring it cannot be equalled, besides it is entirely new and yours will be the first in your neighborhood if you send at once.

**Club Offer:** Send but four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c, each for 15 months for a REGARD RING, and be sure to send sine required. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Reproduction from Solid Gold Genuine Garnet or Opal Setting

Here is an artistic Lady's Ring, simple, dignified and very attractive. Solid Gold rings of this very pattern have been sold and worn in great quantities of late. We could not resist having this ring gotten out for us in a fine quality rolled gold plate, so that we are enabled to send with each Ring a printed guarantee; thus you have our assurance that we send a ring we positively stand behind.

something we are proud of. We give you a choice of either Genuine Garnet or Opal setting and from the illustration you get a splendid idea of the half round gold wire setting with the stone setting mounted in the center. This is the first time the Ring has been offered in the magazine and we expect a very large demand. Let us have your orders early either for Christmas or for presentation purposes.

**Club Offer:** Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months for one of these Rings; give finger measurement and select stone preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Information Bureau

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Mrs. A. N. Cement, Okla.—The address is The C. H. Morley Co., Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

J. P. E. S. Bethlehem, Pa.—As far as we have experimented we have found nothing that will break the attraction of a magnet. Suppose you inquire of Prof. Howard McLaughlin, University, Princeton, N. J., who is an authority.

Florence, Woods Cross, Utah.—The author of "Pigs in Clover" is Frank Dauby, and of "The Man on the Box" is Harold McGrath. Haven't you a school teacher in your town who could have told you this? Mr. Carnegie might build a library there.

Anxious Willie, Parker, Tenn.—It would be an excellent plan to take up government land if you can get it in a fair location, not too far from market and not too cold. Write to Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C., for particulars. We may say that there is not much free land to be had now in good locations, but some of the Western railroads have land to sell cheap. For information about land in any state write to the Secretary of State of that state at the capital of it.

A. S., St. Charles, Ky.—To borrow money on inventions you will have to meet the person and show your invention. Why not put an ad in the Cincinnati Enquirer, free, asking for someone who is looking for inventions?

Mrs. J. T. W. Perryopolis, Pa.—The only thing we know of that a woman can do at home to make a little money is to use the means she has at hand to supply the wants of her neighbors. Very many women have done well with chickens, flowers, bread, cake, fancy sewing and many other things that they have seen the need of and supplied it. This is a thinking age and you must think out your own plan and then work it with all the sense and strength in you.

G. C., Ogden, Utah.—The instruments used in a band or orchestra vary according to the size of the organization, some using only a life and drum. There are women orchestras in which the women play all the instruments with men play. For detailed information consult an Ogden band leader. You have bands in Ogden, haven't you?

Mrs. S. J. Zoeger, No. 419 N. El Paso St., El Paso, Texas, would like to buy from some COMFORT reader two copies of the Sunday school song book, "Silver Spray," used in St. Louis in 1899-72. State price in answering.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

League Sunshine and Mercy Work  
for October

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Winter is almost here, and winter is a terribly hard time for the sick and needy. They all need fuel and food, clothing and drugs, and medical treatment. There are not many names on the above list. See if you can't do something substantial for everyone of them.

Lovingly yours,

*Uncle Charlie*

### Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so rapidly that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

### How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, on your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Ruthe, Lord 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

### Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie! Uncle Charlie! Uncle Charlie!

Wants to remind you that the fall evenings are here, and when you gather around the fireside or meet in the parlor, he wants to be your guest and fireside companion. Get up a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure Uncle Charlie's Poems, and then you will always have your uncle right by your elbow to make the long winter evenings happy and joyous. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a magnificent 160 page volume, bound in lilac silk cloth, beautifully printed on elegant paper, and containing an absorbingly interesting sketch of the author's life, together with several half tone pictures, in one of which Uncle Charlie is seen dictating his monthly talks, to Maria. This is the greatest funny book in the world without exception, the ideal gift book for Christmas or birthday, and remember Christmas is only twelve weeks away. Secure this glorious volume at once and make yourself and others happy. Start your clubbing today.

### The Superb New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Song Book

You need music around the fireside these long winter evenings, so get up a club of two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure Uncle Charlie's Song Book, which contains twenty-eight of the dearest, prettiest and most delightfully melodious songs ever written. You will scream over "Broke Again," you will go wild over "My Queen of Dreams," and the tears will come in your eyes when you sing "The Old Village Church." Five dollars' worth of music, a superbly gotten up volume of songs for only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each, is a bargain. For half an hour's song work, you get a volume of six and secure both these glorious books (COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains, unequalled and unsurpassed in their respective lines). START YOUR CLUBBING NOW! WORK FOR THEM TODAY!



### Her Hearing Has Been Restored.

This illustration hypothetically represents a lady who has been deaf and who has been troubled with those awful buzzing or ringing noises in the head. Her hearing is restored and the birds, the chirping of the crickets, the humming of the bees and other sweet sounds of Nature. It is as if paradise were opened to her, for she realizes the ecstasy of the moment, and appreciates the full meaning of being able to hear perfectly. Truly, joy has entered her life. A very interesting book has been written by a noted aurist in which he shows how deaf persons may be free, by the author, Dr. George E. Contant, 7 J. Station E, New York, N. Y. Write to him and he will cheerfully send it. His is a genuine method by which any man or woman may be cured at home. No drugging, no electric apparatus.

## BOYS and GIRLS

Earn Elegant Watch, Ring & Chain in One Day's Work

SEND NO MONEY.—Simply send your name and address and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores usually charge \$1.00 each). WITH THEM we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (very handsome boxes) greatest remedy known for Cuts, Burns, Dandruff, Ucers, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Etc.



## MEN AND WOMEN

EARN \$3.00 DAILY

We offer you steady work. You sell the White Cloverine at 25c per box and give 1 picture free. When sold return \$3 and we send beautiful WATCH, RING & CHAIN, or you can keep CASH COMMISSION. Be first in your town. Everyone buys 2 to 3 boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Stillness used. Agents earn \$3 a day. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. E., Tyrone, Pa.

## QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR

We will send you

BROCHURE

## FREE

ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!

Let us prove to you that the Kaskott Method of hair growing with genuine and scientific one. We will send you our valuable BROCHURE FREE. We guarantee to grow hair under any condition. Our method is directed at removing the cause, the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant. It is a simple, safe, and sure method. Kaskott is for men, women's and old drops heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, to fall-out hair and to promote growth of new hair. LADIES, wouldn't you like to have more hair? We especially want you to write if you have wasted time and money in vain. Write to-day a postcard will do and we will send the valuable BROCHURE absolutely free, postpaid. Address: KASKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 30th St. New York, N.Y.

## SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers  
From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent changes of mood, if you have Leucorrhoea, Whites, displacement of uterus, or of the womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

**TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS:** I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Whites, Leucorrhoea, Whites, displacement of uterus, or of the womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

## A black and white illustration of a man in a suit, smiling broadly as he holds a large sack overflowing with coins. The sack has the text "\$1,300 PAID E." printed on it. The man is looking down at the coins with a joyful expression.

**ENTER NOW: Win a November Prize, Win Double in December. Win a Grand Prize, too.**

## STARTLING NEWS For All Who Use Tobacco or Alcohol

**A Delightful Antidote Has Been  
Found. Enjoy Yourself  
and Keep Well!**

### GENUINE GOLD IN GUM!

Here is something new and surprising for the man who smokes tobacco or drinks any kind of alcoholic beverages. It is not a "cure" but it is an antidote. You may easily reduce the amount that you use of tobacco or liquor and that which you do take will do you the least possible harm because the damaging effects of nicotine or alcohol are neutralized.

The new scientific wonder is Goyn's Golden Gum. It is the best chewing gum ever compounded. Every stick contains 12 potential ingredients, including genuine gold and sodium chloride which is the very expensive and renowned ingredient that is used in tobacco and liquor treatments costing \$100 and upwards.

You can do with much less tobacco or alcoholic drink and you should feel marvelously well every moment of the day. This is verily the most marvelous antidote. It costs no more than ordinary gum, although in real value it is as much better as gold is superior to tin!

Don't try to quit the tobacco or drink habit by will-power, don't compel yourself to suffer the agony of weaning yourself from tobacco or alcohol by forcing yourself to go without them when the craving is strong, but let Goyn's Golden Gum come to your aid. The delightfully beneficial effect is too wonderful to be described—try the G. G. and prove its merits yourself.

A package will be mailed for 10 cents, 25 cts. or \$1.00 postpaid. Send stamps or money-order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order direct of the makers, Goyn Laboratory, 101 A, No. 112 West 30th St., New York, N. Y.

**FREE Solid Gold Signet**  
Initials engraved on same given away for selling 24 packages rare post cards at 10c. EZ Plan. We trust you. When sold return \$2.40 and wear a good ring. Write now. Dept. B. Schlueter & Schlueter, Newark, N. J.

**WATCH, RING FREE**  
AND CHAIN  
FOR SELLING ONLY \$1.50 WORTH.  
American Movement, rich case, fine time-keeper, for selling 6 boxes Blood Tablets at 25c. each. When sold return \$1.50 and we send Watch, Ring, Chain for money sent in 10 days.  
STANDARD REMEDY CO.,  
5 Cortland St., Dept. 40, New York City.

**FITS**  
It made a life study of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness and cured cases afflicted since childhood. Write for FREE TRIAL I pay expressage. Prompt relief guaranteed. Stacks of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS.  
DR. F. HARVEY ROOF, 1543 DOWLING BUILDING, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

**GOLD WEDDING RING FREE**  
Send for 12 packages of our beautiful high grade gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c pkg. Return us the \$1.20 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address: R.F. MOSE, 322 House old Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

### Talks with Girls

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

married life can be to a girl who hasn't character sufficient to tell the man she should not marry that she will not marry him. Goodness knows what will happen if you do marry him, if the one you want to marry now comes along when you are married to the one you don't want to marry, but that will be no fault of mine. You have asked me not to tell you to drop him and I have done as you asked me. Go ahead and marry him.

Unhappy Girl, Quincy, Ill.—When a girl marries to please her parents she may make them very happy, but it may mean misery to her. Indeed, it very rarely turns out otherwise. If you are willing to sacrifice your own happiness for that of your parents, marry this man you do not love.

Serious, Newark, N. Y.—Maybe you can teach him to write and spell better if you marry him. You know President Andrew Johnson's wife taught him to read and write. Education is not always a bar to happiness but it means a lot in daily companionship. Writing twice a week looks serious to me. Still, it isn't quite serious enough for you to let him kiss you good by when he comes to see you, even if he does live some distance away.

L. M. D., Graham, Mont.—I think, my dear, from the questions you ask about your beaux, that you had better wait four or five years before you get into the bean circle. Your mother can answer your questions. Books not beans are for fifteen-year-old girls.

Troubled Girl, Randleman, N. C.—If he declines to wait a year, I think you will be happier in the end if you let him wait forever. You are the wise one in this matter and are on the right side. Make him wait, or lose you.

Blue Eyes, Lake, O.—My dear, the troubles you have at home are not for me to better. You must bear them until you are old enough to go out for yourself and earn your own living, free from your home discord.

Beatrice, Stratton, Colo.—Before you decide to marry your cousin, you had better consult some lawyer and find out if marriage between cousins is lawful in Colorado. Cousins should not marry, I think, and in some states they cannot.

Cousin, Bridgeville, Del.—So long as parents will take sufficient interest in the young men their daughters know to become acquainted with them and be on friendly terms with them. I think it is only fair to their daughters that they permit them to associate together as friends. Girls get into trouble often because their parents are careless about knowing their young men friends than from any other cause. And one of the surest ways of causing trouble is to refuse to permit daughters to have callers at their houses, where they should come so that parents could get to know them.

(2) Ask the young man what has caused the change in his conduct towards you and tell him if he has a good reason for it, you will have nothing to say. Otherwise he owes an explanation and apology to you. Make it a matter of sense, not sentiment.

Brown Eyes, Houston, Texas.—A third cousin is far enough away to marry, but how are you to marry him if you have another sweetheart that you have quarreled with and are now wanting to be on terms with again? Don't you think you should give all your attention to this third cousin if you love him best? Think it over.

Martha, North Star, O.—Beware of the young man who doesn't work. That sort rarely turns out well. Better obey your father and let him go. (2) When you meet the young man again you want to come to see you, ask him to come. If he declines to do so, forget him. He doesn't care for you. (3) Don't wear mourning. Mourning is depressing enough for older people, and for a seventeen-year-old girl it is dreadful.

Black-eyed Susan, Cabot, Pa.—Don't be imagining what might exist. Let the other party do that. You know where the path of duty lies and you must keep to that. Continue as you have been doing, making no sign of what may be, and wait until you are free to listen to the other. Untrue to one, untrue to both and to yourself. Keep this in mind.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered that I could answer and I hope you are well satisfied, because I did very little scolding. I think maybe my advice to you is having a good effect. Anyhow, let us all do the best we can and the good Lord watch over us till we meet again and not desert us in the months to come.  
By, by,  
COUSIN MARION.

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### November COMFORT

the big, special Anniversary number which we issue next month to celebrate COMFORT'S 24th birthday. Among its special features will be a beautiful Song with Music, Poems, Charades and Puzzles, Thanksgiving Story and other delightful short stories and an interesting article on the GREAT BATTLE FOR TEMPERANCE just fought out in Maine. All these and many other good things you will regret if you miss them by not subscribing at once.

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A Stunning New Serial Story

by Charles Garvice, the celebrated English author, will begin in November COMFORT and run through the winter and spring months. You will want to read this and the other new serial which starts in our December number.

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## CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. I do all I advertise. Health Herald and testimonials free. Address DR. C. BOYNTON, Lawrence, Mass.

## RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

She took a skin from her work-basket as she spoke, and held it out to her.

Ruby took it, and hastened from the room, remarking something about having to hurry to catch a car.

She had been afraid that her sister would ask her to wait while she dressed to go with her, which would have seriously interfered with her plans.

She went directly to Mr. Conant's office as soon as she reached the city, but here a heavy disappointment awaited her, for she was told that the gentleman had gone to Chester, to consult with Mr. Richardson about some changes in the new buildings, and would not return till evening.

She was very much disturbed, for she had fully believed that he would have set someone to watch Edmund Carpenter and had him arrested as soon as he should take the letter from the office.

She would have gone directly to Mr. Ruggles, but she had not thought to ask him where he was stopping.

She was powerless to do anything by herself, so she could only make up her mind to wait until the morning, when she would make another effort to see Mr. Conant; but it was with a heavy heart that she went to match Mrs. Gordon's

flowers—she was too upset to go to her dressmaker's—and then returned home, to wait with what patience she could.

She wandered about the house, listless and unhappy, all day, avoiding her sister as much as possible, because, knowing her treachery, she feared she should betray something of the horror that had taken possession of her.

About noon the wind changed, the sky clouded, and it soon began to rain, and the evening closed in gloomy and dismal enough.

There was an uncomfortable chill in the air, and Mrs. Coxon had a cheerful wood fire kindled in the library grate, and thither Mrs. Gordon and Ruby repaired.

But a half-hour had not elapsed when the bell rang and Edmund Carpenter was ushered into their presence.

Mrs. Gordon greeted him with evident pleasure, while Ruby flushed crimson and half arose from her chair as if about to leave the room.

"I beg you will not disturb yourself, Miss Gordon," the young man said, with sarcastic bitterness. "I will retreat rather than have you retire; but," turning to Mrs. Gordon, "it was a charming, homelike night that I thought I should enjoy a game of chess with you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HATCH CHICKENS IN ONLY TWELVE DAYS.—Dr. Bontecu of Fishkill Landing, New York, has demonstrated that it is possible to hatch chickens in only twelve days, instead of twenty-one. He took some eggs that had been under a hen only twelve days, cracked them open, and placed the partially developed chicks in a warm oven. In an hour they began peeping, and they are now as healthy as ordinary chickens.

"RAT-DAY."—J. R. Strickland of Owensville, Ind., is the originator of observing an annual "rat day." June 6 is the day agreed on in Indiana. The object is to enlist the entire country in the anti-rat movement and to have everyone get out on that day and go after the offenders "hammer and tongue." Uncle Sam estimates that every rat costs the farmers two cents a day in damages.

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SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

### 10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

### 6 - OXALIS - 6

An unrivaled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich, varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

### 5 - SNOWDROPS - 5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

### 4 SPANISH IRIS 4

No garden can have too many and anything we are able to say about them falls far short of the superb reality. They are not difficult to grow and the gorgeous shades and most odd and peculiar markings of the blooms cover a wide range of colors; but the real charm is the wondrous chasteness of every flower. They are deservedly esteemed for their perfect hardness and free flowering qualities, blooming early in the season in the garden and making a pretty display of bloom when grown in the house.

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	16	18	9	26	

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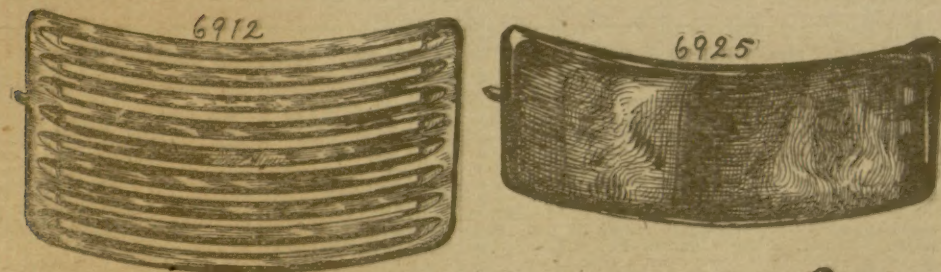
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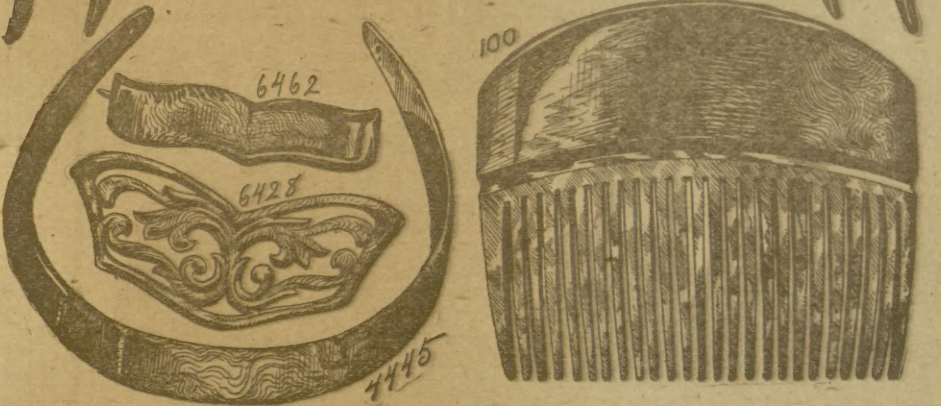
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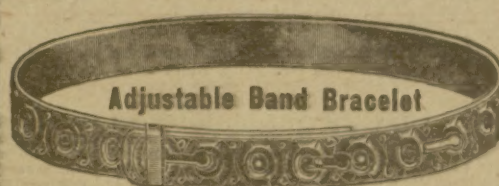
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As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

**Club Offer.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

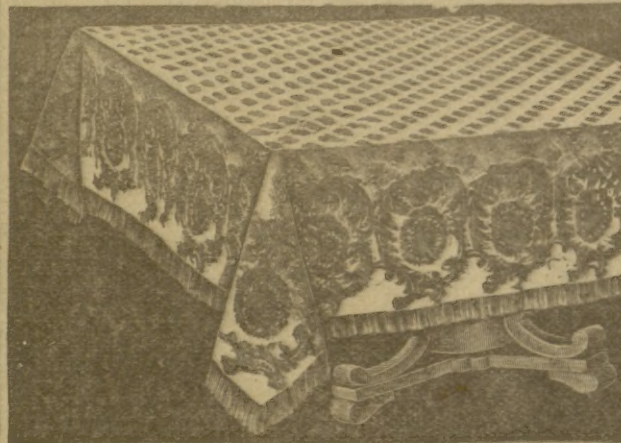


### Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 2 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 Best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lenticle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 60 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper Best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 8, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 6 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curriers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

**Club Offer.** Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all BACKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 39 to 150 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our goods monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 25c. Grand Offer: If you order at ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST W. & K.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 50 cents for 15 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The Book Illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitches, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patchwork. REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25c. or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

## DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

derstand English; and confidence being once more restored, they fell to discussing—everything.

"Do you think you could live in Homeville, dear?" asked John after a while.

"I suppose I shall have to, shall I not?" said Mary.

John instantly proved to her that he was. "But it almost makes me unhappy," he added. "to think how nearly we have missed each other. If I had only known in the beginning that you were not Mrs. Edward Ruggles!"

Mary laughed joyously. The mistake which a moment before had seemed almost tragic now appeared delightfully funny.

"The explanation is painfully simple," she answered. "Mrs. Edward Ruggles—the real one—did expect to come on the Vaterland, whereas I did not. But the day before the steamer sailed, she was summoned to Andover by the serious illness of her only son, who is at school there. I took her ticket, got ready overnight—I like to start on these unpremeditated journeys—and here I am." John put his arm about her to make sure of this, and kept it there—lest he should forget. "When we met on the steamer and I saw the error you had made I was tempted—and yielded—to let you go on uncorrected. But," she

added, looking lovingly up into John's eyes, "I'm glad you found out your mistake at last."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

A fortnight later Mr. Harum sat at his desk in the office of Harum & Co. There were a number of letters for him, but the one he opened first bore a foreign stamp, and was postmarked "Napoli." That he was deeply interested in the contents of this epistle was manifest from the beginning, not only from the expression of his face, but from the frequent "wa'al, wa'als" which were elicited as he went on; but interest grew into excitement as he neared the close, and culminated as he read the last few lines.

"Scat my CATS!" he cried, and, grabbing his hat and the letter, he bolted out of the back door in the direction of the house, leaving the rest of his correspondence to be digested—any time.

## EPILOGUE.

I might, in conclusion, tell how John's further life in Homeville was of comparatively short duration; how David died of injuries received in a runaway accident; how John found himself the sole executor of his late partner's estate, and, save for a life provision for Mrs. Bixbee, the only legatee, and rich enough (if indeed with his own and his wife's money he had not been so before) to live wherever he pleased. But as heretofore I

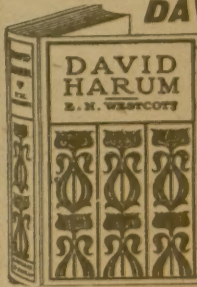
have confined myself strictly to facts, I am, to be consistent, constrained to abide by them now. Indeed, I am too conscientious to do otherwise, notwithstanding the temptation to make what might be a more artistic ending of my story. David is not only living, but appears almost no older than when we first knew him, and is still just as likely to "git goin'" on occasion. Even "old Jinny" is still with us, though her master does most of his "joggin' round" behind a younger horse. Whatever Mr. Harum's testamentary intentions may be, or even whether he has made a will or not, nobody knows but himself and his attorney. Aunt Polly—well, there is a little more of her than when we first made her acquaintance, say twenty pounds.

John and his wife live in a house which they built on the shore of the lake. It is a settled thing that David and his sister dine with them every Sunday. Mrs. Bixbee at first looked a little askance at the wife on the table, but she does not object to it now. Being a "son o' temprence," she has never been induced to taste any champagne, but on one occasion she was persuaded to take the smallest sip of claret. "Wa'al," she remarked with a wry face, "I guess the can't be much sin or danger 'n drinkin' anythin' 't tastes the way that does."

She and Mrs. Lenox took to each other from the first, and the latter has quite supplanted (and more) Miss Claricy (Mrs. Elton) with

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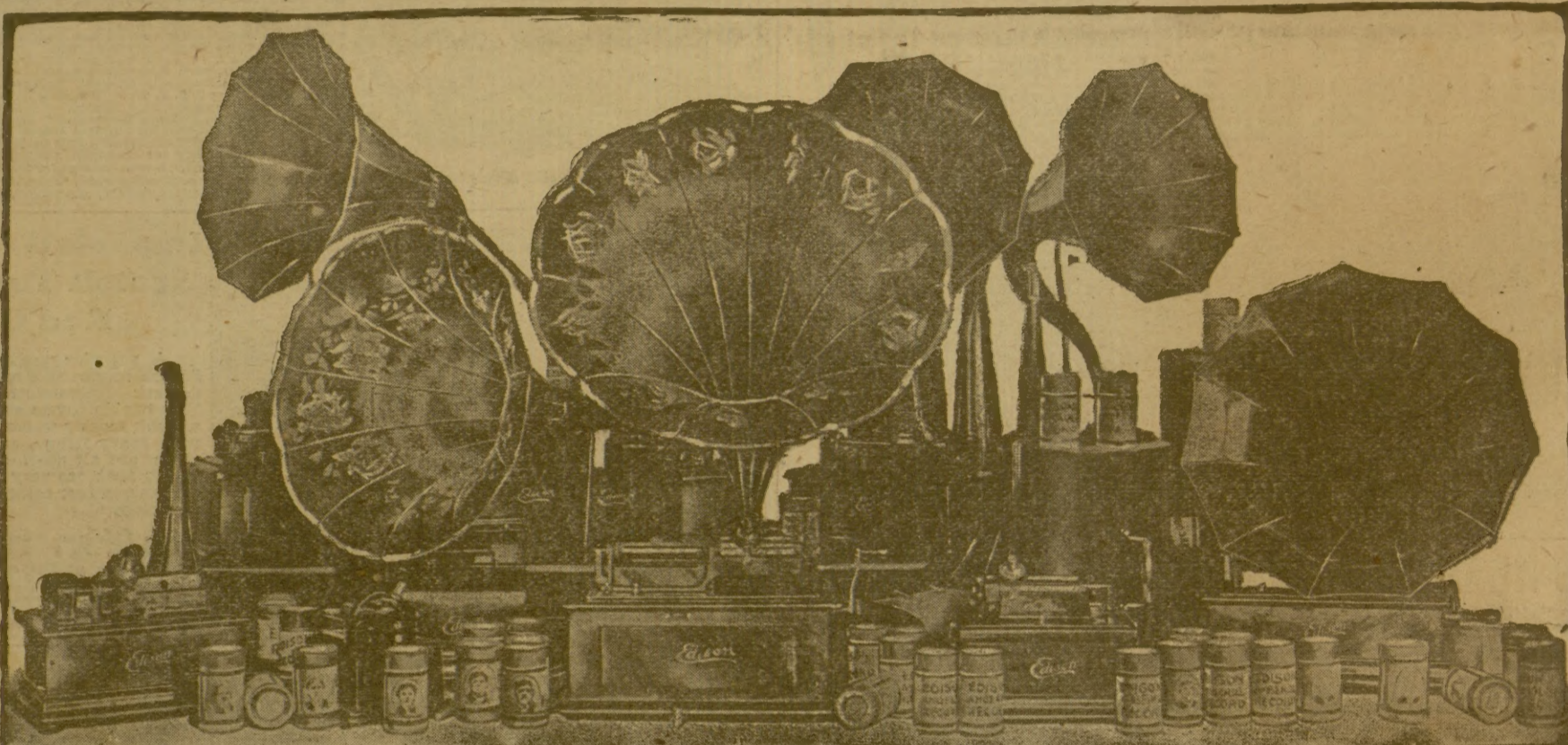
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David. In fact, he said to our friend one day during the first year of the marriage, "Say, John, I ain't sure but what we'll have to hitch that wife o' yours on the off side."

I had nearly forgotten one person whose conversation has yet to be recorded in print, but which is considered very interesting by at least four people. His name is David Lenox.

I think that's all. THE END.



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